

"SYLLABLES GOVERN THE WORLD."—*John Selden.*

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*WITH INTRODUCTIONS*

BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, M.A.

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LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
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OF SELBORNE



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or  
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*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

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WHITLAW'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.



## INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.



ALL who live in the country should read this book. How many will then realize for the first time that "eyes have they, but they see not, and ears have they, but they hear not."

We rush abroad to gaze on the Alps, Vesuvius, Niagara. But the miracle of Nature lies all round us. The birds in the branches are our teachers—the grasshopper, the butterfly, the ant, are full of sweet parables—the ways of the beasts and feathered fowls and fishes become exciting and entertaining beyond measure, when examined with care and recorded with sympathy.

Here is this man, White of Selborne, who never got beyond a country walk, yet by simply noting down faithfully and lovingly what he saw day by day, has composed a work as amusing as a romance, and as instructive as a school book.

How true is it that we carry about with us the poverty or the riches of a world! You might walk with White all over Selborne and not see what White saw, but you can never, after reading even a page or two of him, go back to the country without opening your eyes, at least a little wider; and by degrees for you, too, the water-rats and field-mice will steal out of their holes and bid you welcome, and the gauzy dragon-flies will spread their wings for your wonder, and spiders spin their airy gossamers for your delight, and birds stoop to warble close to your ear in the leafy shade, until all the teeming life and prismatic beauty of field, and forest, and river come to salute you as near of kin—their companion, chronicler, and friend.

The Rev. Gilbert White was born at Selborne, Hampshire, 16th July, 1720. He was educated first at Basingstoke, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford. There he took a fellowship, and became M.A. in 1746. During the rest of his life he lived on his paternal estate, where he died 26th June, 1793.

The "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," contained in a collection of Mr. White's letters to Mr. Thomas Pennant, the eminent naturalist, and Mr. Barrington the antiquary, formed a book so pleasant and instructive that it has been accepted as an English classic; and indeed these minute and careful observations on animal life, and various natural phenomena, were of considerable service to Pennant in his work on "British Zoology," and to Barrington during his preparation of the "Naturalist's Calendar."

The letters, in their somewhat abbreviated form, cannot but be found simple, entertaining, and most suggestive, for the sound of woods and waters everywhere pervade these stories of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

Some remarks are curious enough, such as his observations on the new and rare insect now too well-known as the "blackbeetle," which ever since careless seamen introduced it in shipping from South America, has been allowed by the British housewife to breed almost unmolested, till it has by some got to be considered quite as inevitable as the "seaside bug" of twenty years ago.

The excluded letters deal chiefly with statistics concerning the weather, rainfall, &c., in and near Selborne at the end of last century. I have not thought it right to make the letters numerically consecutive by tampering with White's own numerals—the skipped letters can thus at any time be referred to their right places. When we remember how many stupid diaries there are crammed with poor thoughts and evanescent feelings, we cannot but ask why more people do not imitate White and record the facts of Nature which they come upon in their daily walks, and thus learn through the hearing of the ear and the seeing of the eye to "look up-thro' gh Nature to Nature's God?"



# WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.

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## LETTER I.

TO THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.

THE parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles south-west of London, in latitude fifty-one, and near mid-way between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex, viz., Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton Valence, Farrington, Hanteley Mauduit, Great Wardleham, Kingsley, Hedleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lyffe, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part of the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising 300 feet above the village, and is divided into a sheep-down, the high wood and a long hanging wood, called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill-country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild Down, near Guildford, and by the Downs round Dorking, and Ryegate in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single, straggling street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with the Hanger. The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat-land), yet stand on a rock of white stones little in appearance removed from chalk; but seems so far from being calcareous, that it endures extreme heat. Yet that the freestone still preserves somewhat that is analogous to chalk, is plain from the beeches which descend as low as those rocks extend, and no farther, and thrive as well on them, where the ground is steep, as on the chalks.

The cart-way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the south-west is a rank clay, that requires the labour of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the north-east, and small enclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mould, called black malm, which seems highly saturated with vegetable and animal manure; and these may perhaps have been the original site of the town; while the woods and coverts might extend down to the opposite bank.

At each end of the village, which runs from south-east to north-west, arises a small rivulet: that at the north-west end frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, called Well-head. This breaks out of some high grounds joining to Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory, remarkable for sending forth two streams into two different seas. The one to the south becomes a branch of the Arun, running to Arundel, and so sailing into the British Channel: the other to the north. The Selborne stream makes one branch of the Wey; and, meeting the Black-down stream at Hedleigh, and the Alton and Farnham stream at Tilford Bridge, swells into a considerable river, navigable at Godalming; from whence it passes to Guildford, and so into the Thames at Weybridge; and thus at the Nore into the German Ocean.

Our wells, at an average, run to about 63 feet, and when sunk to that depth seldom fail; but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste, and much commended by those who drink the pure element, but which does not lather well with soap.

To the north-west, north and east of the village, is a range of fair enclosures, consisting of what is called white malm, a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, moulders to pieces, and becomes manure to itself.

Still on to the north east, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep in the freestone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. The white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the parish still inclines down towards Wolmer Forest, at the juncture



of the clays and sand the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the freestone grow large, but are what workmen call shaky, and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing. Beyond the sandy loam the soil becomes a hungry lean sand, till it mingles with the forest; and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips.

## LETTER II.

## TO THE SAME.

IN the court of Norton farm-house, a manor farm to the north-west of the village, on the white malm, stood within these twenty years a broad-leaved elm, or wych hazel, *ulmus folio latissimo scabro* of Ray, which, though it had lost a considerable leading bough in the great storm in the year 1703, equal to a moderate tree, yet, when felled, contained eight loads of timber; and, being too bulky for a carriage, was sawn off at seven feet above the butt, where it measured near eight feet in the diameter. This elm I mention to show to what a bulk planted elms may attain; as this tree must certainly have been such from its situation.

In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called "The Plestor." In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants, and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again: but all his care could not avail; the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what a bulk planted oaks also may arrive.

On the Blackmoor estate there is a small wood called Losels, of a few acres, that was lately furnished with a set of oaks of a peculiar growth and great value; they were tall and taper like firs, but standing near together had very small heads, only a little brush without any large limbs. About twenty years ago the bridge at the Toy, near Hampton Court, being much decayed, some trees were wanted for the repairs that were 50 feet long without bough, and would measure 12 inches diameter at the little end. Twenty such trees did a purveyor find in this little wood, with

this advantage, that many of them answered the description at 60 feet. These trees were sold for £20 apiece.

In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry : the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But, when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous : so the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when these birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, —the wedges were inserted into the opening,—the woods echoed to the heavy blow of the beetle or malle or mallet,—the tree nodded to its fall ; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest ; and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground.

### LETTER III.

#### TO THE SAME.

THE fossil-shells of this district, and sorts of stone, such as have fallen within my observation, must not be passed over in silence. And first I must mention, as a great curiosity, a specimen that was ploughed up in the chalky fields, near the side of the Down, and given to me for the singularity of its appearance, which, to an incurious eye, seems like a petrified fish of about four inches long, the cardo passing for an head and mouth. It is in reality a bivalve of the Linnean genus of *Mytilus*, and the species of *Crista Galli* ; called by Lister, *Rastellum* ; by Rumphius, *Ostrea plicatum minus* ; by D'Argenville, *Auris Porci*, s. *Crista Galli* ; and by those who make collections, Cock's Comb. Though I applied to several such in London, I never could meet with an entire specimen ; nor could I ever find in book any engraving from a perfect one. In the superb museum at Leicester House permission was given to me to examine for this article ; and, though I was disappointed as to the fossil, I was highly gratified with the sight of several of the shells themselves in high preservation. This bivalve is only known to inhabit the Indian Ocean, where it fixes itself to a zoophyte, known by the name *Gorgonia*. The curious foldings of the suture the one into the other, the alternate flutings or grooves, and the curved form of my specimen being much easier

expressed by the pencil than by words, I have caused it to be drawn and engraved.

*Cornua Ammonis* are very common about this village. As we were cutting an inclining path up the Hanger, the labourers found them frequently on that steep just under the soil, in the chalk, and of a considerable size. In the lane above Well-head, in the way to Emsbot, they abound in the bank in a darkish sort of marl; and are usually very small and soft: but in Clay's Pond, a little farther on, at the end of the pit, where the soil is dug out for manure, I have occasionally observed them of large dimensions, perhaps 14 or 16 inches in diameter. But as these did not consist of firm stone, but were formed of a kind of *terra lapidosa*, or hardened clay, as soon as they were exposed to the rains and frost they mouldered away. These seemed as if they were a very recent production. In the chalk pit, at the north-west end of the Hanger, large *nautili* are sometimes observed.

In the very thickest strata of our freestone, and at considerable depths, well-diggers often find large scallops or pectines, having both shells deeply striated, and ridged and furrowed alternately. They are highly impregnated with, if not wholly composed of, the stone of the quarry.

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#### LETTER IV.

##### TO THE SAME.

As in a former letter the freestone of this place has been only mentioned incidentally, I shall here become more particular.

This stone is in great request for hearth-stones, and the beds of ovens; and in lining of lime-kilns it turns to good account; for the workmen use sandy loam instead of mortar; the sand of which fluxes, and runs by the intense heat, and so cases over the whole face of the kiln with a strong vitrified coat-like glass, that it is well preserved from injuries of weather, and endures thirty or forty years. When chiselled smooth, it makes elegant fronts for houses, equal in colour and grain to the Bath stone; and superior in one respect, that, when seasoned, it does not scale. Decent chimney-pieces are worked from it of much closer and finer grain than Portland; and rooms are floored with it; but it proves rather too soft for this purpose. It is a freestone cutting in all directions; yet has something of a grain parallel with the horizon, and therefore should not be subbedded, but laid in the same position that it grows in the quarry. On the ground abroad this freestone will not succeed for pavements, because, probably some degree of saltiness prevailing within it, the rain tears the slabs to pieces. Though this stone is too hard to be acted on by vinegar, yet both the white part, and even the blue rag, ferments strongly in

mineral acids. Though the white stone will not bear wet, yet in every quarry at intervals there are thin strata of blue rag, which resist rain and frost; and are excellent for pitching of stables, paths and courts, and for building of dry walls against banks, a valuable species of fencing much in use in this village, and for mending of roads. This rag is rugged and stubborn, and will not hew to a smooth face, but is very durable; yet, as these strata are shallow and lie deep, large quantities cannot be procured but at considerable expense. Among the blue rags turn up some blocks tinged with a stain of yellow or rust colour, which seem to be nearly as lasting as the blue; and every now and then balls of a friable substance, like rust of iron, called rust balls.

In Wolmer Forest I see but one sort of stone, called by the workmen sand, or forest-stone. This is generally of the colour of rusty iron, and might probably be worked as iron ore; is very hard and heavy, and of a firm, compact texture, and composed of a small roundish crystalline grit, cemented together by a brown, terrene, ferruginous matter; will not cut without difficulty, nor easily strike fire with steel. Being often found in broad flat pieces, it makes good pavement for paths about houses, never becoming slippery in frost or rain; is excellent for dry walls, and is sometimes used in buildings. In many parts of that waste it lies scattered on the surface of the ground; but in Weaver's Down, a vast hill on the eastern verge of that forest, where the pits are shallow and the stratum thin. This stone is imperishable.

From a notion of rendering their work the more elegant, and giving it a finish, masons chip this stone into small fragments about the size of the head of a large nail, and then stick the pieces into the wet mortar along the joints of their freestone walls; this embellishment carries an odd appearance, and has occasioned strangers sometimes to ask us pleasantly, "whether we fastened our walls together with tennepny nails."

## L I T T L E.

### TO THE SAME.

AMONG the singularities of this place the two rocky hollow lanes, the one to Alton and the other to the forest, deserve our attention. These roads, running through the malm lands, are, by the traffic of ages, and the setting of water, worn down through the first stratum of our freestone, and partly through the second; so that they look more like water-course than roads, and are bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced 16 or 18 feet beneath the level of the fields; and, after floods, and in frosts, exhibit very grotesque and wild appearances, from the tangled roots that are twisted among the strata, and from

the torrents rushing down their broken sides, and especially when those cascades are frozen into icicles, hanging in all the fanciful shapes of frost-work. These rugged gloomy scenes affright the ladies when they peep down into them from the paths above, and make timid horsemen shudder while they ride along them; but delight the naturalist with their various botany, and particularly with their curious filices with which they abound.

The manor of Selborne, was it strictly looked after, with all its kindly aspects, and all its sloping coverts, would swarm with game; even now hares, partridges, and pheasants abound, and in old days woodcocks were as plentiful. There are few quails, because they more affect open fields than enclosures; after harvest some few landrails are seen.

The parish of Selborne, by taking in so much of the forest, is a vast district. Those who tread the bounds are employed part of three days in the business, and are of opinion that the outline, in all its curves and indentings, does not comprise less than 30 miles.

The village stands in a sheltered spot, secured by the Hanger from the strong westerly winds. The air is soft, but rather moist from the effluvia of so many trees; yet perfectly healthy and free from agues.

The quantity of rain that falls on it is very considerable, as may be supposed in so woody and mountainous a district. As my experience in measuring the water is but of short date, I am not qualified to give the mean quantity.

The village of Selborne, and large hamlet of Oakhanger, with the single farms, and many scattered houses along the verge of the forest, contain upwards of six hundred and seventy inhabitants.

We abound with poor; many of whom are sober and industrious, and live comfortably in good stone or brick cottages, which are glazed, and have chambers above stairs: mud buildings we have none. Besides the employment from husbandry, the men work in hop-gardens, of which we have many, and fell and bark timber. In the spring and summer the women weed the corn, and enjoy a second harvest in September by hop-picking. Formerly, in the dead months they availed themselves greatly by spinning wool, for making of barragons, a genteel corded stuff, much in vogue at that time for summer wear: and chiefly manufactured at Alton, a neighbouring town, by some of the people called Quakers: but from circumstances this trade is at an end. The inhabitants enjoy a good share of health and longevity, and the parish swarms with children.

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## LETTER VI.

### TO THE SAME.

SHOULD I omit to describe with some exactness the forest of Wolmer, of which three-fifths perhaps lie in this parish, my account of Selborne would

be very imperfect, as it is a district abounding with many curious productions, both animal and vegetable; and has often afforded me much entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist.

The royal forest of Wolmer is a tract of land of about 7 miles in length, by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in breadth, running nearly from north to south, and is abutted on, to begin to the south, and so to proceed eastward, by the parishes of Greatham, Lysse, Rogate, and Trotton, in the county of Sussex; by Bramshot, Hedleigh, and Kingsley. This royalty consists entirely of sand covered with heath and fern; but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent. In the bottoms, where the waters stagnate, are many bogs, which formerly abounded with subterraneous trees; though Dr. Plot says positively that "there never were any fallen trees hidden in the mosses of the southern counties." But he was mistaken: for I myself have seen cottages on the verge of this wild district, whose timbers consisted of a black hard wood, looking like oak, which the owners assured me they procured from the bogs by probing the soil with spits, or some such instruments: but the peat is so much cut out, and the moors have been so well examined, that none has been found of late. Besides the oak, I have also been shown pieces of fossil wood of a paler colour, and softer nature, which the inhabitants called *fit*: but, upon a nice examination, and trial by fire, I could discover nothing resinous in them, and therefore rather suppose that they were parts of a willow or alder, or some such aquatic tree.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer; such as lapwings, snipes, wild-ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teal. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions: and in particular, in the dry summer of 1740 and 1741, and some years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unseasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day.

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath-cock, black-gamie, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty-five years ago, and within these ten years one solitary greyhen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out, "A hen pheasant;" but a gentleman present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a greyhen.

Nor does the loss of our black game prove the only gap in the Fauna Selbornensis; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting. I mean the red deer, which towards the beginning of this century amounted to about 500 head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper, now alive, named Adams, whose great-grandfather (mentioned

in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father, and self, enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer Forest in succession for more than an hundred years. This person assures me that his father has often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth Road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about 500 head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he farther adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or, to use his own expression, as soon as they began blacking, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that his Highness sent down an hunt-man and six yeoman-prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the stag-hounds, ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor. In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed extraordinary diversion; but in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeoman-prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding-school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations; though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes; when, sounding their horns, the stop-dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

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## LETTER VII.

## TO THE SAME.

THOUGH large herds of deer do much harm to the neighbourhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible, for most men are sportsmen by constitution: and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature as scarce any inhibitions can restrain. Hence, towards the beginning of this century all this country was wild about deer-stealing. Unless he was a hunter, as they affected to call themselves, no young person was allowed to be possessed of manhood or gallantry. The Waltham blacks at length committed such enormities that government was forced to interfere with

that severe and sanguinary Act called the "Black Act," which now comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before. And, therefore, a late Bishop of Winchester, when urged to re-stock Waltham Chase, refused, from a motive worthy of a prelate, replying "that it had done mischief enough already."

Our old race of deer-stealers are hardly extinct yet : it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth, such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and, when the calf was dropped, pating its feet with a penknife to the quick to prevent its escape, till it was large and fat enough to be killed ; the shooting at one of their neighbours with a bullet in a turnip-field by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer ; and the losing a dog in the following extraordinary manner :—Some fellows, suspecting that a calf now-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went, with a lurcher, to surprise it, when the parent-hind rushed out of the brake, and, taking a vast spring with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it short in two.

Another temptation to idleness and sporting was a number of rabbits, which possessed all the hillocks and dry places ; but these being inconvenient to the huntsmen, on account of their burrows, when they came to take away the deer, they permitted the country people to destroy them all.

Such forests and wastes, when thir allurements to irregularities are removed, are of considerable service to the neighbourhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing ; with fuel for the burning their lime ; and with ashes for their grasses ; and by maintaining their geese and then stock of young cattle at little or no expense.

The manor-farm of the parish of Greattham has an admitted claim, I see (by an old record taken from the Tower of London), of turning all live stock on the forest, at proper seasons, "*bidentibus exceptis*." The reason, I presume, why sheep are excluded, is, because, being such close grazers, they would pick out all the finest grasses, and hinder the deer from thriving.

Though (by statute 4 & 5 W. and Mary, c. 23) "to burn on any waste, between Candlemas and Midsummer, any grig, ling, heath and furze, goss or furz, is punishable with whipping and confinement in the House of Correction ;" yet, in this forest, about March or April, according to the dryness of the season, such vast heath-fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and coppices, where great damage has ensued. The plea for these burnings is that when the old coat of heath, &c., is consumed, young will sprout up, and afford much tender brouse for cattle ; but where there is large old furze, the fire, following the roots, consumes the very ground ; so that for hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit



round looking like the cinders of a volcano ; and, the soil being quite exhausted, no traces of vegetation are to be found for years. These conflagrations, as they take place usually with a north-east or east wind, much annoy this village with their smoke, and often alarm the country ; and, once in particular, I remember that a gentleman, who lives beyond Andover, coming to my house, when he got on the downs between that town and Winchester, at 25 miles distance, was surprised much with smoke and a hot smell of fire, and concluded that Alresford was in flames ; but, when he came to that town, he then had apprehensions for the next village, and so on to the end of his journey.

On two of the most conspicuous eminences of this forest stand two arbours or bowers, made of the boughs of oaks ; the one called Waldon Lodge, the other Brimstone Lodge : these the keepers renew annually on the feast of St. Barnabas, taking the old materials for a perquisite. The farm called Blackmore, in this parish, is obliged to find the posts and brushwood for the former ; while the farms at Greatham, in rotation, furnish for the latter ; and are all enjoined to cut and deliver the materia's at the spot. This custom I mention, because I look upon it to be of very remote antiquity.

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## LETTER VIII.

### TO THE SAME.

ON the verge of the forest, as it is now circumscribed, are three considerable lakes, two in Oakhanger, of which I have nothing particular to say ; and one called Bin's, or Bean's Pond, which is worthy the attention of a naturalist or a sportsman. For being crowded at the upper end with willows, and with the *carex cespitosa*, it affords such a safe and pleasing shelter to wild-ducks, teals, snipes, &c., that they breed there. In the winter this covert is also frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants ; and the bogs produce many curious plants. (For which consult Letter XII. to Mr. Barrington.)

By a perambulation of Wolmer Forest and the Holt, made in 1635, and the eleventh year of Charles the First (which now lies before me), it appears that the limits of the former are much circumscribed. For, to say nothing of the farther side, with which I am not so well acquainted, the bounds on this side, in old times, crune into Binswood, and extended to the ditch of Ward le Ham Park, in which stands the curious mount called King John's Hill, and Lodge Hill ; and to the verge of Hartley Mauduit, called Mauduit Hatch, comprehending also Shoot Heath. Oakhanger, and Oakwoods ; a large district, now private property, though once belonging to the royal domain.

It is remarkable that the term *purlieu* is never once mentioned in this

long roll of parchment. It contains, besides the perambulation, a rough estimate of the value of the timbers, which were considerable, growing at that time in the district of the Holt; and enumerates the officers, superior and inferior, of those joint forests, for the time being, and their ostensible fees and perquisites. In those days, as at present, there were hardly any trees in Wolmer Forest.

Within the present limits of the forest are three considerable lakes, Hogmer, Cianmer, and Wolmer, all of which are stocked with carp, tench, eels, and perch: but the fish do not thrive well because the water is hungry, and the bottoms are a naked sand.

A circumstance respecting these ponds, though by no means peculiar to them, I cannot pass over in silence; and that is that instinct by which in summer all the kine, whether oxen, cows, calves, or heifers, retire constantly to the water during the hotter hours; where, being more exempt from flies, and inhaling the coolness of that element, some belly deep, and some only to midleg, they ruminate and solace themselves from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then return to their feeding. During this great proportion of the day they drop much dung, in which insects nestle, and so supply food for the fish, which would be poorly subsisted but from this contingency. Thus Nature, who is a great economist, converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another! Thomson, who was a nice observer of natural occurrences, did not let this pleasing circumstance escape him. He says, in his "Summer"—

"A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
   on the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip  
 The cooling surface."

Wolmer Pond, so called, I suppose, for eminence sake, is a vast lake for this part of the world, containing, in its whole circumference, 2,646 yards, or very near a mile and a half. The length of the north-west and opposite side is about 704 yards, and the breadth of the south-west end about 456 yards. This measurement, which I caused to be made with good exactness, gives an area of about 66 acres, exclusive of a large irregular arm at the north-east corner, which we did not take into the reckoning.

On the face of this expanse of waters, and perfectly secure from fowls, lie all day long, in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teal, and wild-geons, of various denominations, where they preen and solace, and rest themselves, till towards sunset, when they issue forth in little parties ("as in their natural state they are all birds of the night) to feed in the brook and meadows, returning again with the dawn of the morning. Had this lake an arm or two more, and were it planted round with thick covert (for now it is perfectly naked), it might make a valuable decoy.

Yet neither its extent, nor the cleanness of its water, nor the resort of

various and curious fowls, nor its picturesque groups of cattle, can render this meer so remarkable as the great quantity of coins that were found in its bed about forty years ago.

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LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

By way of supplement, I shall trouble you once more on this subject, to inform you that Wolmer, with her sister forest Ayles Holt, *alias* Alice Holt, as it is called in old records, is held by grant from the crown for a term of years.

The grantees that the author remembers are Brigadier-General Emanuel Scroope Howe, and his lady, Ruperta, who was a natural daughter of Prince Rupert by Margaret Hughes; a Mr. Mordaunt, of the Peterborough family, who married a dowager Lady Pembroke; Henry Bilson Legge and lady; and now Lord Stawell, their son.

The lady of General Howe lived to an advanced age, long surviving her husband; and, at her death, left behind her many curious pieces of mechanism of her father's constructing, who was a distinguished mechanic and artist, as well as warrior; and among the rest, a very complicated clock, lately in possession of Mr. Elmer, the celebrated game painter at Farnham, in the county of Surrey.

Though these two forests are only parted by a narrow range of enclosures, yet no two soils can be more different; for the Holt consists of a strong loam, of a miry nature, carrying a good turf, and abounding with oaks that grow to be large timber, while Wolmer is nothing but a hungry, sandy, barren waste.

The former being all in the parish of Binsted, is about 2 miles in extent from north to south, and near 75 much from east to west, and contains within it many woodlands and lawns, and the great lodge where the grantees reside, and a smaller lodge called Goose Green; and is abutted on by the parishes of Kingsley, Frinsham, Farnham, and Bentley, all of which have right of common.

One thing is remarkable, that though the Holt has been of old well stocked with fallow deer, unrestrained by any pales or fences more than a common hedge, yet they were never seen within the limits of Wolmer; nor were the red deer of Wolmer ever known to haunt the thickets or glades of the Holt.

At present the deer of the Holt are much thinned and reduced by the night hunters, who perpetually harass them in spite of the efforts of numerous keepers, and the severe penalties that have been put in force against them as often as they have been detected, and rendered liable to the lash

of the law. Neither fines nor imprisonments can deter them, so impossible is it to extinguish the spirit of sporting which seems to be inherent in human nature.

General Howe turned out some German wild boars and sows in his forests, to the great terror of the neighbourhood, and, at one time, a wild bull or buffalo; but the country rose upon them and destroyed them.

A very large fall of timber, consisting of about 1,000 oaks, has been cut this spring (viz. 1784) in the Holt forest; one-fifth of which, it is said, belongs to the grantee, Lord Stawell. He lays claim also to the lop and top; but the poor of the parishes of Binsted and Frinsham, Bentley and Kingsley, assert that it belongs to them, and, assembling in a riotous manner, have actually taken it all away. One man, who keeps a team, has carried home for his share forty stacks of wood. Forty-five of the people his lordship has served with actions. These trees, which were very sound and in high perfection, were winter-cut, viz., in February and March, before the bark would run. In old times the Holt was estimated to be 18 miles, computed measure, from water-carriage, viz., from the town of Chertsey, on the Thames; but now it is not half that distance since the Wey is made navigable up to the town of Godalming in the county of Surrey.

## LETTER X.

### TO THE SAME.

August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1767.

It has been my misfortune never to have had any neighbour, whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge; so that, for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood.

As to swallows (*hirundines rustica*) being found in a torpid state during the winter in the Isle of Wight or any part of this country, I never heard any such account worth attending to. But a clergyman, of an inquisitive turn, assures me, that when he was a great boy, some workmen, in pulling down the battlements of a church tower early in the spring, found two or three swifts (*hirundines apodes*) among the rubbish, which were at first appearance dead, but on being carried towards the fire revived. He told me, that out of his great care to preserve them, he put them in a paper bag, and hung them by the kitchen fire, where they were suffocated.

Another intelligent person has informed me that while he was a school-boy at Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, a great fragment of the chalk cliff fell down one stormy winter on the beach, and that many people found swallows among the rubbish; but on my questioning him whether he saw any of

those birds himself, to my no small disappointment, he answered me in the negative ; but that others assured him they did.

Young broods of swallows began to appear this year on July the 11th, and young martins (*hirundines urbica*) were then fledged in their nests. Both species will breed again once. For I see by my fauna of last year that young broods came forth so late as September the 18th. Are not these late hatchings more in favour of hiding than migration ? Nay, some young martins remained in their nests last year so late as September the 29th ; and yet they totally disappeared with us by the 5th of October.

How strange it is that the swift, which seems to live exactly the same life with the swallow and house-martin, should leave us before the middle of August invariably, while the latter stay often till the middle of October ! and once I saw numbers of house-martins on the 7th of November. The martins and red-wing fieldlarks were flying in sight together, an uncommon assemblage of summer and winter birds !

A little yellow bird (it is either a species of the *alauda trivialis*, or rather perhaps of the *motacilla trochilus*) still continues to make a sibilous shivering noise in the tops of tall woods. The stoparola of Ray (for which we have as yet no name in these parts) is called in your zoology the fly-catcher. There is one circumstance characteristic of this bird which seems to have escaped observation, and that is, it takes its stand on the top of some stake or post, from whence it springs forth on its prey, catching a fly in the air, and hardly ever touching the ground, but returning still to the same stand for many times together.

I perceive there are more than one species of the *motacilla trochilus*. Mr. Derham supposes, in "Ray's Philos. Letters," that he has discovered three. In these there is again an instance of some very common birds that have as yet no English name.

Mr. Stillingfleet makes a question whether the black-cap (*motacilla atricapilla*) be a bird of passage or not : I think there is no doubt of it ; for, in April, in the first fine weather, they came trooping, all at once, into these parts, but are never seen in the winter. They are delicate songsters.

Numbers of snipes breed every summer in some moory ground on the verge of this parish. It is very amusing to see the cock bird on wing at that time, and to hear his piping and humming notes.

I have had no opportunity yet of procuring any of those mice which I mentioned to you in town. The person that brought me the last says they are plenty in harvest, at which time I will take care to get more ; and will endeavour to put the matter out of doubt whether it be a nondescript species or not.

I suspect much there may be two species of water-rats. Ray says, and Linnaeus after him, that the water-rat is web-footed behind. Now I have discovered a rat on the banks of our little stream that is not web-footed, and yet is an excellent swimmer and diver : it answers exactly to the *mus*

*amphibius* of Linnæus (see "Syst. Nat."), which he says "*natal in fossis et urinatur.*" I should be glad to procure one "*plantis palmatis.*" Linnæus seems to be in a puzzle about his *mus amphibius*, and to doubt whether it differs from his *mus terrestris*; which if it be, as he allows, the "*mus agrestis capite grandi brachyuros*" of Ray, is widely different from the water-rat, both in size, make, and manner of life.

As to the *falco*, which I mentioned in town, I shall take the liberty to send it down to you into Wales; presuming, on your candour, that you will excuse me if it should appear as familiar to you as it is strange to me. Though mutilated "*qualem dices . . . antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ!*"

It haunted a marshy piece of ground in quest of wild-ducks and snipes; but, when it was shot, had just knocked down a rook, which it was tearing in pieces. I cannot make it answer to any of our English hawks; neither could I find any like it at the curious exhibition of stuffed birds in Spring Gardens. I found it nailed up at the end of a barn, which is the countryman's museum.

The parish I live in is a very abrupt, uneven country, full of hills and wood, and therefore full of birds.

## LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Sept. 9th, 1767.

It will not be without impatience that I shall wait for your thoughts with regard to the *falco*; as to its weight, breadth, &c., I wish I had set them down at the time; but, to the best of my remembrance, it weighed two pounds and eight ounces, and measured, from wing to wing, 38 inches. Its cere and feet were yellow, and the circle of its eyelids a bright yellow. As it had been killed some days, and the eyes were sunk, I could make no good observation on the colour of the pupils and the irides.

The most unusual birds I ever observed in these parts were a pair of hoopoes (*upupa*), which came several years ago in the summer, and frequented an ornamented piece of ground, which joins to my garden, for some weeks. They used to march about in a stately manner, feeding in the walks, many times in the day; and seemed disposed to breed in my outlet; but were frightened and persecuted by idle boys, who would never let them be at rest.

Three grosbeaks (*loxia coccythraustes*) appeared some years ago in my fields, in the winter; one of which I shot. Since that, now and then, one is occasionally seen in the same dead season.

A crossbill (*loxia curvirostra*) was killed last year in this neighbourhood. Our streams, which are small, and rise only at the end of the village.

yield nothing but the bull's head, or miller's thumb (*gobius fluviatilis capitatus*), the trout (*trutta fluviatilis*), the eel (*anguilla*), the lampern (*lampetra parva et fluviatilis*), and the stickle-back (*pisciculus aculeatus*).

We are twenty miles from the sea, and almost as many from a great river, and therefore see but little of sea birds. As to wild fowls, we have a few teams of ducks bred in the moors where the snipes breed; and multitudes of widgeons and teals in hard weather frequent our lakes in the forest.

Having some acquaintance with a tame brown owl, I find that it casts up the fur of mice and the feathers of birds in pellets, after the manner of hawks; when full, like a dog, it hides what it cannot eat.

The young of the barn-owl are not easily raised, as they want a constant supply of fresh mice; whereas the young of the brown owl will eat indiscriminately all that is brought; snails, rats, kittens, puppies, magpies, and any kind of carrion or offal.

The house-martins have eggs still, and squab young. The last swift I observed was about the 21st of August: it was a straggler.

Red-stars, fly-catchers, white-throats, and *reguli non cristati*, still appear; but I have seen no black-caps lately.

I forgot to mention that I once saw, in Christ Church College quadrangle in Oxford, on a very sunny warm morning, a house-martin flying about, and settling on the parapet, so late as the 20th of November.

At present I know only two species of bats, the common *vespertilio murinus* and the *vespertilio auribus*.

I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion that bats when down upon a flat surface cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more dispatch than I was aware of; but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.

Bats drink on the wing, like swallows, by sipping the surface, as they play over pools and streams. They love to frequent waters, not only for the sake of drinking, but on account of insects, which are found over them in the greatest plenty. As I was going some years ago, pretty late, in a boat from Richmond to Sunbury, on a warm summer's evening, I think I saw myriads of bats between the two places; the air swarmed with them all along the Thames, so that hundreds were in sight at a time.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

November 4th, 1767.

SIR,—It gave me no small satisfaction to hear that the *falco* turned out an uncommon one. I must confess I should have been better pleased to have heard that I have sent you a bird that you had never seen before ; but that, I find, would be a difficult task.

I have procured some of the mice mentioned in my former letters, a young one and a female with young, both of which I had preserved in brandy. From the colour, shape, size, and manner of nesting, I make no doubt but that the species is nondescript. They are much smaller, and more slender, than the *mus domesticus medius* of Ray ; and have more of the squirrel or dormouse colour ; their belly is white, a straight line along their sides divides the shades of their back and belly. They never enter into houses ; are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves ; abound in harvest ; and build their nests amidst the straws of the corn above the ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat.

One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially plaited, and composed of the blades of wheat, perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball ; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well-filled that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. As this nest was perfectly full, how could the dam come at her litter respectively so as to administer a teat to each ? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting them again when the business is over : but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which moreover would be daily increasing in bulk. This wonderful procurent cradle, an elegant instance of the efforts of instinct, was found in a wheat-field suspended in the head of a thistle.

A gentleman, curious in birds, wrote me word that his servant had shot one last January, in that severe weather, which he believed would puzzle me. I called to see it this summer, not knowing what to expect, but the moment I took it in hand, I pronounced it the male *garrulus bohemicus* or German silk-tail, from the five peculiar crimson tags or points which it carries at the ends of five of the short remiges. It cannot, I suppose, with any propriety, be called an English bird ; and yet I see, by Jay's "Philosophical Letters," that great flocks of them, feeding on haws, appeared in this kingdom in the winter of 1635.

The mention of haws puts me in mind that there is a total failure of that wild fruit, so conducive to the support of many of the winged nation. For the same severe weather, late in the spring, which cut off all the



produce of the more tender and curious trees, destroyed also that of the more hardy and common.

Some birds, haunting with the missel-thrushes, and feeding on the berries of the yew-tree, which answered to the description of the *merula torquata*, or ring-ouzel, were lately seen in this neighbourhood. I employed some people to procure me a specimen, but without success.

*Query*.—Might not canary birds be naturalized to this climate, provided their eggs were put, in the spring, into the nests of some of their congeners, as gold-finches, greenfinches, &c? Before winter perhaps they might be hardened, and able to shift for themselves.

About ten years ago I used to spend some weeks yearly at Sunbury, which is one of those pleasant villages lying on the Thames, near Hampton Court. In the Autumn, I could not help being much amused with those myriads of the swallow kind which assemble in those parts. But what struck me most was, that, from the time they began to congregate, forsaking the chimneys and houses, they roosted every night in the osier beds of the nits of that river. Now this resorting towards that element, at that season of the year, seems to give some countenance to the northern opinion (strange as it is) of their retiring under water. A Swedish naturalist is so much persuaded of that fact, that he talks, in his calendar of Flora as familiarly of the swallow's going under water in the beginning of September, as he would of his poultry going to roost a little before sunset.

An observing gentleman in London writes me word that he saw an house martin, on the twenty-third of last October, flying in and out of its nest in the Borough. And I myself, on the twenty-ninth of last October (as I was travelling through Oxford), saw four or five swallows hovering round and settling on the roof of the county hospital.

Now is it likely that these poor little birds (which perhaps had not been hatched but a few weeks) should, at that late season of the year, and from so midland a county, attempt a voyage to Greece or Senegal, almost as far as the equator?

I acquiesce entirely in your opinion—that, though most of the swallow kind may migrate, yet that some do stay behind and hide with us during the winter.

As to the short-winged, soft-billed birds, which come trooping in such numbers in the spring, I am at a loss even what to suspect about them. I watched them narrowly this year, and saw them abound till about Michaelmas, when they appeared no longer. Subsist they cannot openly among us, and yet elude the eyes of the inquisitive: and, as to their hiding, no man pretends to have found any of them in a torpid state in the winter. But with regard to their migration, what difficulties attend that supposition! that such feeble bad flyers (who the summer long never flit but from hedge to hedge) should be able to traverse vast seas and continents in order to enjoy milder seasons amidst the regions of Africa!

## LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Jan. 22nd, 1761.

SIR,—As in one of your former letters you expressed the more satisfaction from my correspondence on account of my living in the most southerly county; so now I may return the compliment, and expect to have my curiosity gratified by your living much more to the north.

For many years past I have observed that towards Christmas vast flocks of chaffinches have appeared in the fields; many more, I used to think, than could be hatched in any one neighbourhood. But when I came to observe them more narrowly, I was amazed to find that they seemed to me to be almost all hens. I communicated my suspicions to some intelligent neighbours, who, after taking pains about the matter, declared that they also thought them all mostly females,—at least fifty to one. This extraordinary occurrence brought to my mind the remark of Linnæus; that, “before winter all their hen chaffinches migrate through Holland into Italy.” Now I want to know, from some curious person in the north, whether there are any large flocks of these finches with them in the winter, and of which sex they mostly consist? For, from such intelligence, one might be able to judge whether our female flocks migrate from the other end of the island, or whether they come over to us from the continent.

We have, in the winter, vast flocks of the common linnets: more, I think, than can be bred in any one district. These, I observe, when the spring advances, assemble on some tree in the sunshine, and join all in a gentle sort of chirping, as if they were about to break up their winter quarters and betake themselves to their proper summer homes. It is well known, at least, that the swallows and the fieldfares do congregate with a gentle twittering before they make their respective departure.

You may depend on it that the hunting, *Emberiza miliaria*, does not leave this county in the winter. In January, 1767, I saw several dozen of them, in the midst of a severe frost, among the bushes on the downs near Andover: in our woodland enclosed district it is a rare bird.

Wagtail, both white and yellow, are with us all the winter. Quails crowd to our southern coast, and are often killed in numbers by people that go on purpose.

Mr. Stillingfleet, in his Tracts, says that “if the wheatear (*anantia*.) does not quit England, it certainly shifts places; for about harvest they are not to be found, where there was before great plenty of them.” This well accounts for the vast quantities that are caught about that time on the south downs near Lewes, where they are esteemed a delicacy. There have been shepherds, I have been credibly informed, that have made

many pounds in a season by catching them in traps. And though such multitudes are taken, I never saw (and I am well acquainted with those parts), above two or three at a time, for they are never gregarious. They may perhaps migrate in general; and, for that purpose, draw towards the coast of Sussex in autumn: but that they do not all withdraw I am sure; because I see a few straggle in many coteries, at all times of the year, especially about warrens and stone quarries.

I have no acquaintance, at present, among the gentlemen of the navy; but have written to a friend, who was a sea-chaplain in the late war, desiring him to look into his minutes, with respect to birds that settled on their rigging during their voyage up or down the channel. What Hasselquist says on that subject is remarkable; there were little short-winged birds frequently coming on board his ship all the way from our channel quite up to the Levant, especially before squally weather.

What you suggest, with regard to Spain, is highly probable. The winters of Andalusia are so mild, that, in all likelihood, the soft-billed birds that leave us at that season may find insects sufficient to support them there.

Some young man, possessed of fortune, health, and leisure, should make an autumnal voyage into that kingdom; and should spend a year there, investigating the natural history of that vast country. Mr. Willughby passed through that kingdom on such an errand; but he seems to have skirted along in a superficial manner and an ill-humour, being much disgusted at the rude, dissolute manners of the people.

I have no friend left now at Sunbury to apply to about the swallows roosting on the aits of the Thames: nor can I hear any more about those birds which I suspected were *merula torquata*.

As to the small mice, I have farther to remark, that though they hang their nests for breeding up amidst the straws of the standing corn, above the ground, yet I find that, in the winter, they burrow deep in the earth, and make warm beds of grass: but their grand rendezvous seems to be in corn-ricks, into which they are carried at harvest. A neighbour housed an oat-rick lately, under the thatch of which were assembled near an hundred, most of which were taken, and some I saw. I measured them, and found that, from nose to tail, they were just two inches and a quarter, and their tails just two inches long. Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper half-penny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois: so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island. A full-grown *mus medius domesticus* weighs, I find, one ounce lumping weight, which is more than six times as much as the mouse above; and measures from nose to rump four inches and a quarter, and the same in its tail. We have had a very severe frost and deep snow this month. My thermometer was one day fourteen degrees and a half below the freezing-point, within doors. The tender evergreens were injured pretty much. It was very providential that the air was still,

and the ground well covered with snow, else vegetation in general must have suffered prodigiously. There is reason to believe that some days were more severe than any since the year 1739-40.

I am, &c., &c.

## LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *March 12th*, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—If some curious gentleman would procure the head of a fallow deer, and have it dissected, he would find it furnished with two spiracula, or breathing-places, besides the nostrils; probably analogous to the *puncta lachrymalia* in the human head. When deer are thirsty they plunge their noses, like some horses, very deep under water while in the act of drinking, and continue them in that situation for a considerable time: but, to obviate any inconveniency, they can open two vents, one at the inner corner of each eye, having a communication with the nose. Here seems to be an extraordinary provision of nature worthy our attention; and which has not, that I know of, been noticed by any naturalist. For it looks as if these creatures would not be suffocated, though both their mouths and nostrils were stopped. This curious formation of the head may be of singular service to beasts of chase, by affording them free respiration: and no doubt these additional nostrils are thrown open when they are hard run. Mr. Ray observed that at Malta the owners slit up the nostrils of such asses as were hard worked: for they, being naturally straight or small, did not admit air sufficient to serve them when they travelled, or laboured, in that hot climate. And we know that grooms, and gentlemen of the turf, think large nostrils necessary, and a perfection, in hunters and running horses.

Oppian, the Greek poet, by the following line, seems to have had some notion that stags have four spiracula:

“Τετραδύμοι ρίνες, πίσυρες πνίγησι δίαυλοι.”

“Quadrifidæ nares, quadruplices ad respirationem canales.”—Opp. Cyn. Lib. ii. s. 181.

Writers, copying from one another, make Aristotle say that goats breathe at their ears; whereas he asserts just the contrary:—“*Ἀλεμαίων γὰρ οὐκ ἀληθῆ λέγει, φέμενος ἀναπνεῖν τὰς αἰγὰς κατὰ τὰ ὦτα.*” “Alcmaeon does not advance what is true, when he avers that goats breathe through their ears.”—*History of Animals*, Book I. Chap. xi.

## LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORN\*, March 30th, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—Some intelligent country people have a notion that we have, in these parts, a species of the *genus mustelinum*, besides the weasel, stoat, ferret, and polecat; a little reddish beast, not much bigger than a field mouse, but much longer, which they call a *cane*. This piece of intelligence can be little depended on; but farther inquiry may be made.

A gentleman in this neighbourhood had two milk-white rooks in one nest. A booby of a carter, finding them before they were able to fly, threw them down and destroyed them, to the regret of the owner, who would have been glad to have preserved such a curiosity in his rookery. I saw the birds myself nailed against the end of a barn, and was surprised to find that their bills, legs, feet, and claws were milk-white.

A shepherd saw, as he thought, some white larks on a down above my house this winter: were not these the *Emberiza nivalis*, the snow-flake of the Brit. Zool? No doubt they were.

A few years ago I saw a cock bullfinch in a cage which had been caught in the fields after it was come to its full colours. In about a year it began to look dingy; and, blackening every succeeding year, it became coal-black at the end of four. Its chief food was hempseed. Such influence has food on the colour of animals! The pied and mottled colours of domesticated animals are supposed to be owing to high, various, and unusual food.

I had remarked, for years, that the root of the cuckoo-pint (*arum*) was frequently scratched out of the dry banks of hedges, and eaten in severe snowy weather. After observing, with some exactness, myself, and getting others to do the same, we found it was the thrush kind that searched it out. The root of the *arum* is remarkably warm and pungent.

Our flocks of female chaffinches have not yet forsaken us. The black-birds and thrushes are very much thinned down by that fierce weather in January.

In the middle of February I discovered, in my tall hedges, a little bird that raised my curiosity: it was of that yellow-green colour that belongs to the *salicaria* kind, and, I think, was soft-billed. It was no *parus*; and was too long and too big for the golden-crowned wren, appearing most like the largest willow wren. It hung sometimes with its back downwards, but never continuing one moment in the same place. I shot at it, but it was so desultory that I missed my aim.

I wonder that the stone-curlew, *Charadrius edicnemus*, should be mentioned by the writers as a rare bird: it abounds in all the champaign parts

of Hampshire and Sussex, and breeds, I think, all the summer, having young ones, I know, very late in the autumn. Already they begin clamouring in the evening. They cannot, I think, with any propriety, be called, as they are by Mr Ray, "*circa aquas versantes*;" for with us, by day at least, they haunt only the most dry, open, upland fields and sheep-walks far removed from water: what they may do in the night I cannot say. Worms are their usual food, but they also eat toads and frogs.

I can show you some good specimens of my new mice. Linnæus perhaps would call the species *mus minimus*.

## LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, April 18th, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—The history of the stone-curlew, *Charadrius edicnemus*, is as follows. It lays its eggs, usually two, never more than three, on the bare ground, without any nest, in the field; so that the countryman, in stirring his fallows, often destroys them. The young run immediately from the egg, like partridges, &c., and are withdrawn to some flinty field by the dam, where they skulk among the stones, which are their best security; for their feathers are so exactly the colour of our grey spotted flints, that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded. The eggs are short and round; of a dirty white, spotted with dark bloody blotches. Though I might not be able, just when I pleased, to procure you a bird, yet I could show you them almost any day; and any evening you may hear them round the village, for they make a clamour which may be heard a mile. *Edicnemus* is a most apt and expressive name for them, since their legs seem swoln like those of a gouty man. After harvest I have shot them before the pointers in turnip-fields.

I make no doubt but there are three species of the willow-wrens, two I know perfectly, but have not been able yet to procure the third. No two birds can differ more in their notes, and that constantly, than those two that I am acquainted with; for the one has a joyous, easy, laughing note, the other a harsh loud chirp. The former is every way larger, and three-quarters of an inch longer, and weighs two drams and a half, while the latter weighs but two; so the songster is one-fifth heavier than the chirper. The chirper (being the first summer-bird of passage that is heard, the wryneck sometimes excepted) begins his two notes in the middle of March, and continues them through the spring and summer till the end of August, as appears by my journals. The legs of the larger of these two are flesh-coloured; of the less black.

The grasshopper-lark began his sibilous note in my fields last Saturday. Nothing can be more amusing than the whisper of this little bird, which seems to be close by though at an hundred yards distance; and, when close at your ear, is scarce any louder than when a great way off. Had I not been a little acquainted with insects, and known that the grasshopper kind is not yet hatched, I should have hardly believed but that it had been a *locusta* whispering in the bushes. The country people laugh when you tell them that it is the note of a bird. It is a most artful creature, skulking in the thickest part of a bush; and will sing at a yard distance, provided it be concealed. I was obliged to get a person to go on the other side of the hedge where it haunted, and then it would run, creeping like a mouse, before us for an hundred yards together, through the bottom of the thorns; yet it would not come into fair sight; but in a morning early, and when undisturbed, it sings on the top of a twig, gaping and shivering with its wings. Mr. Ray himself had no knowledge of this bird, but received his account from Mr. Johnson, who apparently confounds it with the *reguli non cristati*, from which it is very distinct. See Ray's *Philos. Letters*, p. 108.

A LIST OF THE SUMMER BIRDS OF PASSAGE DISCOVERED IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, RANGED SOMEWHAT IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.

## LINNÆI NOMINA.

Smallest willow-wren,	<i>Motacilla trochilus.</i>
Wryneck,	<i>Jynx torquilla.</i>
House swallow,	<i>Hirundo rustica.</i>
Martin,	<i>Hirundo urbana.</i>
Sand-martin,	<i>Hirundo riparia.</i>
Cuckoo,	<i>Cuculus canorus.</i>
Nightingale,	<i>Motacilla lusciniæ.</i>
Blackcap,	<i>Motacilla atricapilla.</i>
Whitethroat,	<i>Motacilla sylvia.</i>
Middle willow-wren,	<i>Motacilla trochilus.</i>
Swift,	<i>Hirundo apus.</i>
Stone-curlew?	<i>Charadrius ædicnemus?</i>
Turtle-dove?	<i>Turtur a. drovandi?</i>
Grasshopper-lark,	<i>Alauda trivialis.</i>
Landrail,	<i>Rallus Crex.</i>
Largest willow-wren,	<i>Motacilla trochilus.</i>
Redstart,	<i>Motacilla phænicurus.</i>
Goat-sucker, or fern-owl,	<i>Caprimulgus europæus.</i>
Fly-catcher,	<i>Muscicapa grisola.</i>

The fly-catcher (*stoparola*) has not yet appeared; it usually breeds in my vine. The redstart begins to sing, its note is short and imperfect, but is continued till about the middle of June. The willow-wrens (the smaller

sort) are horrid pests in a garden, destroying the peas, cherries, currants, &c. ; and are so tame that a gun will not scare them.

My countrymen talk much of a bird that makes a clatter with its bill against a dead bough, or some old pales, calling it a jarbird. I procured one to be shot in the very fact ; it proved to be the *Sitta europæa* (the nut-hatch). Mr. Ray says that the less spotted woodpecker does the same. This noise may be heard a furlong or more.

Now is the only time to ascertain the short-winged summer birds ; for, when the leaf is out, there is no making any remarks on such a restless tribe ; and, when once the young begin to appear, it is all confusion : there is no distinction of genus, species, or sex.

In breeding-time snipes play over the moors, piping and humming : they always hum as they are descending. Is not their hum ventriloquous like that of the turkey ? Some suspect it is made by their wings.

This morning I saw the golden-crowned wren, whose crown glitters like burnished gold. It often hangs like a titmouse, with its back downwards.

Yours, &c., &c.

## LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, June 18th, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday last arrived your agreeable letter of June the 10th. It gives me great satisfaction, to find that you pursue these studies still with such vigour, and are in such forwardness with regard to reptiles and fishes.

The reptiles, few as they are, I am not acquainted with, so well as I could wish, with regard to their natural history. There is a degree of dubiousness and obscurity attending the propagation of this class of animals, something analogous to that of the *cryptogamia* in the sexual system of plants : and the case is the same with regard to some of the fishes ; as the eel, &c.

The method in which toads procreate and bring forth seems to be very much in the dark. Some authors say that they are viviparous : and yet Ray classes them among his oviparous animals ; and is silent with regard to the manner of their bringing forth. Perhaps they may be *ἔσω μετ' ὠοτόκῳ*, *ἔξω δὲ ἡωοτόκῳ*, as is known to be the case with the viper.

The copulation of frogs (or at least the appearance of it ; for Swammerdam proves that the male has no *penis intrans*) is notorious to everybody ; because we see them sticking upon each other's backs for a month together in the spring : and yet I never saw or read of toads being observed in the same situation. It is strange that the matter with regard to the venom of toads has not been yet settled. That they are



not noxious to some animals is plun for ducks, buzzards, owls, stone crows, and snakes, eat them, to my knowledge, with impunity. And I well remember the time, but was not eye witness to the fact (though numbers of persons were), when a quack, at this village, ate a toad to make the cruetty people stare, afterwards he drank o'

I have been informed also, from undoubted authority, that some ladies (ladies you will say of je uhru taste) took a fancy to a toad, which they purchased summer after summer, for many years, till he grew to a monstrous size, with the maggots which turn to flesh flies. The reptile used to come forth every evening from a hole under the garden steps, and was taken up, after supper, on the table to be fed. Put at last a tame raven, leaning him as he put forth his head gave him such a severe stroke with his horny beak as put out one eye. After this accident the creature languished for some time and died.

I need not mention a gentleman of your extensive reading of the excellent account there is in Mr Deham in Ray's "Wisdom of God in the Creation" (p. 365), concerning the migration of frogs from their breeding ponds. In this account he utters subjects that foolish opinion of their dipping from the cloud in rain, showing that it is from the grateful coldness and moisture of those showers that they are tempted to set out on their travels, which they defer till the next fall. It is as yet in their tadpole state, but in a few weeks, in lanes, paths, fields will swarm for a few days with myriads of these migrants, no larger than my little finger nail. Swarming I am, yes, a more accurate account of the method of their situation in which the male impregnates the spawn of the female. How wonderful is the clemency of Providence with regard to the limbs of so vile a reptile! While it is in water it has a fish like tail, and no longer swims as the legs spread the tail on itself is useless, and the animal betakes it to the land.

Next to trust a variety must be when he advances that the *Xenopus* is an English reptile, it abounds in Germany and Switzerland.

It is to be remembered that the *Salvatorella aquatica* of Ray (the water newt or eft) will frequently live at the water's bank and is often caught on his hook. I ought to be informed that the *Salvatorella aquatica* was hatched, lived and died, in the water. But John Ellis, Esq, FRS (the coralline Ellis) asserts in a letter to the Royal Society dated June the 5th 1766, in his account of the *mutum* an amphibious lipes from South Carolina that the water eft or newt, is only the larva of the land fire is tadpole state of frogs. But I should be suspected to misinterpret him in this. I shall give it in his own words. Speaking of the *mutum* coming to the light at the *mutum*, he proceeds to say that, "The form of these generated coverings approach very near to what I have some time ago observed in the larva or aquatic state of our English *laet* known by the name of eft, or newt which serve them for coverings to their gill and for fins to

swim with while in this state ; and which they lose, as well as the fins of their tails, when they change their state and become land animals, as I have observed, by keeping them alive for some time myself."

Linnaeus, in his *Systema Naturæ*, hints at what Mr. Ellis advances more than once.

Providence has been so indulgent to us as to allow of but one venomous reptile of the serpent kind in these kingdoms, and that is the viper. As you propose the good of mankind to be an object of your publications, you will not omit to mention common salad oil as a sovereign remedy against the bite of the viper. As to the blind worm (*Anguis fragilis*, so called because it snaps in sunder with a small blow), I have found on examination, that it is perfectly innocuous. A neighbouring yeoman (to whom I am indebted for some good hints) killed and opened a female viper about the 27th of May : he found her filled with a chain of eleven eggs, about the size of those of a blackbird ; but none of them were advanced so far towards a state of maturity as to contain any rudiments of young. Though they are oviparous, yet they are viviparous also, hatching their young within their bellies, and then bringing them forth. Whereas snakes lay chains of eggs every summer in my melon beds, in spite of all that my people can do to prevent them ; which eggs do not hatch till the spring following, as I have often experienced. Several intelligent folks assure me that they have seen the viper open her mouth, and add her helpless young down her throat on sudden surprise, just as the female opossum does her brood into the pouch under her belly, upon the like emergencies ; and yet the London viper-catchers insist on it, to Mr. Barrington, that no such thing ever happens. The serpent kind eat, I believe, but once in a year ; or rather, but only just at one season of the year. Country people talk much of a water-snake, but, I am pretty sure, without any reason : for the common snake (*Coluber na rivis*) delights much to sport in the water, perhaps with a view to procure frogs and other food.

I cannot well guess how you are to make out your twelve species of reptiles, unless it be by the various species, or rather varieties, of our *lacerti*, of which Ray enumerates five. I have not had opportunity of ascertaining these ; but remember well to have seen, formerly, several beautiful green *lacerti* on the sunny sand-banks near Farnham, in Surrey ; and Ray admits there are such in Ireland.

## LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *July 27th, 1768.*

DEAR SIR,—I received your obliging and communicative letter of June the 28th, while I was on a visit at a gentleman's house, where I had neither books to turn to, nor leisure to sit down, to return you an answer

to many queries, which I wanted to resolve in the best manner that I am able.

A person, by my order, has searched our brooks, but could find no such fish as the *Gasterosteus pungitius*: he found the *Gasterosteus aculeatus* in plenty. This morning, in a basket, I packed a little earthen pot full of wet moss, and in it some sticklebacks, male and female; the females big with spawn: some laniperns; some bull's heads; but I could procure no minnows. This basket will be in Fleet Street by eight this evening; so I hope Mazel will have them fresh and fair to-morrow morning. I gave some directions, in a letter, to what particulars the engraver should be attentive.

Finding, while I was on a visit, that I was within a reasonable distance of Ambresbury, I sent a servant over to that town, and procured several living specimens of loaches, which he brought, safe and brisk, in a glass decanter. They were taken in the gullies that were cut for watering the meadows. From these fishes (which measured from 2 to 4 inches in length) I took the following description:—"The loach, in its general aspect, has a pellucid appearance; it is black is mottled with irregular collections of small black dots, not reaching much below the *linea lateralis*, as are the back and tail fins; a black line runs from each eye down to the nose; its belly is of a silvery white; the upper jaw projects beyond the lower, and is surrounded with six feelers, three on each side; its pectoral fins are large, its ventral much smaller; the fin behind its anus small; its dorsal-fin large, containing eight spines; its tail, where it joins to the tail-fin, remarkably broad, without any taperness, so as to be characteristic of this genus; the tail-fin is broad, and square at the end. From the breadth and muscular strength of the tail it appears to be an active, nimble fish."

The water-cress has not, that I can discern, the least appearance of any gills; for want of which it is continually rising to the surface of the water to take in fresh air. I opened a big-bellied one indeed, and found it full of spawn. Not that this circumstance at all invalidates the assertion that they are *larvæ*: for the *larvæ* of insects are full of eggs, which they exclude the instant they enter their last state. The water-cress is continually climbing over the brims of the vessel, within which we keep it in water, and wandering away; and people every summer see numbers crawling out of the pools where they are hatched up the dry banks. There are varieties of them differing in colour; and some have fins up their tail and back, and some have not.

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## LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, August 17th, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—I have now, past dispute, made out three distinct species of the willow-wrens (*motacilla trochili*) which constantly and invariably

use distinct notes. But at the same time I am obliged to confess that I know nothing of your willow-lark. In my letter of April the 18th, I had told you peremptorily that I knew your willow-lark, but had not seen it then; but when I came to procure it, it proved in all respects a very *motacilla trochilus*, only that it is a size larger than the two other, and the yellow-green of the whole upper part of the body is more vivid, and the belly of a clearer white. I have specimens of the three sorts now laying before me, and can discern that there are three gradations of sizes, and that the least has black legs, and the other two flesh-coloured ones. The yellowish bird is considerably the largest, and has its quill-feathers and secondary feathers tipped with white, which the others have not. This last haunts only the tops of trees in high beechen woods, and makes a sibilous, grasshopper-like noise, now and then, at short intervals, shivering a little with its wings when it sings: and is, I make no doubt now, the *regulus non cristatus* of Ray, which he says, "*cantat voce seridulæ locustæ*." Yet this great ornithologist never suspected that there were three species.

## LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

SILBORNE, October 8th, 1768.

It is, I find, in zoology as it is in botany; all nature is so full that that district produces the greatest variety which is the most examined. Several birds, which are said to belong to the north only, are, it seems, often in the south. I have discovered this summer three species of birds with us, which writers mention as only to be seen in the northern counties. The first that was brought me (on the 14th of May) was the sandpiper, *tringa hypoleucus*: it was a cock bird, and haunted the banks of some ponds near the village; and, as it had a companion, doubtless intended to have bred near that water. Besides, the owner has told me since, that on recollection, he has seen some of the same birds round his ponds in former summers.

The next bird that I procured (on the 21st of May) was a male red-backed butcher-bird, *lanius collurio*. My neighbour, who shot it, says that it might easily have escaped his notice, had not the outcries and chattering of the whitethroats and other small birds drawn his attention to the bush where it was; its craw was filled with the legs and wings of beetles. The next rare birds (which were procured for me last week) were some ring-ousels, *turdus torquatus*.

This week twelve months a gentleman from London, being with us, was amusing himself with a gun, and found, he told us, on an old yew hedge where there were berries, some birds like blackbirds, with rings of white round their necks: a neighbouring farmer also at the same time observed the same; but, as no specimens were procured, little notice was taken. I

mentioned this circumstance to you in my letter of November the 4th, 1767 (you, however, paid but small regard to what I said, as I had not seen these birds myself) ; but last week the aforesaid farmer, seeing a large flock, twenty or thirty of these birds, shot two cocks and two hens, and says, on recollection, that he remembers to have observed these birds again last spring, about Lady Day, as it were on their return to the north. Now perhaps these ousels are not the ousels of the north of England, but belong to the more northern parts of Europe ; and may retire before the excessive rigour of the frosts in those parts, and return to breed in the spring, when the cold abates. If this be the case, here is discovered a new bird of winter passage, concerning whose migrations the writers are silent ; but if these birds should prove the ousels of the north of England, then here is a migration disclosed within our own kingdom never before remarked. It does not yet appear whether they retire beyond the bounds of our island to the south ; but it is most probable that they usually do, or else one cannot suppose that they would have continued so long unnoticed in the southern counties. The ousel is larger than a blackbird, and feeds on haws ; but last autumn (when there were no haws) it fed on yew-berries : in the spring it feeds on ivy-berries, which ripen only at that season, in March and April.

I must not omit to tell you (as you have been so lately on the study of reptiles) that my people, every now and then of late, draw up with a bucket of water from my well, which is 63 feet deep, a large black warty lizard with a fin-tail and yellow belly. How they first came down at that depth, and how they were ever to have got out thence without help, is more than I am able to say.

My thanks are due to you for your trouble and care in the examination of a buck's head. As far as your discoveries reach at present, they seem much to corroborate my suspicions ; and I hope Mr. — may find reason to give his decision in my favour ; and then, I think, we may advance this extraordinary provision of nature as a new instance of the wisdom of God in the creation.

As yet I have not quite done with my history of the *ædicnemus*, or stone-curlew ; for I shall desire a gentleman in Sussex (near whose house these birds congregate in vast flocks in the autumn) to observe nicely when they leave him (if they do leave him), and when they return again in the spring : I was with this gentleman lately, and saw several single birds.

## LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Jan. 2nd, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—As to the peculiarity of jackdaws building with us under the ground in rabbit-burrows, you have, in part, hit upon the reason ; for,

In reality, there are hardly any towers or steeples in all this country. And perhaps, Norfolk excepted, Hampshire and Sussex are as meanly furnished with churches as almost any counties in the kingdom. We have many livings of two or three hundred pounds a year, whose houses of worship make little better appearance than dovecots. When I first saw Northamptonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire, and the fens of Lincolnshire, I was amazed at the number of spires which presented themselves in every point of view. As an admirer of prospects, I have reason to lament this want in my own country; for such objects are very necessary ingredients in an elegant landscape.

What you mention with respect to reclaimed toads raises my curiosity. An ancient author, though no naturalist, has well remarked that "every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed, of mankind."

It is a satisfaction to me to find that a green lizard has actually been procured for you in Devonshire; because it corroborates my discovery, which I made many years ago, of the same sort, on a sunny sandbank near Farnham, in Surrey. I am well acquainted with the South Hams of Devonshire; and can suppose that district, from its southerly situation, to be a proper habitation for such animals in their best colours.

Since the ring-ousels of your vast mountains do certainly not forsake them against winter, our suspicions that those which visit this neighbourhood about Michaelmas are not English birds, but driven from the more northern parts of Europe by the frosts, are still more reasonable; and it will be worth your pains to endeavour to trace from whence they come, and to inquire why they make so very short a stay.

In your account of your error with regard to the two species of herons, you incidentally gave me great entertainment in your description of the heronry at Cressi Hall; which is a curiosity I never could manage to see. Fourscore nests of such a bird on one tree is a rarity which I would ride half as many miles to have a sight of. Pray be sure to tell me in your next whose seat Cressi Hall is, and near what town it lies. I have often thought that those vast extents of fens have never been sufficiently explored. If half-a-dozen gentlemen, furnished with a good strength of water spaniels, were to beat them over a week, they would certainly find more species.

There is no bird, I believe, whose manners I have studied more than that of the *caprimulgus* (the goatsucker), as it is a wonderful and curious creature; but I have always found that though sometimes it may chatter as it flies, as I know it does, yet in general it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough; and I have for many an half-hour watched it as it sat with its under mandible quivering, and particularly this summer. It perches usually on a bare twig, with its head lower than its tail, in an attitude well expressed by your draughtsman in the folio *British Zoology*. This bird is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of day; so exactly

that I have known it strike up more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun, which we can hear when the weather is still. It appears to me past all doubt that its notes are formed by organic impulse by the powers of the parts of its windpipe, formed for sound, just as cats purr. You will credit me, I hope, when I assure you that, as my neighbours were assembled in an hermitage on the side of a steep hill where we drink tea, one of these churn-owls came and settled on the cross of that little straw edifice and began to chatter, and continued his note for many minutes; and we were all struck with wonder to find that the organs of of that little animal, when put in motion, gave a sensible vibration to the whole building! This bird also sometimes makes a small squeak, repeated four or five times; and I have observed that to happen when the cock has been pursuing the hen in a toying way through the boughs of a tree.

. . . . .

# LETTER XXIII

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Feb. 28th, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—It is not improbable that the Guernsey lizard and our green lizards may be specifically the same; all that I know is, that, when some years ago many Guernsey lizards were turned loose in Pembroke college garden, in the University of Oxford, they lived a great while, and seemed to enjoy themselves very well, but never bred. Whether this circumstance will prove anything either way I shall not pretend to say.

I return you thanks for your account of Cressi Hall; but recollect, not without regret, that, in June, 1746, I was visiting for a week together at Spalding, without ever being told that such a curiosity was just at hand. Pray send me word in your next what sort of tree it is that contains such a quantity of herons' nests; and whether the herony consists of a whole grove of wood, or only of a few trees.

It gave me satisfaction to find we accorded so well about the *caprimulgus*; all I contended for was to prove that it often chatters sitting as well as flying; and therefore the noise was voluntary, and from organic impulse, and not from the resistance of the air against the hollow of its mouth and throat.

If ever I saw anything like actual migration, it was last Michaelmas Day. I was travelling, and out early in the morning; at first there was a vast fog; but, by the time that I was got seven or eight miles from home towards the coast, the sun broke out into a delicate warm day. We were then on a large heath or common, and I could discern, as the mist began to break away, great numbers of swallows (*hirundines rustica*) clustering on the stunted shrubs and bushes, as if they had roosted there all night.

As soon as the air became clear and pleasant they all were on the wing as once; and, by a placid and easy flight, proceeded on southward toward the sea; after this I did not see any more flocks, only now and then a straggler.

I cannot agree with those persons that assert that the swallow kind disappear some and some gradually, as they come, for the bulk of them seem to withdraw at once; only some stragglers stay behind a long while, and do never, there is the greatest reason to believe, leave this island. Swallows seem to lay themselves up, and to come forth in a warm day, as bats do continually of a warm evening, after they have disappeared for weeks. For a very respectable gentleman assured me that, as he was walking with some friends under Merton Wall on a remarkably hot noon, either in the last week in December or the first week in January, he espied three or four swallows huddled together on the moulding of one of the windows of that college. I have frequently remarked that swallows are seen later at Oxford than elsewhere; is it owing to the vast massy buildings of that place, to the many waters round it, or to what else?

When I used to rise in a morning last autumn, and see the swallows and martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighbouring cottages, I could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification; with delight, to observe with how much ardour and punctuality those poor little birds obeyed the strong impulse towards migration, or hiding, imprinted on their minds by their great Creator; and with some degree of mortification, when I reflected that, after all our pains and inquiries, we are yet not quite certain to what regions they do migrate; and are still further embarrassed to find that some do not actually migrate at all.

These reflections made so strong an impression on my imagination, that they became productive of a composition that may perhaps amuse you for a quarter of an hour when next I have the honour of writing to you.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *May 29th, 1769.*

DEAR SIR,—The *scarabeus fullo* I know very well, having seen it in collections; but I have never been able to discover one wild in its natural state. Mr. Banks told me he thought it might be found on the sea-coast.

On the thirteenth of April I went to the sheep-down, where the *ring-necks* have been observed to make their appearance at spring and fall, in their way perhaps to the north or south; and was much pleased to see these birds about the usual spot. We shot a cock and a hen; they were plump and in high condition. The hen had but very small rudiments of



eggs within her, which proves they are late breeders; whereas those species of the thrush kind that remain with us the whole year have fledged young before that time. In their crops was nothing very distinguishable, but somewhat that seemed like blades of vegetables nearly digested. In autumn they feed on haws and yew-berries, and in the spring on ivy-berries. I dressed one of these birds, and found it juicy and well-flavoured. It is remarkable that they make but a few days' stay in their spring visit, but rest near a fortnight at Michaelmas. These birds, from the observations of three springs and two autumns, are most punctual in their return; and exhibit a new migration unnoticed by the writers, who supposed they never were to be seen in any southern countries.

One of my neighbours lately brought me a new *salitaria*, which at first I suspected might have proved your willow-lark, but, on a nicer examination, it answered much better to the description of that species which you shot at Revesby, in Lincolnshire. My bird I describe thus: "It is a size less than the grasshopper-lark; the head, back, and coverts of the wings, of a dusky brown, without those dark spots of the grasshopper-lark; over each eye is a milk-white stroke; the chin and throat are white, and the under parts of a yellowish-white; the rump is tawny, and the feathers of the tail sharp-pointed; the bill is dusky and sharp, and the legs are dusky; the hinder claw long and crooked." The person that shot it says that it sung so like a reed-sparrow that he took it for one; and that it sings all night: but this account merits farther inquiry. For my part, I suspect it is a second sort of *locustella*, hinted at by Dr. Derham in Ray's Letters. He also procured me a grasshopper-lark.

## LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Aug. 30th, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—It gives me satisfaction to find that my account of the *ousel migration* pleases you. You put a very shrewd question when you ask me how I know that their autumnal migration is southward? Was not candour and openness the very life of natural history, I should pass over this query just as a fly commentator does over a crabbed passage in a classic; but common ingenuousness obliges me to confess, not without some degree of shame, that I only reasoned in that case from analogy. For as all other autumnal birds migrate from the northward to us, to partake of our milder winters, and return to the northward again when the rigorous cold abates, so I concluded that the ring-ousels did the same, as well as their congeners the fieldfares; and especially as ring-ousels are known to haunt cold mountainous countries: but I have good reason to suspect since that they may come to us from the westward; because I hear from very

good authority, that they breed on Dartmoor; and that they forsake that wild district about the time that our visitors appear, and do not return till late in the spring.

I have taken a great deal of pains about your *salicaria* and mine, with a white stroke over its eye and a tawny rump. I have surveyed it alive and dead, and have procured several specimens, and am perfectly persuaded myself (and trust you will soon become convinced of the same) that it is no more nor less than the *passer arundinaceus minor* of Ray. This bird, by some means or other, seems to be entirely omitted in the "British Zoology"; and one reason probably was because it is so strangely classed in Ray, who ranges it among his *picea affines*. It ought no doubt to have gone among his *avicula cauda unicolore*, and among your slender-billed small birds of the same division. Linnæus might with great propriety have put it into his genus of *motacilla*; and *motacilla salicaria* of his *fauna suecica* seems to come the nearest to it. It is no uncommon bird, haunting the sides of ponds and rivers where there is covert, and the reeds and sedges of moors. The country people in some places call it the sedge-bird. It sings incessantly night and day, during the breeding-time, imitating the note of a sparrow, a swallow, a skylark; and has a strange hurrying manner in its song. My specimens correspond most minutely to the description of your *feu salicaria* shot near Revesby. Mr. Ray has given an excellent characteristic of it when he says, "*Rostrum et pedes in hâc aviculâ multo majores sunt quàm pro corporis ratione.*" See letter, May 20, 1769. (Preceding letter, XXIV.)

I have got you the egg of an *edinemus*, or stone-curlew, which was picked up in a fallow on the naked ground; there were two, but the finder inadvertently crushed one with his foot before he saw them.

When I wrote to you last year on reptiles, I wish I had not forgot to mention the faculty that snakes have of stinking *se defendendo*. I knew a gentleman who kept a tame snake, which was in its person as sweet as any animal while in good humour and unalarmed; but as soon as a stranger, or a dog or cat, came in, it fell to hissing, and filled the room with such nauseous effluvia as rendered it hardly supportable. Thus the squonck, or stonck, of Ray's "Synop. Quadr." is an innocuous and sweet animal; but, when pressed hard by dogs and men, it can eject such a most pestilent and fetid smell and excrement, that nothing can be more horrible.

A gentlemen sent me lately a fine specimen of the *lanius minor cinereus cum maculâ in scapula albâ*, *Raii*; which is a bird that, at the time of your publishing your two first volumes of "British Zoology," I find you had not seen. You have described it well from Edwards's drawing.

## LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Dec. 8th, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—I was much gratified by your communicative letter on your return from Scotland, where you spent some considerable time, and gave yourself good room to examine the natural curiosities of that extensive kingdom, both those of the islands, as well as those of the highlands. The usual bane of such expeditions is hurry, because men seldom allot themselves half the time they should do; but, fixing on a day for their return, post from place to place, rather as if they were on a journey that required dispatch, than as philosophers investigating the works of nature. You must have made, no doubt, many discoveries, and laid up a good fund of materials for a future edition of the “British Zoology;” and will have no reason to repent that you have bestowed so much pains on a part of Great Britain that perhaps was never so well examined before.

It has always been matter of wonder to me that fieldfares, which are so congenious to thrushes and blackbirds, should never choose to breed in England; but that they should not think even the highlands cold and northerly, and sequestered enough, is a circumstance still more strange and wonderful. The ring-ousel, you find, stays in Scotland the whole year round; so that we have reasons to conclude that those migrators that visit us for a short space every autumn do not come from thence.

And here, I think, will be the proper place to mention that those birds were most punctual again in their migration this autumn, appearing, as before, about the 30th of September; but their flocks were larger than common, and their stay protracted somewhat beyond the usual time. If they came to spend the whole winter with us, as some of their congeners do, and then left us, as they do, in spring, I should not be so much struck with the occurrence, since it would be similar to that of the other winter birds of passage; but when I see them for a fortnight at Michaelmas, and again for about a week in the middle of April. I am seized with wonder, and long to be informed whence these travellers come, and whither they go, since they seem to use our hills merely as an inn or baiting place.

Your account of the greater brambling, or snow-fleck, is very amusing; and strange it is that such a short-winged bird should delight in such perilous voyages over the northern ocean! Some country people in the winter-time have every now and then told me that they have seen two or three white larks on our downs; but, on considering the matter, I begin to suspect that these are some stragglers of the birds we are talking of, which sometimes perhaps may rove so far to the southward.

It pleases me to find that white hares are so frequent on the Scottish mountains, and especially as you inform me that it is a distinct species; for the quadrupeds of Britain are so few, that every new species is a great acquisition.

The eagle-owl, could it be proved to belong to us, is so majestic a bird, that it would grace our *fauna* much. I never was informed before where wild-geese are known to breed.

You admit, I find, that I have proved your *fen salicaria* to be the lesser reed-sparrow of Ray; and I think you may be secure that I am right, for I took very particular pains to clear up that matter, and had some fair specimens; but, as they were not well preserved, they are decayed already. You will, no doubt, insert it in its proper place in your next edition. Your additional plates will much improve your work.

De Buffon, I know, has described the water shrew-mouse; but still I am pleased to find you have discovered it in Lincolnshire, for the reason I have given in the article of the white hare.

As a neighbour was lately ploughing in a dry chalky field, far removed from any water, he turned out a water-rat, that was curiously lain up in an hybernaculum artificially formed of grass and leaves. At one end of the burrow lay above a gallon of potatoes regularly stowed, on which it was to have supported itself for the winter. But the difficulty with me is how this *amphibius mus* came to fix its winter station at such a distance from the water. Was it determined in its choice of that place by the mere accident of finding the potatoes which were planted there; or is it the constant practice of the aquatic rat to forsake the neighbourhood of the water in colder months?

Though I delight very little in analogous reasoning, knowing how fallacious it is with respect to natural history; yet, in the following instance, I cannot help being inclined to think it may conduce towards the explanation of a difficulty that I have mentioned before, with respect to the invariable early retreat of the *hirundo apus*, or swift, so many weeks before its congeners; and that not only with us, but also in Andalusia, where they also begin to retire about the beginning of August.

The great large bat (which by the bye is at present a nondescript in England, and what I have never been able to procure) retires or migrates very early in the summer; it also ranges very high for its food, feeding in a different region of the air; and that is the reason I never could procure one. Now this is exactly the case with the swifts; for they take their food in a more exalted region than the other species, and are very seldom seen hawking for flies near the ground, or over the surface of the water. From hence I would conclude that these *hirundines* and the larger bats are supported by some sorts of high-flying gnats, scarabs, or *phalæne*, that are of short continuance; and that the short stay of these strangers is regulated by the defect of their food.

By my journal it appears that curlews clamoured on to October the 31st: since which I have not seen or heard any. Swallows were observed on the 3rd of November the 3rd,

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Feb. 22nd, 1770.

DEAR SIR,—Hedgehogs abound in my gardens and fields. The manner in which they eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious; with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed; but they deface the walks in some measure by digging little round holes. It appears, by the dung that they drop upon the turf, that beetles are no inconsiderable part of their food. In June last I procured a litter of four or five young hedgehogs, which appeared to be about five or six days old: they, I find, like puppies, are born blind, and could not see when they came to my hands. No doubt their spines are soft and flexible at the time of their birth, or else the poor dam would have but a bad time of it in the critical moment of parturition, but it is plain they soon harden; for these little pigs had such stiff prickles on their backs and sides as would easily have fetched blood, had they not been handled with caution. Their spines are quite white at this age; and they have little hanging ears, which I do not remember to be discernible in the old ones. They can, in part, at this age draw their skin down over their faces; but are not able to contract themselves into a ball, as they do, for the sake of defence, when full grown. The reason, I suppose is, because the curious muscle that enables the creature to roll itself up in a ball was not then arrived at its full tone and firmness. Hedgehogs make a deep and warm *hybernaculum* with leaves and moss, in which they conceal themselves for the winter: but I never could find that they stored in any winter provision, as some quadrupeds certainly do.

I have discovered an anecdote with respect to the fieldfare (*turdus pilaris*), which I think is particular enough; the bird, though it sits on trees in the daytime, and procures the greatest part of its food from white-thorn hedges; yea, moreover, builds, on very high trees, as may be seen by the *fauna suecica*: yet always appears with us to roost on the ground. They are seen to come in flocks just before it is dark, and to settle and nestle among the heath or our forest. And besides, the larkers in dragging their nets by night frequently catch them in the wheat stubbles; while the bat-fowlers, who take many redwings in the hedges, never entangle any of this species. Why these birds, in the matter of roosting, should differ from all their congeners, and from themselves also with respect to their proceedings by day, is a fact for which I am by no means able to account.

I have somewhat to inform you of concerning the *moose deer*; but in general foreign animals fall seldom in my way; my little intelligence is confined to the narrow sphere of my own observations at home.

## LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *May 12th, 1770.*

DEAR SIR,—Last month we had such a series of cold turbulent weather, such a constant succession of frost, and snow, and hail, and tempest, that the regular migration or appearance of the summer birds was much interrupted. Some did not show themselves (at least were not heard) till weeks after their usual time, as the blackcap and whitethroat; and some have not been heard yet, as the grasshopper-lark and largest willow-wren. As to the fly-catcher, I have not seen it; it is, indeed, one of the latest, but should appear about this time and yet, amidst all this meteorous strife and war of the elements two swallows discovered themselves as long ago as the 11th of April, in frost and snow; but they withdrew quickly, and were not visible again for many days. House-martins, which are always more backward than swallows, were not observed till May came in.

Among the monogamous birds several are to be found, after pairing-time, single, and of each sex, but whether this state of celibacy is matter of choice or necessity, is not so easily discoverable. When the house-sparrows deprive my martins of their nests, as soon as I cause one to be shot, the other, be it cock or hen, presently procures a mate, and so for several times following.

I have known a dove house infested by a pair of white owls, which made great havoc among the young pigeons: one of the owls was shot as soon as possible; but the survivor readily found a mate, and the mischief went on. After some time the new pair were both destroyed, and the annoyance ceased.

Another instance I remember of a sportsman, whose zeal for the increase of his game being greater than his humanity, after pairing time he always shot the cock bird of every couple of partridges upon his grounds; supposing that the rivalry of many males would impel the breed. He used to say, that, though he had widowed the tame hen several times, yet he found she was still provided with a fresh partner, that did not take her away from her usual haunt.

Again; I knew a lover of setting an old sportsman, who has often told me that soon after harvest he has frequently taken small coveys of partridges, consisting of cock birds alone, that he pleasantly used to call old bachelors.

There is a propensity belonging to common cats, that is very remarkable, I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favourite food, and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unsatisfied, they know not how to gratify. For of all quadrupeds cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element.

Quadrupeds that prey on fish are amphibious : such is the otter, which by nature is so well formed for diving that it makes great havoc among the inhabitants of the waters. Not supposing that we had any of those beasts in our shallow brooks, I was much pleased to see a male otter brought to me, weighing 21 lbs., that had been shot on the bank of our stream below the Priory, where the rivulet divides the parish of Selborne from Hartley Wood.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>, 1770

DEAR SIR, You saw, I find, the ring-ousels again among their native crags ; and are farther assured that they continue resident in those cold regions the whole year. From whence then do our ring-ousels migrate so regularly every September, and make their appearance again, as if in their return, every April? They are more early this year than common, for some were seen at the usual hill on the fourth of this month.

An observing Devonshire gentleman tells me that they frequent some parts of Dartmoor, and breed there ; but leave those haunts about the end of September, or beginning of October, and return again about the end of March.

Another intelligent person assures me that they breed in great abundance all over the peak of Derby, and are called there tor-ousels ; withdraw in October and November, and return in spring. This information seems to throw some light on my new migration.

Scopoli's new work (which I have just procured) has its merit in ascertaining many of the birds of the Tirol and Carniola. Monographers, come from whence they may, have, I think, fair pretence to challenge some regard and approbation from the lovers of natural history ; for, as no man can alone investigate the works of nature, these partial writers may, each in their department, be more accurate in their discoveries, and free from errors, than more general writers ; and so by degrees may pave the way to an universal correct natural history. Not that Scopoli is so circumstantial and attentive to the life and conversation of his birds as I could wish : he advances some false facts ; as when he says of the *hirundo umbra* that "*pullos extra nidum non nutrit.*" This assertion I know to be wrong from repeated observation this summer ; for house-martins do feed their young flying, though it must be acknowledged not so commonly as the house-swallow ; and the feat is done in so quick a manner as not to be perceptible to indifferent observers. He also advances some (I was going to say) improbable facts ; as when he says of the woodcock that "*pullos rostro portat fugiens ab hoste.*" But candour forbids me to say absolutely that any fact is false, because I have never been witness to such a fact. I have only to remark that the long unwieldy bill of the woodcock is perhaps the worst adapted of any among the winged creation for such a feat of natural affection.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *March 30<sup>th</sup>, 1771.*

DEAR SIR,—There is an insect with us, especially on chalky districts, which is very troublesome and teasing all the latter end of the summer, getting into people's skins, especially those of women and children, and raising tumours which itch intolerably. This animal (which we call an harvest bug) is very minute, scarce discernible to the naked eye; of a bright scarlet colour, and of the genus of *Acarus*. They are to be met with in gardens on kidney beans, or any legumens, but prevail only in the hot months of summer. Warreners, as some have assured me, are much infested by them on chalky downs; where these insects swarm sometimes to so infinite a degree as to discolour their nets, and to give them a reddish cast, while the men are so bitten as to be thrown into fevers.

There is a small long shining fly in these parts very troublesome to the housewife, by getting into the chimneys, and laying its eggs in the bacon while it is drying; these eggs produce maggots called jumpers, which, harbouring in the gammons and best parts of the hogs, eat down to the bone, and make great waste. This fly I suspect to be a variety of the *musca pulvis* of Linnaeus; it is to be seen in the summer in farm kitchens on the bacon-racks and about the mantelpieces, and on the ceiling.

The insect that infests turnips and many crops in the garden (destroying often whole fields while in their seedling leaves) is an animal that wants to be better known. The country people here call it the turnip-fly and black dolphin; but I know it to be one of the *coleoptera*; the "*chrysomela cleracea, saltatoria, femoribus postus gracissimis*." In very hot summers they abound to an amazing degree, and, as you walk in a field or in a garden, make a pattering like rain, by jumping on the leaves of the turnips or cabbages.

There is an oestrus, known in these parts to every ploughboy; which, because it is omitted by Linnaeus, is also passed over by late writers; and that is the *curculionida* of old Mouset, mentioned by Derham in his "Physico-Theology," p. 250; an insect worthy of remark for depositing its eggs as it flies in so dexterous a manner on the single hairs of the legs and flanks of grass-horses. But then Derham is mistaken when he advances that this oestrus is the parent of that wonderful star-tailed maggot which he mentions afterwards; for more modern entomologists have discovered that singular production to be derived from the egg of the *musca chumakow*; see Geoffroy, t. xvii. f. 4.

A full history of noxious insects hurtful in the field, garden, and house, suggesting all the known and likely means of destroying them, would be allowed by the public to be a most useful and important work. What knowledge there is of this sort lies scattered, and wants to be collected; great improvements would soon follow, of course. A knowledge of the



## White's Natural History of Selborne.

properties, economy, propagation, and in short of the life and conversation of these animals, is a necessary step to lead us to some method of preventing their depredations.

As far as I am a judge, nothing would recommend entomology more than some neat plates that should well express the generic distinctions of insects according to Linnæus; for I am well assured that many people would study insects, could they set out with a more adequate notion of those distinctions than can be conveyed at first by words alone.

### LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, 1771.

DEAR SIR,—Happening to make a visit to my neighbour's peacocks, I could not help observing that the trains of those magnificent birds appear by no means to be their tails; those long feathers growing not from their *uropygium*, but all up their backs. A range of short brown stiff feathers, about 6 inches long, fixed in the *uropygium*, is the real tail, and serves as the *fulcrum* to prop the train, which is long and top-heavy when set on end. When the train is up, nothing appears of the bird before but its head and neck; but this would not be the case were those long feathers fixed only in the rump, as may be seen by the turkey cock when in a strutting attitude. By a strong muscular vibration these birds can make the shafts of their long feathers clatter like the swords of a sword-dancer; they then trample very quick with their feet and run backwards towards the females.

I should tell you that I have got an uncommon *calculus agrogrofila*, taken out of the stomach of a fat ox; it is perfectly round, and about the size of a large Seville orange; such are, I think, unusually flat.

### LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Sept., 1771.

DEAR SIR,—The summer through I have seen but two of that large species of bat which I call *myotis atrivolutus*, from its manner of feeding high in the air; I procured one of them, and found it to be a male; and made no doubt, as they accompanied together, that the other was a female; but, happening in an evening or two to procure the other likewise, I was somewhat disappointed, when it appeared to be also of the same sex. This circumstance, and the great scarcity of this sort, at least in these parts, occasions some suspicions in my mind whether it is really a species, or whether it may not be the male part of the more known species, one of which may supply many females; as is known to be the case with sheep and some other quadrupeds. But this doubt can

only be cleared by a further examination, and some attention to the sex, of more specimens; all that I know at present is, that my two were amply furnished with the parts of generation, much resembling those of a boar.

In the extent of their wings they measured  $14\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; their heads were large, their nostrils bilobated, their shoulders broad and muscular; and their whole bodies fleshy and plump. Nothing could be more sleek and soft than their fur, which was of a bright chestnut colour; their maws were full of food, but so macerated that the quality could not be distinguished; their livers, kidneys, and hearts were large, and their bowels covered with fat. They weighed each, when entire, full one ounce and one drachm. Within the ear there was somewhat of a peculiar structure that I did not understand perfectly; but I refer it to the observation of the curious anatomist. These creatures sent forth a very rancid and offensive smell.

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### LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *March 15th, 1773.*

DEAR SIR,—By my journal for last autumn it appears that the house-martins bred very late, and stayed very late in these parts; for, on the first of October, I saw young martins in their nest nearly fledged; and again on the twenty-first of October, we had at the next house a nest full of young martins just ready to fly; and the old ones were hawking for insects with great alertness. The next morning the brood forsok their nest, and were flying round the village. From this day I never saw one of the swallow kind till November the third; when twenty, or perhaps thirty, house-martins were playing all the day long by the side of the hanging wood, and over my field. Did these small weak birds, some of which were nestling twelve days ago, shift their quarters at this late season of the year to the other side of the northern tropic? Or rather, is it not more probable that the next church, ruin, chalk-cliff, steep covert, or perhaps sandbank, lake or pool (as a more northern naturalist would say), may become their *hybernaculum*, and afford them a ready and obvious retreat?

We now begin to expect our vernal migration of ring-ousels every week. Persons worthy of credit assure me that ring-ousels were seen at Christmas 1770 in the forest of Bere, on the southern verge of this county. Hence we may conclude that their migrations are only internal, and not extended to the continent southward, if they do at first come at all from the northern parts of this island only, and not from the north of Europe. Come from whence they will, it is plain, from the fearless disregard that they show for men or guns, that they have been little accustomed to places of much resort. Navigators mention that in the Isle of Ascension, and other such desolate districts, birds are so little acquainted

with the human form that they settle on men's shoulders; and have no more dread of a sailor than they would have of a goat that was grazing. A young man at Lewes, in Sussex, assured me that about seven years ago ring-ousels abounded so about that town in the autumn that he killed sixteen himself in one afternoon; he added further, that some had appeared since in every autumn; but he could not find that any had been observed before the season in which he shot so many. I myself have found these birds in little parties in the autumn cantoned all along the Sussex Downs, wherever there were shrubs and bushes, from Chichester to Lewes; particularly in the autumn of 1770. I am, &c.

### LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Nov. 9th, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—As you desire me to send you such observations as may occur, I take the liberty of making the following remarks, that you may, according as you think me right or wrong, admit or reject what I here advance, in your intended new edition of the *British Zoology*.

The osprey was shot about a year ago at Finsham Pond, a great lake, at about 6 miles from hence, while it was sitting on the handle of a plough and devouring a fish; it used to precipitate itself into the water, and so take its prey by surprise.

A great ash-coloured butcher-bird was shot last winter in Tisted Park, and a red-backed butcher-bird at Selborne; they are *rare aves* in this county.

Crows go in pairs all the year round.

Cornish choughs abound, and breed on Beethy Head, and on all the cliffs of the Sussex coast.

The common wild-pigeon, or stock-dove, is a bird of passage in the south of England, seldom appearing till towards the end of November; it is usually the latest winter bird of passage. Before our beechen woods were so much destroyed we had myriads of them, reaching in strings for a mile together as they went out in a morning to feed. They leave us early in spring: where do they breed?

The people of Hampshire and Sussex call the missel-bird the storm-cock, because it sings early in the spring in blowing showery weather; its song often commences with the year: with us it builds much in orchards.

A gentleman assures me he has taken the nests of ring-ousels on Dartmoor: they build in banks on the sides of streams.

Titlarks not only sing sweetly as they sit on trees, but also as they play and toy about on the wing; and particularly while they are descending, and sometimes as they stand on the ground.

Adanson's testimony seems to me to be a very poor evidence that

European swallows migrate during our winter to Senegal : he does not talk at all like an ornithologist ; and probably saw only the swallows of that country, which I know build within Governor O'Hara's hall against the roof. Had he known European swallows, would he not have mentioned the species ?

The house-swallow washes by dropping into the water as it flies : this species appears commonly about a week before the house-martin, and about ten or twelve days before the swift.

In 1772 there were young house-martins in their nest till October the twenty-third.

The swift appears about ten or twelve days later than the house-swallow : viz., about the twenty-fourth or twenty-sixth of April.

Whin chats and stone-chatters stay with us the whole year.

Some wheat ears continue with us the winter through.

Wagtails, all sorts, remain with us all the winter.

Bullfinches, when fed on hempseed, often become wholly black.

We have vast flocks of female chaffinches all the winter, with hardly any males among them.

When you say that in breeding-time the cock snipes make a bleating noise, and I a drumming (perhaps I should rather have said a humming), I suspect we mean the same thing. However, while they are playing about on the wing, they certainly make a loud piping with their mouths ; but whether that bleating or humming is ventriloquous, or proceeds from the motion of their wings, I cannot say ; but this I know, that when this noise happens the bird is always descending, and his wings are violently agitated.

Soon after the lapwings have done breeding they congregate, and, leaving the moors and marshes, betake themselves to downs and sheep-walks.

Two years ago last spring the little auk was found alive and unhurt, but fluttering and unable to rise, in a lane a few miles from Alresford, where there is a great lake : it was kept a while, but died.

I saw young teals taken alive in the ponds of Wolmer Forest in the beginning of July last, along with flappers, or young wild ducks.

Speaking of the swift, that page says, "it drinks the dew ;" whereas it should be "it drinks on the wing ;" for all the swallow kind sip their water as they sweep over the face of ponds or rivers : like Virgil's bees, they drink flying ; "*summa summa libant*." In this method of drinking perhaps this genus may be peculiar.

Of the sedge-bird he pleased to say it sings most part of the night ; its notes are hurrying, but not displeasing, and imitative of several birds : as the sparrow, swallow, skylark. When it happens to be silent in the night, by throwing a stone or clod into the bushes where it sits, you immediately set it a-singing ; or in other words, though it slumbers sometimes, yet as soon as it is awakened it resumes its song.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Sept. 2nd, 1774.

DEAR SIR;—Before your letter arrived, and of my own accord, I had been remarking and comparing the tails of the male and female swallow, and this ere any young broods appeared; so that there was no danger of confounding the dams with their *pulli*: and besides, as they were then always in pairs, and busied in the employ of nidification, there could be no room for mistaking the sexes, nor the individuals of different chimneys the one for the other. From all my observations, it constantly appeared that each sex has the long feathers in its tail that give it that forked shape; with this difference, that they are longer in the tail of the male than in that of the female.

Nightingales, when their young first come abroad, and are helpless, make a plaintive and a jarring noise; and also a snapping or cracking, pursuing people along the hedges as they walk: these last sounds seem intended for menace and defiance.

The grasshopper-lark chirps all night in the height of summer.

Swans turn white the second year, and breed the third.

Weasels prey on moles, as appears by their being sometimes caught in mole-traps.

Sparrow-hawks sometimes breed in old crows' nests, and the kestrel in churches and ruins.

There are supposed to be two sorts of eels in the island of Ely. The threads sometimes discovered in eels are perhaps their young; the generation of eels is very dark and mysterious.

Hen-harriers breed on the ground, and seem never to settle on trees.

When red-starts shake their tails they move them horizontally, as dogs do when they fawn: the tail of a wagtail, when in motion, bobs up and down like that of a jaded horse.

Hedge-sparrows have a remarkable flirt with their wings in breeding-time; as soon as frosty mornings come they make a very piping plaintive noise.

Many birds which become silent about Midsummer resume their notes again in September; as the thrush, blackbird, woodlark, willow-wren, &c.; hence August is by much the most mute month, the spring, summer, and autumn through. Are birds induced to sing again because the temperament of autumn resembles that of spring?

Linnaeus ranges plants geographically; palms inhabit the tropics, grasses the temperate zones, and mosses and lichens the polar circles; no doubt animals may be classed in the same manner with propriety.

House-sparrows build under eaves in the spring; as the weather becomes hotter they get out for coolness, and nest in plum trees and apple trees.

These birds have been known sometimes to build in rooks' nests, and sometimes in the folds of bags under coal-heaps.

As my neighbour was housing a rick he observed that his dogs devoured all the little red mice that they could catch, but rejected the common mice; and that his cats ate the common mice, refusing the red.

Redbreasts sing all through the spring, summer, and autumn. The reason they are called autumn songsters is, because in the two first seasons their voices are drowned and lost in the general chorus; in the latter their song becomes distinguishable. Many songsters of the autumn seem to be the young cock redbreasts of that year; notwithstanding the prejudices in their favour, they do much mischief in gardens to the summer fruits.

The titmouse, which early in February begins to make two quaint notes, like the whetting of a saw, is the marsh titmouse: the great titmouse sings with three cheerful joyous notes, and begins about the same time.

Wrens sing all the winter through, frost excepted.

House-martins came remarkably late this year both in Hampshire and Devonshire: is this circumstance for or against either hiding or migration?

Most birds drink sipping at intervals; but pigeons take a long continued draught, like quadrupeds.

Notwithstanding what I have said in a former letter, no grey crows were ever known to breed on Dartmoor; it was my mistake.

The appearance and flying of the *Scarabeus solstitialis*, or fern-chaffer, commence with the month of July, and cease about the end of it. These scarabs are the constant food of *Caprimulgi*, or fern-owls, through that period. They abound on the chalky downs and in some sandy districts, but not in the clays.

In the garden of the Black Bear inn, in the town of Reading, is a stream or canal running under the stables and out into the fields on the other side of the road: in this water are many carps, which lie rolling about in sight, being fed by travellers, who amuse themselves by tossing them bread; but as soon as the weather grows at all severe these fishes are no longer seen, because they retire under the stables, where they remain till the return of spring. Do they lie in a torpid state? if they do not, how are they supported?

The note of the white-throat, which is continually repeated, and often attended with odd gesticulations on the wing, is harsh and displeasing. These birds seem of a pugnacious disposition; for they sing with an erected crest and attitude of rivalry and defiance; are shy and wild in breeding time, avoiding neighbourhoods, and haunting lonely lanes and commons; nay, even the very tops of the Sussex Downs, where there are bushes and covert; but in July and August they bring their broods into gardens and orchards, and make great havoc among the summer fruits.

The black-cap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when that bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted.

Black-caps mostly haunt orchards and gardens ; while they warble their throats are wonderfully distended.

The song of the redstart is superior, though somewhat like that of the white-throat ; some birds have a few more notes than others. Sitting very placidly on the top of a tall tree in a village, the cock sings from morning to night ; he affects neighbourhoods, and avoids solitude, and loves to build in orchards and about houses ; with us he perches on the vane of a tall maypole.

The fly-catcher is, of all our summer birds, the most mute and the most familiar ; it also appears the last of any. It builds in a vine, or a sweet-briar, against the wall of a house, or in the hole of a wall, or on the end of a beam or plate, and often close to the post of a door where people are going in and out all day long. This bird does not make the least pretension to song, but uses a little inward wailing note when it thinks its young in danger from cats or other annoyances ; it breeds but once, and retires early.

Selborne parish alone can and has exhibited at times more than half the birds that are ever seen in all Sweden ; the former has produced more than one hundred and twenty species, the latter only two hundred and twenty-one. Let me add also that it has shown near half the species that were ever known in Great Britain.

On a retrospect, I observe that my long letter carries with it a quaint and magisterial air, and is very sententious ; but when I recollect that you requested stricture and anecdote, I hope you will pardon the didactic manner for the sake of the information it may happen to contain.

## LETTER XII.

### TO THE SAME.

It is a matter of curious inquiry to trace out how those species of soft-billed birds that continue with us the winter through, subsist during the dead months. The imbecility of birds seems not to be the only reason why they shun the rigour of our winters ; for the robust wryneck (so much resembling the hardy race of woodpeckers) migrates, while the feeble little golden-crowned wren, that shadow of a bird, braves our severest frosts without availing himself of houses or villages, to which most of our winter birds crowd in distressful seasons, while this keeps aloof in fields and woods ; but perhaps this may be the reason why they may often perish, and why they are almost as rare as any bird we know.

I have no reason to doubt but that the soft-billed birds, which winter with us, subsist chiefly on insects in their aurelia state. All the species of wagtails in severe weather haunt shallow streams near their spring-heads, where they never freeze ; and, by wading, pick out the aurelias of the genus of *Phryganer*, &c.

Hedge-sparrows frequent sinks and gutters in hard weather, where they

pick up crumbs and other sweepings: and in mild weather they procure worms, which are stirring every month in the year, as any one may see that will only be at the trouble of taking a candle to a grass-plot on any mild winter's night. Redbreasts and wrens in the winter haunt out-houses, stables, and barns, where they find spiders and flies that have laid themselves up during the cold season. But the grand support of the soft-billed birds in winter is that infinite profusion of aurelia of the *Lepidoptera ordo*, which is fastened to the twigs of trees and their trunks; to the pales and walls of gardens and buildings; and is found in every cranny and cleft of rock or rubbish, and even in the ground itself.

Every species of titmouse winters with us; they have what I call a kind of intermediate bill between the hard and the soft, between the Linnæan genera of *Fringilla* and *Motacilla*. One species alone spends its whole time in the woods and fields, never retreating for succour in the severest seasons to houses and neighbourhoods; and that is the delicate long-tailed titmouse, which is almost as minute as the golden-crowned wren; but the blue titmouse or nun (*Parus caeruleus*), the cole-mouse (*Parus ater*), the great black-headed titmouse (*Fringillago*), and the marsh titmouse (*Parus palustris*), all resort at times to buildings, and in hard weather particularly. The great titmouse, driven by stress of weather, much frequents houses; and, in deep snows, I have seen this bird, while it hung with its back downwards (to my no small delight and admiration), draw straws lengthwise from out the eaves of thatched houses, in order to pull out the flies that were concealed between them, and that in such numbers that they quite defaced the thatch, and gave it a ragged appearance.

The blue titmouse, or nun, is a great frequenter of houses, and a general devourer. Besides insects, it is very fond of flesh; for it frequently picks bones on dunghills: it is a vast admirer of suet, and haunts butchers' shops. When a boy, I have known twenty in a morning caught with snap mouse-traps, baited with tallow or suet. It will also pick holes in apples left on the ground, and be well entertained with the seeds on the head of a sunflower. The blue, marsh, and great titmice will, in very severe weather, carry away barley and oat-straws from the sides of ricks.

How the wheat-ear and whin-chat support themselves in winter cannot be so easily ascertained, since they spend their time on wild heaths and warrens; the former especially, where there are stone quarries; most probably it is that their maintenance arises from the aureliæ of the *Lepidoptera ordo*, which furnish them with a plentiful table in the wilderness.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

A PAIR of honey-buzzards, *Buteo apivorus, sive Vespius Raii*, built them a large shallow nest, composed of twigs and lined with dead beechen leaves, upon a tall slender beech near the middle of Selborne Hanger, in



the summer of 1780. In the middle of the month of June a bold boy climbed this tree, though standing on so steep and dizzy a situation, and brought down an egg, the only one in the nest, which had been sat on for some time, and contained the embryo of a young bird. The egg was smaller, and not so round as those of the common buzzard; was dotted at each end with small red spots, and surrounded in the middle with a broad bloody zone.

The hen-bird was shot, and answered exactly to Mr. Ray's description of that species; had a black cere, short thick legs, and a long tail. When on the wing, this species may be easily distinguished from the common buzzard by its hawk-like appearance, small head, wings not so blunt, and longer tail. This specimen contained in its craw some limbs of frogs and many grey snails' without shells. The irides of the eyes of this bird were of a beautiful bright yellow colour.

About the tenth of July in the same summer a pair of sparrow-hawks bred in an old crow's nest on a low beech in the same hanger; and as their brood, which was numerous, began to grow up, became so daring and ravenous, that they were a terror to all the dames in the village that had chickens or ducklings under their care. A boy climbed the tree, and found the young so fledged that they all escaped from him; but discovered that a good house had been kept: the larder was well stored with provisions; for he brought down a young blackbird, jay, and house-martin, all clean picked, and some half devoured. The old birds had been observed to make sad havoc for some days among the new-flown swallows and martins, which, being but lately out of their nests, had not acquired those powers and command of wing that enable them, when more mature, to set such enemies at defiance.

## LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Nov. 30th, 1780.

DEAR SIR,—Every incident that occasions a renewal of our correspondence will ever be pleasing and agreeable to me.

As to the wild wood-pigeon, the *Cenas*, or *Vinago*, of Ray, I am much of your mind; and see no reason for making it the origin of the common house-dove: but suppose those that have advanced that opinion may have been misled by another appellation, often given to the *Cenas*, which is that of stock-dove.

Unless the stock-dove in the winter varies greatly in manners from itself in summer, no species seems more unlikely to be domesticated, and to make a house-dove. We very rarely see the latter settle on trees at all, nor does it ever haunt the woods: but the former as long as it stays with us, from November perhaps to February, lives the same wild life with the ring-dove, *Palumbus torquatus*; frequents coppices and groves, supports

itself chiefly by mast, and delights to roost in the tallest beeches. Could it be known in what manner stock-doves build, the doubt would be settled with me at once, provided they construct their nests on trees, like the ring-dove, as I much suspect they do.

You received, you say, last spring, a stock-dove from Sussex; and are informed that they sometimes breed in that county. But why did not your correspondent determine the place of its nidification, whether on rocks, cliffs, or trees? If he was not an adroit ornithologist I should doubt the fact, because people with us perpetually confound the stock-dove with the ring-dove.

For my own part, I readily concur with you in supposing that house-doves are derived from the small blue rock-pigeon, for many reasons. In the first place the wild stock-dove is manifestly larger than the common house-dove, against the usual rule of domestication, which generally enlarges the breed. Again, those two remarkable black spots on the remiges of each wing of the stock-dove which are so characteristic of the species, would not, one should think, be totally lost by its being reclaimed; but would often break out among its descendants. But what is worth a hundred arguments is, the instance you give in Sir Roger Mostyn's house-doves in Caernarvonshire: which, though tempted by plenty of food and gentle treatment, can never be prevailed on to inhabit their cote for any time; but, as soon as they begin to breed, betake themselves to the fastnesses of Ormshead, and deposit their young in safety amidst the inaccessible caverns and precipices of that stupendous promontory.

*"Naturam expellas furcâ . . . tamen usque recurret."*

I have consulted a sportsman, now in his seventy-eighth year, who tells me that fifty or sixty years back, when the beechen woods were much more extensive than at present, the number of wood-pigeons was astonishing; that he has often killed near twenty in a day: and that with a long wild-fowl piece he has shot seven or eight at a time on the wing as they came wheeling over his head: he moreover adds, which I was not aware of, that often there were among them little parties of small blue doves, which he calls rockiers. The food of these numberless emigrants was beech-mast and some acorns, and particularly bailey, which they collected in the stubbles. But of late years, since the vast increase of turnips, that vegetable has furnished a great part of their support in hard weather; and the holes they pick in these roots greatly damage the crop. From this food their flesh has contracted a rancidness which occasions them to be rejected by nicer judges of eating, who thought them before a delicate dish. They were shot not only as they were feeding in the fields, and especially in snowy weather, but also at the close of the evening, by men who lay in ambush among the woods and groves to kill them as they came in to roost. These are the principal circumstances relating to this wonderful internal migration, which with us takes place towards the end of November.

and ceases early in the spring. Last winter we had in Selborne high wood about a hundred of these doves; but in former times the flocks were so vast, not only with us, but all the district round, that on mornings and evenings they traversed the air, like rooks, in strings, reaching for a mile together. When they thus rendezvoused here by thousands, if they happened to be suddenly roused from their roost-trees on an evening,

"Their rising all at once was like the sound  
Of thunder heard remote."—

It will by no means be foreign to the present purpose to add that I had a relation in this neighbourhood who made it a practice, for a time, whenever he could procure the eggs of a ring-dove, to place them under a pair of doves that were sitting in his own pigeon-house, hoping thereby, if he could bring about a coalition, to enlarge his breed and teach his own doves to beat out into the woods and to support themselves by mast: the plan was plausible, but something always interrupted the success; for though the birds were usually hatched, and sometimes grew to half their size, yet none ever arrived at maturity. I myself have seen these foundlings in their nest displaying a strange ferocity of nature, so as scarcely to bear to be looked at, and snapping with their bills by way of menace. In short, they always died, perhaps for want of proper sustenance; but the owner thought that by their fierce and wild demeanour they frightened their foster-mothers, and so were starved.

## LETTER I.

TO THE HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON.

SELBORNE, *June 30th*, 1769.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE SUMMER BIRDS OF PASSAGE WHICH I HAVE DISCOVERED IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, RANGED SOMEWHAT IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR:—

	RAII NOMINA.	USUALLY APPEARS ABOUT
1. Wryneck . . .	<i>Synx. sive Torquilla</i>	The middle of March; harsh note.
2. Smallest willow-wren . . .	<i>Regulus non cristatus</i>	March 23; chirps till September.
3. Swallow . . .	<i>Hirundo domestica</i>	April 13.
4. Martin . . .	<i>Hirundo rustica</i>	Ditto.
5. Sand-martin . . .	<i>Hirundo riparia</i>	Ditto.
6. Black-cap . . .	<i>Altricapilla</i>	Ditto: a sweet wild note.
7. Nightingale . . .	<i>Luscinia</i>	Beginning of April.
8. Cuckoo . . .	<i>Cuculus</i>	Middle of April.
9. Middle willow-wren . . .	<i>Regulus non cristatus</i>	Ditto: a sweet plaintive note.
10. White-throat . . .	<i>Ficedula affinis</i>	Ditto; mean note; sings on till Sept.
11. Redstart . . .	<i>Ruticilla</i>	Middle of April; more agreeable song.
12. Stone-curlew . . .	<i>Edicnemus</i>	End of March; loud nocturnal whistle.
13. Turtle-dove . . .	<i>Turtur</i>	
14. Grasshopper-lark . . .	<i>Alauda minima lo- custæ vocis</i>	Middle of April; a small sibilous note, till the end of July.



RAII NOMINA.

9. Wild-swan . . .	<i>Cygnus ferus</i> . . .	On some large waters.
10. Wild-geese . . .	<i>Anas ferus</i> . . .	
11. Wild-duck . . .	<i>Anas torquata minor</i> . . .	
12. Pochard . . .	<i>Anas fersa fusca</i> . . .	
13. Widgeon . . .	<i>Penelope</i> . . .	On our lakes and streams.
14. Teal breeds with us in Wolmer Forest	<i>Querquedula</i> . . .	
15. Cross-beak . . .	<i>Coccythrustes</i> . . .	These are only wanderers that appear
16. Cross-bill . . .	<i>Loxia</i> . . .	occasionally and are not observant of
17. Silk tail . . .	<i>Garrulus bohemus</i> . . .	any regular migration.

These birds, as they stand numerically, belong to the following Linnæan genera :—

1, 2, 3 . . .	<i>Turdus</i> . . .	8 . . . . .	<i>Columba</i> . . .	15, 16 . . .	<i>Loxia</i> . . .
4 . . .	<i>Corvus</i> . . .	9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 . . .	<i>Anas</i> . . .	17 . . .	<i>Ampelis</i> . . .
5, 6, 7 . . .	<i>Scelopax</i> . . .				

Birds that sing in the night are but few :

Nightingale . . .	<i>Lucinia</i> . . .	"In shadiest covert hid."—MILTON."
Woodlark . . .	<i>Alauda arborea</i> . . .	Suspended in mid air.
Less reed-sparrow . . .	<i>Passer arundinaceus minor</i> . . .	Among reeds and willows.

I should now proceed to such birds as continue to sing after Midsummer, but, as they are rather numerous, they would exceed the bounds of this paper ; besides, as this is now the season for remarking on that subject, I am willing to repeat my observations on some birds concerning the continuation of whose song I seem at present to have some doubt.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Nov. 2nd, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—When I did myself the honour to write to you about the end of last June on the subject of natural history, I sent you a list of the summer birds of passage which I have observed in this neighbourhood ; and also a list of the winter birds of passage : I mentioned besides those soft-billed birds that stay with us the winter through in the south of England, and those that are remarkable for singing in the night.

According to my proposal, I shall now proceed to such birds (singing birds strictly so called) as continue in full song till after midsummer ; and shall range them somewhat in the order in which they first begin to open as the spring advances.

RAII NOMINA.

1. Woodlark . . .	<i>Alauda arborea</i> . . .	{ In January, and continues to sing through all the summer and autumn.
2. Song-thrush . . .	<i>Turdus simpliciter dictus</i> . . .	
3. Wren . . .	<i>Passer troglodytes</i> . . .	{ In February and on to August ; & re-assume their song in autumn.
4. Redbreast . . .	<i>Rubecula</i> . . .	
		All the year, hard frost excepted.
		Ditto.

## RAIL NOMINA.

- |                       |                                  |   |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| 3. Hedge-sparrow      | <i>Currucula</i>                 | Early in February to July 10.   |
| 6. Yellow-hammer      | <i>Emberiza flava</i>            | Early in February, and on through July to August 21.  |
| 7. Skylark            | <i>Alauda vulgaris</i>           | In February and on to October.  |
| 8. Swallow            | <i>Hirundo domestica</i>         | From April to September.  |
| 9. Black-cap          | <i>Atricapilla</i>               | Beginning of April to July 13.  |
| 10. Titlark           | <i>Alauda pratensis</i>          | From middle of April to July 16.  |
| 11. Blackbird         | <i>Merula vulgaris</i>           | Sometimes in February & March, and so on to July 23: re-assumes in autumn.  |
| 12. Whitethroat       | <i>Ficedula affinis</i>          | In April, and on to July 23.  |
| 13. Goldfinch         | <i>Carduelis</i>                 | April, and through to Sept. 16.   |
| 14. Greenfinch        | <i>Chloris</i>                   | On to July and August 2.  |
| 15. Less reed-sparrow | <i>Passer arundinaceus minor</i> | May, on to beginning of July. Breeds and whistles on till August; re-assumes its note when they begin to congregate in October, and again early before the flocks separate. |
| 16. Common linnet     | <i>Linaria vulgaris</i>          |   |

Birds that cease to be in full song, and are usually silent at or before Midsummer:

- |                        |                              |   |
|------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| 17. Middle willow-wren | <i>Regulus non cristatus</i> | Middle of June; begins in April.            |
| 18. Redstart           | <i>Ruticilla</i>             | Ditto; begins in May.                       |
| 19. Chaffinch          | <i>Fringilla</i>             | Beginning of June; sings first in February. |
| 20. Nightingale        | <i>Luscinia</i>              | Middle of June; sings first in April.       |

Birds that sing for a short time, and very early in the spring:

- |                                |                          |  |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| 21. Missel-bird                | <i>Turdus viscivorus</i> | January 2, 1770, in February. 1 <sup>st</sup> called in Hampshire & Sussex the "storm-cock," because its song is supposed to forebode windy wet weather; it is the largest singing bird we have. |
| 22. Great titmouse, or ox-eye. | <i>Fringillago</i>       | In February, March, April; re-assumes for a short time in September.   |

Birds that have somewhat of a note or song, and yet are hardly to be called singing birds:

- |                         |                                   |   |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|
| 23. Golden-crowned wren | <i>Regulus cristatus</i>          | Its note as minute, as its person; frequents the tops of high oaks and firs: the smallest British bird. |
| 24. Marsh-titmouse      | <i>Parus palustris</i>            | Haunts great woods; two harsh, sharp notes.   |
| 25. Small willow-wren   | <i>Regulus non cristatus</i>      | Sings in March and on to Sept.  |
| 26. Largest ditto       | <i>Ditto</i>                      | <i>Cantat voce stridula locustae</i> ; from end of April to August.                                     |
| 27. Grasshopper-lark    | <i>Alauda minima voc. locusta</i> | Chirps all night from the middle of April to the end of July.   |
| 28. Martin              | <i>Hirundo agrestis</i>           | All the breeding time; from May to September.   |
| 29. Bullfinch           | <i>Pyrrhula</i>                   |   |
| 30. Bunting             | <i>Emberiza alba</i>              | From the end of January to July.  |

All singing birds, and those that have any pretensions to song, not only in Britain, but perhaps the world through, come under the Linnæan *ordo* of *Passeres*.

The above-mentioned birds, as they stand numerically, belong to the following Linnæan genera:—

1, 7, 10, 27 . . . . .	<i>Alauda</i> .	6, 30 . . . . .	<i>Emberiza</i> .	22, 24 . . . . .	<i>Parus</i> .
2, 11, 21 . . . . .	<i>Turdus</i> .	8, 28 . . . . .	<i>Hirundo</i> .	14, 29 . . . . .	<i>Loxia</i> .
3, 4, 5, 9, 12, 15, 17, {	<i>Motacilla</i> .	13, 16, 19	<i>Fringilla</i> .		
18, 20, 23, 25, 26 . . . . .					

Birds that sing as they fly are but few :

Skylark . . . . .	<i>Alauda vulgaris</i> .	Rising, suspended, and falling.
Titlark . . . . .	<i>Alauda pratensis</i> .	{ In its descent ; also sitting on trees, and walking on the ground.
Woodlark . . . . .	<i>Alauda arborca</i> .	Suspended ; in hot summer nights all night long.
Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Merula</i> . . . . .	Sometimes from bush to bush.
Whitethroat . . . . .	<i>Pedicularis affinis</i> .	{ Uses when singing on the wing odd jerks and gesticulations.
Swallow . . . . .	<i>Hirundo domestica</i> .	In soft, sunny weather.
Wren . . . . .	<i>Passer troglodytes</i> .	Sometimes from bush to bush.

Birds that breed most early in these parts :

RARI NOMINA.			
Raven . . . . .	<i>Corvus</i> . . . . .		Hatches in February and March.
Song-thrush . . . . .	<i>Turdus</i> . . . . .		In March.
Blackbird . . . . .	<i>Merula</i> . . . . .		In March.
Rook . . . . .	<i>Corvus frugilega</i> .		Builds the beginning of March.
Woodlark . . . . .	<i>Alauda arborca</i> .		Hatches in April.
Ring dove . . . . .	<i>Pouter torquatus</i> .		Lays the beginning of April.

All birds that continue in full song till after Midsummer appear to me to breed more than once.

Most kinds of birds seem to me to be wild and shy somewhat in proportion to their bulk ; I mean in this island, where they are much pursued and annoyed ; but in Ascension Island, and many other desolate places, mariners have found fowl so unacquainted with a human figure, that they would stand still to be taken ; as is the case with boobies, &c. As an example of what is advanced, I remark that the golden-crested wren (the smallest British bird) will stand unconcerned till you come within three or four yards of it, while the bustard (*Otis*), the largest British land fowl, does not care to admit a person within so many furlongs.

I am, &c.

### LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Jan. 15th, 1770.

DEAR SIR,—It was no small matter of satisfaction to me to find that you were not displeased with my little *methodus* of birds. If there was any merit in the sketch, it must be owing to its punctuality. For many months I carried a list in my pocket of the birds that were to be remarked, and,

as I rode or walked about my business, I noted each day the continuance or omission of each bird's song; so that I am as sure of the certainty of my facts as a man can be of any transaction whatsoever.

I shall now proceed to answer the several queries which you put in your two obliging letters, in the best manner that I am able. Perhaps Eastwick, and its environs, where you heard so very few birds, is not a woodland country, and therefore not stocked with such songsters. If you will cast your eye on my last letter, you will find that many species continue to warble after the beginning of July.

The titlark and yellow-hammer breed late, the latter very late; and therefore it is no wonder that they protract their song: for I lay it down as a maxim in ornithology, that as long as there is any incubation going on there is music. As to the redbreast and wren, it is well known to the most incurious observer that they whistle the year round, hard frost excepted; especially the latter.

It was not in my power to procure you a black-cap, or a less reed-sparrow, or sedge-bird, alive. As the first is undoubtedly, and the last, as far as I can yet see, a summer bird of passage, they would require more nice and curious management in a cage than I should be able to give them: they are both distinguished songsters. The note of the former has such a wild sweetness that it always brings to my mind those lines in a song in *As You Like It*.

"And tune his merry note  
Unto the wild bird's throat."—SHAKESPEARE.

The latter has a surprising variety of notes resembling the song of several other birds; but then it has also an hurrying manner, not at all to its advantage: it is notwithstanding a delicate polyglot.

It is new to me that titlarks in cages sing in the night; perhaps only caged birds do so. I once knew a tame redbreast in a cage that always sang as long as candles were in the room; but in their wild state no one supposes they sing in the night.

I should be almost ready to doubt the fact that there are to be seen much fewer birds in July than in any former month, notwithstanding so many young are hatched daily. Sure I am that it is far otherwise with respect to the swallow tribe, which increases prodigiously as the summer advances: and I saw, at the time mentioned, many hundreds of young wagtails on the banks of the Cherwell, which almost covered the meadows. If the matter appears as you say in the other species, may it not be owing to the dams being engaged in incubation, while the young are concealed by the leaves?

Many times have I had the curiosity to open the stomachs of woodcocks and snipes; but nothing ever occurred that helped to explain to me what their subsistence might be: all that I could ever find was a soft mucus, among which lay many pellucid small gravels, I am, &c.



LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Feb. 19th, 1770.

DEAR SIR,—Your observation that “the cuckoo does not deposit its egg indiscriminately in the nest of the first bird that comes in its way, but probably looks out a nurse in some degree congenious, with whom to intrust its young,” is perfectly new to me; and struck me so forcibly, that I naturally fell into a train of thought that led me to consider whether the fact was so, and what reason there was for it. When I came to recollect and inquire, I could not find that any cuckoo had ever been seen in these parts, except in the nest of the wagtail, the hedge-sparrow, the titlark, the whitethroat, and the redbreast, all soft-billed insectivorous birds. The excellent Mr. Willughby mentions the nest of the *palumbus* (ring-dove), and of the *fringilla* (chaffinch), birds that subsist on acorns and grains, and such hard food: but then he does not mention them as of his own knowledge; but says afterwards that he saw himself a wagtail feeding a cuckoo. It appears hardly possible that a soft-billed bird should subsist on the same food with the hard-billed: for the former have thin membranaceous stomachs suited to their soft food; while the latter, the granivorous tribe, have strong muscular gizzards, which, like mills, grind, by the help of small gravels or pebbles, what is swallowed. This proceeding of the cuckoo, of dropping its eggs as it were by chance, is such a monstrous outrage on maternal affection, one of the first great dictates of nature; and such a violence on instinct; that, had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. But yet should it farther appear that this simple bird, when divested of that natural *stupidity* that seems to raise the kind in general above themselves, and inspire them with extraordinary degrees of cunning and address, may be still endued with a more enlarged faculty of discerning what species are suitable and congenious nursing-mothers for its disregarded eggs and young, and may deposit them only under their care, this would be adding wonder to wonder, and instancing, in a fresh manner, that the methods of Providence are not subjected to any mode or rule, but astonish us in new lights, and in various and changeable appearances.

What was said by a very ancient and sublime writer concerning the defect of natural affection in the ostrich, may well be applied to the bird we are talking of:

“She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers:

“Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding.”

*Query.* Does each female cuckoo lay but one egg in a season, or does she drop several in different nests according as opportunity offers?

I am, &c.

D

## LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *April 12th, 1770.*

DEAR SIR,—I heard many birds of several species sing last year after Midsummer; enough to prove that the summer solstice is not the period that puts a stop to the music of the woods. The yellow-hammer no doubt persists with more steadiness than any other; but the woodlark, the wren, the redbreast, the swallow, the whitethroat, the goldfinch, the common linnet, are all undoubted instances of the truth of what I advanced.

If this severe season does not interrupt the regularity of the summer migrations, the blackcap will be here in two or three days. I wish it was in my power to procure you one of those songsters; but I am no bird-catcher, and so little used to birds in a cage, that I fear if I had one it would soon die for want of skill in feeding.

Was your reed-sparrow, which you kept in a cage, the thick-billed reed-sparrow of the "*Zoology*," p. 320; or was it the less reed-sparrow of Ray, the sedge-bird of Mr. Pennant's last publication, p. 16?

As to the matter of long billed birds growing fatter in moderate frosts, I have no doubt within myself what should be the reason. The thriving, at those times appears to me to arise altogether from the gentle check which the cold throws upon insensible perspiration. The case is just the same with blackbirds, &c.; and farmers and warreners observe, the first, that their hogs fat more kindly at such times, and the latter that their rabbits are never in such good case as in a gentle frost. But when frosts are severe, and of long continuance, the case is soon altered; for then a want of food soon overbalances the repletion occasioned by a checked perspiration. I have observed, moreover, that some human constitutions are more inclined to plumpness in winter than in summer.

When birds come to suffer by severe frost, I find that the first that fail and die are the redwing, fieldfares, and then the song-thrushes.

You wonder, with good reason, that the hedge-sparrows, &c., can be induced at all to sit on the egg of the cuckoo without being scandalized at the vast disproportionate size of the supposititious egg; but the brute creation, I suppose, have very little idea of size, colour, or number. For the common hen, I know, when the fury of incubation is on her, will sit on a single shapeless stone instead of a nest full of eggs that have been withdrawn: and, moreover, a hen-turkey in the same circumstances, would sit on in the empty nest till she perished with hunger.

I think the matter might easily be determined whether a cuckoo lays one or two eggs, or more in a season, by opening a female during the laying-time. If more than one was come down out of the ovary, and advanced to a good size, doubtless then she would lay that spring by more than one.

I will endeavour to get a hen, and examine.

Your supposition that there may be some natural obstruction in singing birds while they are mute, and that when this is removed the song recommences, is new and bold ; I wish you could discover some good grounds for this suspicion.

P.S. Swallows appear amidst snows and frost.

## LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

RINGMER, near LEWES, Oct. 8th, 1770.

A COUNTRYMAN told me he had found a young fern-owl in the nest of a small bird on the ground ; and that it was fed by the little bird. I went to see this extraordinary phenomenon, and found that it was a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark ; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

... in tenui re  
Majores pennas nido extendit e . .

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it for many feet from the nest, and sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in its mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude.

In July I saw several cuckoos skimming over a large pond ; and found, after some observation, that they were feeding on the *Libellula*, or dragon flies ; some of which they caught as they settled on the weeds, and some as they were on the wing. Notwithstanding what Linnæus says, I cannot be induced to believe that they are birds of prey.

This district affords some birds that are hardly ever heard of at Selborne. In the first place considerable flocks of cross-beaks (*Loxia curvirostris*) have appeared this summer in the pine-groves belonging to this house ; the water-ousel is said to haunt the mouth of the Lewes river, near Newhaven ; and the Cornish chough builds, I know, all along the chalky cliffs of the Sussex shore.

I was greatly pleased to see little parties of ring-ousels (my newly-discovered migrators) scattered, at intervals, all along the Sussex downs, from Chichester to Lewes. Let them come from whence they will, it looks very suspicious that they are cantoned along the coast in order to pass the Channel when severe weather advances. They visit us again in April, as it should seem, in their return ; and are not to be found in the dead of winter. It is remarkable that they are very tame, and seem to have no manner of apprehensions of danger from a person with a gun. There are bustards on the wide downs near Brightelmstone.

No doubt you are acquainted with the Sussex downs: the prospects and rides round Lewes are most lovely!

As I rode along near the coast I kept a very sharp look-out in the lanes and woods, hoping I might, at this time of the year, have discovered some of the summer short-winged birds of passage crowding towards the coast in order for their departure: but it was very extraordinary that I never saw a redstart, whitethroat, blackcap, uncrested wren, flycatcher, &c. And I remember to have made the same remark in former years, as I usually come to this place annually about this time. The birds most common along the coast, at present, are the stone-chatters, winchats, buntings, linnets, some few wheat-ear, tit-larks, &c. Swallows and house-martins abound, yet induced to prolong their stay by this soft, still, dry season.

A land tortoise, which has been kept for thirty years in a little walled court belonging to the house where I now am visiting, retires under the ground about the middle of November, and comes forth again about the middle of April. When it first appears in the spring it discovers very little inclination towards food; but in the height of summer grows voracious; and then as the summer declines its appetite declines; so that for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly eats at all. Milky plants, such as lettuce, dandelions, sowthistles, are its favourite dish. In a neighbouring village one was kept till by tradition it was supposed to be an hundred years old. An instance of vast longevity in such a poor reptile!

## LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Dec. 20th, 1770.

DEAR SIR,—The birds that I took for abendavines were reed-sparrows (*Passeres torquati*).

There are doubtless many home internal migrations within this kingdom that want to be better understood; witness those vast flocks of hen chaffinches that appear with us in the winter without hardly any cock among them. Now was there a due proportion of each sex, it should seem very improbable that any one district should produce such numbers of these little birds; and much more when only one-half of the species appears; therefore we may conclude that the *Fringilla calceps*, for some good purposes, have a peculiar migration of their own in which the sexes part. Nor should it seem so wonderful that the intercourse of sexes in this species of bird should be interrupted in the winter; since in many animals, and particularly in bucks and does, the sexes herd separately, except at the season when commerce is necessary for the continuance of the breed. For this matter of chaffinches see "*Fauna Suecica*," p. 58, and "*Systema Naturæ*," p. 318. I see every winter vast flocks of hen chaffinches, but none of the cocks.

Your method of accounting for the periodical motions of the British singing birds, or birds of flight, is a very probable one; since the matter of food is a great regulator of the actions and proceedings of the brute creation; there is but one that can be set in competition with it, and that is love. But I cannot quite acquiesce with you in one circumstance when you advance that "when they have thus feasted, they again separate into small parties of five or six, and get the best fare they can within a certain district, having no inducement to go in quest of fresh-turned earth." Now if you mean that the business of congregating is quite at an end from the conclusion of wheat sowing to the season of barley and oats, it is not the case with us; for larks and chaffinches, and particularly linnets, flock and congregate as much in the very dead of winter as when the husbandman is busy with his ploughs and harrows.

Sure there can be no doubt but that woodcocks and fieldfares leave us in the spring, in order to cross the seas, and to retire to some districts more suitable to the purpose of breeding? That the former pair before they retire, and that the hens are forward with egg, I myself, when I was a sportsman, have often experienced. It cannot indeed be denied, but that now and then we hear of a woodcock's nest, or young birds, discovered in some part or other of this island; but then they are always mentioned as rarities, and somewhat out of the common course of things; but as to redwings and fieldfares, no sportsman or naturalist, has ever yet, that I could hear, pretended to have found the nest or young of those species in any part of these kingdoms. And I the more admire at this instance as extraordinary, since, to all appearance, the same food in summer as well as in winter might support them here which maintains their congeners, the blackbirds and thrushes, did they choose to stay the summer through. From hence it appears that it is not food alone which determines some species of birds with regard to their stay or departure. Fieldfares and redwings disappear sooner or later according as the warm weather comes on earlier or later. For I well remember, after that dreadful winter 1739 40, that cold north-east winds continued to blow on through April and May, and that these kind of birds (what few remained of them) did not depart as usual, but were seen lingering about till the beginning of June.

The best authority that we can have for the nidification of the birds above-mentioned in any district, is the testimony of faunists that have written professedly the natural history of particular countries.

Now as to the fieldfare, Linnæus, in his "*Fauna Suecica*" says of it that "*maximi in arboribus nidificat*; and of the redwing he says, in the same place that "*nidificat in mediis arbusculis, sive sepibus; ova sive caruleo-viridia maculis nigris variis*. Hence we may be assured that fieldfares and redwings breed in Sweden. Scopoli says, in his "*Annus Primus*," of the woodcock, that "*nupta ad nos venit circa æquinoctium vernale*;" meaning in Tyrol, of which he is a native. And afterwards

he adds, "*nidificat in paludibus alpinis: ova ponit 3—5.*" It does not appear from Kramer that woodcocks breed at all in Austria; but he says "*Avis hac septentrionalium provinciarum astivo tempore incola est; ubi plerumque nidificat. Appropinquante hyeme australiores provincias petit; hinc circa plenilunium mensis Octobris plerumque Austriam trans-migrat. Tunc rursus circa plenilunium potissimum mensis Martii per Austriam matrimonio juncta ad septentrionales provincias redit.*" For the whole passage (which I have abridged) see "Elenchus," &c., p. 351. This seems to be a full proof of the migration of woodcocks; though little is proved concerning the place of breeding.

P.S.—There fell in the county of Rutland, in three weeks of \*this present very wet weather,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain, which is more than has fallen in any three weeks for these thirty years past in that part of the world. A mean quantity in that county for one year is  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

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## LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

FYFIELD, near ANDOVER, Feb. 12th, 1771.

DEAR SIR,—You are, I know, no great friend to migration; and the well-attested accounts from various parts of the kingdom seem to justify you in your suspicions, that at least many of the swallow kind do not leave us in the winter, but lay themselves up like insects and bats, in a torpid state, and slumber away the more uncomfortable months till the return of the sun and fine weather awakens them.

But then we must not, I think, deny migration in general; because migration certainly does subsist in some places, as my brother in Andalusia has fully informed me. Of the motions of these birds he has ocular demonstration, for many weeks together, both spring and fall; during which period, myriads of the swallow kind traverse the Straits from north to south, and from south to north, according to the season. And these vast migrations consist not only of hirundines, but of bee-birds, hoopoes, *Oro pendulus*, or golden thrushes, &c. &c., and also of many of our soft-billed summer birds of passage; and moreover of birds which never leave us, such as all the various sorts of hawks and kites. Old Belon, two hundred years ago, gives a curious account of the incredible armies of hawks and kites which he saw in the spring time traversing the Thracian Bosphorus from Asia to Europe. Besides the above-mentioned, he remarks that the procession is swelled by whole troops of eagles and vultures.

Now it is no wonder that birds residing in Africa should retreat before the sun as it advances, and retire to milder regions, and especially birds of prey, whose blood being heated with hot animal food, are more impatient of a sultry climate; but then I cannot help wondering why kites

and hawks, and such hardy birds as are known to defy all the severity of England, and even of Sweden and all north Europe, should want to migrate from the south of Europe, and be dissatisfied with the winters of Andalusia.

It does not appear to me that much stress may be laid on the difficulty and hazard that birds must run in their migrations, by reason of vast oceans, cross winds, &c. ; because, if we reflect, a bird may travel from England to the Equator without launching out and exposing itself to boundless seas, and that by crossing the water at Dover and again at Gibraltar. And I with the more confidence advance this obvious remark, because my brother has always found that some of his birds, and particularly the swallow kind, are very sparing of their pains in crossing the Mediterranean : for when arrived at Gibraltar they do not,

... " Rang'd in figure, wedge their way,  
... and set forth  
Their airy caravan, high above reas  
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
Easing their flight ;" . . . —MILTON.

but scout and hurry along in little detached parties of six or seven in a company ; and sweeping low, just over the surface of the land and water, direct their course to the opposite continent at the narrowest passage they can find. They usually slope across the bay to the south-west, and so pass over opposite to Tangier, which, it seems, is the narrowest space.

In former letters we have considered whether it was probable that woodcocks in moonshiny nights cross the German ocean from Scandinavia. As a proof that birds of less speed may pass that sea, considerable as it is, I shall relate the following incident, which, though mentioned to have happened so many years ago, was strictly matter of fact :—As some people were shooting in the parish of Trotton, in the county of Sussex, they killed a duck in that dreadful winter, 1708-9, with a silver collar about its neck, on which were engraven the arms of the king of Denmark. This anecdote the rector of Trotton at that time has often told to a near relation of mine ; and, to the best of my remembrance, the collar was in the possession of the rector.

At present I do not know anybody near the seaside that will take the trouble to remark at what time of the moon woodcocks first come ; if I lived near the sea myself I would soon tell you more of the matter. One thing I used to observe when I was a sportsman, that there were times in which woodcocks were so sluggish and sleepy that they would drop again when flushed just before the spaniels, nay, just at the muzzle of a gun that had been fired at them ; whether this strange laziness was the effect of a recent fatiguing journey I shall not presume to say.

Nightingales not only never reach Northumberland and Scotland, but also, as I have been always told, Devonshire and Cornwall. In those last two counties we cannot attribute the failure of them to the want of warmth ;

the defect in the west is rather a presumptive argument that these birds come over to us from the continent at the narrowest passage, and do not stroll so far westward.

The stock-dove, or wood-pigeon, *Cenas Raii*, is the last winter bird of passage which appears with us; it is not seen till towards the end of November: about twenty years ago they abounded in the district of Selborne; and strings of them were seen morning and evening that reached a mile or more; but since the beechen woods have been greatly thinned they are much decreased in number. The ring-dove, *Paunulus Raii*, stays with us the whole year, and breeds several times through the summer.

Before I received your letter of October last I had just remarked in my journal that the trees were unusually green. This uncommon verdure lasted on late into November; and may be accounted for from a late spring, a cool and moist summer; but more particularly from vast armies of chafers, or tree-beetles, which in many places reduced whole woods to a leafless naked state. These trees shot again at midsummer, and then retained their foliage till very late in the year.

My musical friend, at whose house I am now visiting, has tried all the owls that are his near neighbours with a pitch-pipe set at concert pitch, and finds they all hoot in B flat. He will examine the nightingales next spring.

I am, &c, &c.

## LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Aug. 1st, 1771.

DEAR SIR,—From what follows, it will appear that neither owls nor cuckoos keep to one note. A friend remarks that many (most) of his owls hoot in B flat; but that one went almost half a note below A. The pipe he tried their notes by was a common half-crown pitch-pipe, such as masters use for the tuning of harpsichords; it was the common London pitch.

A neighbour of mine, who is said to have a nice ear, remarks that the owls about this village hoot in three different keys, in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat and A flat. He heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other in B flat. Query: Do these different notes proceed from different species, or only from various individuals? The same person finds upon trial that the note of the cuckoo (of which we have but one species) varies in different individuals; for, about Selborne wood, he found they were mostly in D: he heard two sing together, the one in  $D\frac{1}{2}$ , the other in D sharp, who made a disagreeable concert: he afterwards heard one in D sharp, and about Wolmer Forest some in C. As to nightingales,



he says that their notes are so short, and their transitions so rapid, that he cannot well ascertain their key. Perhaps in a cage, and in a room, their notes may be more distinguishable. This person has tried to settle the notes of a swift, and of several other small birds, but cannot bring them to any criterion.

As I have often remarked that redwings are some of the first birds that suffer with us in severe weather, it is no wonder at all that they retreat from Scandinavian winters; and much more the *redo* of *gralla*, who, all to a bird, forsake the northern parts of Europe at the approach of winter. "*Gralla tanquam conjurata unanimiter in fugam se conjiciunt; ne earum unam quidem inter nos habitantem invenire possimus; ut enim aestate in australibus degere nequeunt ob defectum lumbricorum, terramque siccam; ita nec in frigidis ob eandem causam*," says Ekmarck the Swede, in his ingenious little treatise called "*Migrations Avium*," which by all means you ought to read while your thoughts run on the subject of migration.—See "*Amœnitates Academicæ*," vol. iv. p. 565.

Birds may be so circumstanced as to be obliged to migrate in one country, and not in another: but the *gralle* (which procure their food from marshy and boggy grounds), must in winter forsake the more northerly parts of Europe, or perish for want of food.

I am glad you are making inquiries from Linnæus concerning the woodcock: it is expected of him that he should be able to account for the motions and manner of life of the animals of his own "*Fauna*."

Faunists, as you observe, are too apt to acquiesce in bare descriptions, and a few synonyms: the reason is plain; because all that may be done at home in a man's study, but the investigation of the life and conversation of animals is a concern of much more trouble and difficulty, and is not to be attained by the active and inquisitive, and by those that reside much in the country.

Foreign systematics are, I observe, much too vague in their specific differences; which are almost universally constituted by one or two particular marks, the rest of the description running in general terms. But our countryman, the excellent Mr. Ray, is the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.

At this distance of years it is not in my power to recollect at what period woodcocks used to be sluggish or alert when I was a sportsman: but, upon my mentioning this circumstance to a friend, he thinks he has observed them to be remarkably listless against snowy foul weather; if this should be the case, then the inaptitude for flying arises only from an eagerness for food; as sheep are observed to be very intent on grazing against stormy wet evenings.

I am, &c., &c.

## LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Feb. 8th, 1772.

DEAR SIR,—When I ride about in the winter, and see such prodigious flocks of various kinds of birds, I cannot help admiring at these congregations, and wishing that it was in my power to account for those appearances almost peculiar to the season. The two great motives which regulate the proceedings of the brute creation are love and hunger; the former incites animals to perpetuate their kind; the latter induces them to preserve individuals: whether either of these should seem to be the ruling passion in the matter of congregating is to be considered. As to love, that is out of the question at a time of the year when that soft passion is not indulged: besides, during the amorous season, such a jealousy prevails between the male birds that they can hardly bear to be together in the same hedge or field. Most of the singing and elation of spirits at that time seem to me to be the effect of rivalry and emulation: and it is to this spirit of jealousy that I chiefly attribute the equal dispersion of birds in the spring over the face of the country.

Now as to the business of food: as these animals are actuated by instinct to hunt for necessary food, they should not, one would suppose, crowd together in pursuit of sustenance at a time when it is most likely to fail; yet such associations do take place in hard weather chiefly, and thicken as the severity increases. As some kind of self-interest and self-defence is no doubt the motive for the proceeding, may it not arise from the helplessness of their state in such rigorous seasons; as men crowd together when under great calamities, though they know not why? Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold; and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of birds of prey and other dangers.

If I admire when I see how much congenerous birds love to congregate, I am the more struck when I see incongruous ones in such strict amity. If we do not much wonder to see a flock of rooks usually attended by a train of daws, yet it is strange that the former should so frequently have a flight of starlings for their satellites. Is it because rooks have a more discerning scent than their attendants, and can lead them to spots more productive of food? Anatomists say that rooks, by reason of two large nerves which run down between the eyes into the upper mandible, have a more delicate feeling in their beaks than other round-billed birds, and can grope for their meat when out of sight. Perhaps, then, their associates attend them on the motive of interest, as greyhounds wait on the motions of their finders; and as lions are said to do on the yelpings of jackals. Larks and starlings sometimes associate.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

March 9th, 1772.

DEAR SIR,—As a gentleman and myself were walking on the fourth of last November round the sea-banks at Newhaven, near the mouth of the Lewes river, in the pursuit of natural knowledge, we were surprised to see three house-swallows gliding very swiftly by us. That morning was rather chilly, with the wind at north-west; but the tenor of the weather for some time before had been delicate, and the noons remarkably warm. From this incident, and from repeated accounts which I meet with, I am more and more induced to believe that many of the swallow kind do not depart from this island, but lay themselves up in holes and caverns; and do, insect-like and bat-like, come forth at mild times, and then retire again to their *latibula*. Nor make I the least doubt but that, if I lived at Newhaven, Scaford, Brightelmstone, or any of those towns near the chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast, by proper observations I should see swallows stirring at periods of the winter when the noons were soft and inviting, and the sun warm and invigorating. And I am the more of this opinion from what I have remarked during some of our late springs, that though some swallows did make their appearance about the usual time, viz., the thirteenth or fourteenth of April, yet meeting with a harsh reception, and blustering cold north-east winds, they immediately withdrew, absconding for several days, till the weather gave them better encouragement.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, March 26th, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—The more I reflect on the *strophy* of animals the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow in defence of those chickens, which in a few weeks she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus a hen, just become a mother, is no longer that placid bird she used to be, but with feathers standing on end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms

at the sight of a hawk, whom they will persecute till he leaves that district. A very exact observer has often remarked that a pair of ravens nesting in the rock of Gibraltar would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest near their station, but would drive them from the hill with an amazing fury; even the blue thrush at the season of breeding would dart out from the clefts of the rocks to chase away the kestrel, or the sparrow-hawk. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondness, but will wait about at a distance with meat in her mouth for an hour together.

Should I farther corroborate what I have advanced above by some anecdotes which I probably may have mentioned before in conversation, yet you will, I trust, pardon the repetition for the sake of the illustration.

The flycatcher of the "*Zoology*" (the *Stoparola* of Ray), builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half-fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded, and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A farther instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird a friend and myself had observed as she sat in her nest; but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were, carelessly thrown over the nest in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder.

A still more remarkable mixture of sagacity and instinct occurred to me one day as my people were pulling off the lining of an hothead, in order to add some fresh dung. From out of the side of this bed leaped an animal with great agility, that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken; when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouse with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that the desultory and rapid motions of this dam should not oblige her litter to quit their hold, especially when it appeared that they were so young as to be both naked and blind!

To these instances of tender attachment, many more of which might be daily discovered by those that are studious of nature, may be opposed that rage of affection, that monstrous perversion of the *creatura*, which induces some females of the brute creation to devour their young because their owners have handled them too freely or removed them from place to place! Swine, and sometimes the more gentle race of dogs and

cats, are guilty of this horrid and preposterous murder. When I hear now and then of an abandoned mother that destroys her offspring, I am not so much amazed ; since reason perverted, and the bad passions let loose, are capable of any enormity ; but why the parental feelings of brutes, that usually flow in one most uniform tenor, should sometimes be so extravagantly diverted, I leave to abler philosophers than myself to determine.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, July 8th, 1773.

"The hirundines are a most inoffensive, harmless, entertaining, social, and useful tribe of birds ; they touch no fruit in our gardens ; delight, all except one species, in attaching themselves to our houses ; amuse us with their migrations, songs, and marvellous agility ; and clear our outlets from the annoyances of gnats and other troublesome insects. Some districts in the south seas, near Guiaquil, are desolated, it seems, by the infinite swarms of venomous mosquitoes, which fill the air, and render those coasts insupportable. It would be worth inquiring whether any species of hirundines is found in those regions. Whoever contemplates the myriads of insects that sport in the sunbeams of a summer evening in this country, will soon be convinced to what a degree our atmosphere would be choked with them was it not for the friendly interposition of the swallow-tribe.

"Many species of birds have their peculiar lice ; but the hirundines alone seem to be annoyed with dipterous insects, which infest every species, and are so large, in proportion to themselves, that they must be extremely irksome and injurious to them. These are the *hippoboscæ hirundines*, with narrow subulated wings, abounding in every nest ; and are hatched by the warmth of the bird's own body during incubation, and crawl about under its feathers.

"A species of them is familiar to horsemen in the south of England under the name of forest-fly ; and to some of side-fly, from its running sideways like a crab. It creeps under the tails, and about the groins of horses, which, at their first coming out of the north, are rendered half frantic by the tickling sensation ; while our own breed little regards them.

"The curious Réaumur discovered the large eggs, or rather *pupæ*, of these flies as big as the flies themselves, which he hatched in his own bosom. Any person that will take the trouble to examine the old nests of either species of swallows may find in them the black shining cases or skins of the *pupæ* of these insects ; but for other particulars, too long for this place, we refer the reader to "L'Histoire d'Insectes" of that admirable entomologist. Tom. iv. pl. 11."

## LETTER XVI.

## TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Nov. 20th, 1773.*

DEAR SIR,—In obedience to your injunctions I sit down to give you some account of the house-martin, or martlet; and if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the British hirundines—the swallow, the swift, and the bank-martin.

A few house-martins begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear the hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under it, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (informed at first perhaps by this little bird), raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist, lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed an hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic work full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those

that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers, and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with the wool. In this nest they tread, or engender, frequently during the time of building; and the hen lays from three to five white eggs.

At first, when the young are hatched, and are in a naked and helpless condition, the parent birds, with tender assiduity, carry out what comes away from their young. Was it not for this affectionate cleanliness the nestlings would soon be burnt up, and destroyed in so deep and hollow a nest, by their own caustic excrement. In the quadruped creation the same neat precaution is made use of; particularly among dogs and cats, where the dams lick away what proceeds from their young. But in birds there seems to be a particular provision, that the dung of nestlings is enveloped in a tough kind of jelly, and therefore is the easier conveyed off without soiling or daubing. Yet, as Nature is cleanly in all her ways, the young perform this office for themselves in a little time by thrusting their tails out at the aperture of their nest. As the young of small birds presently arrive at their *ἡλικία*, or full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a flight that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes altogether; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which lived in a ready-finished house get the start in hatching of those that build new by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning. When they fix their materials they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to a north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests; but instances are also

remembered where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation; but in this neighbourhood every summer is seen a strong proof to the contrary at an house without eaves in an exposed district, where some martins build year by year in the corners of the windows. But as the corners of these windows (which face to the south-east and south-west) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them labouring when half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt . . . "*generis lapsi sarcire ruinas.*" Thus is instinct a most wonderful unequal faculty; in some instances so much above reason, in other respects so far below it. Martins love to frequent towns, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious from the dinginess of their aspect that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty atmosphere. Martins are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns and quick and glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind; in 1772 they had nestlings on to October 21st, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods; till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them I mean, in vast flocks together about the beginning of October; but have appeared of late years in a considerable flight in this neighbourhood, for one day or two, as late as November the 3rd and 6th, after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They therefore withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, and somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

House-martins are distinguished from their congeners by having their legs covered with soft downy feathers down to their toes. They are no songsters; but twitter in a pretty, inward soft manner in their nests. During the time of breeding they are often greatly molested with flies.

† and, &c.



LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

RINGMER, near LEWES, *Dec. 9th, 1773.*

ONE thing is very remarkable as to the sheep; from the westward till you get to the river Adur all the flocks have horns, and smooth white faces, and white legs, and a hornless sheep is rarely to be seen; but as soon as you pass that river eastward, and mount Beeding Hill, all the flocks at once become hornless, or as they call them, *poll-sheep*; and have, moreover, black faces with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads and speckled and spotted legs, so that you would think that the flocks of Laban were pasturing on one side of the stream, and the variegated breed of his son-in-law, Jacob, were cantoned along on the other. And this diversity holds good respectively on each side from the valley of Bramber and Beeding to the eastward, and westward all the whole length of the downs. If you talk with the shepherds on this subject, they tell you that the case has been so from time immemorial; and smile at your simplicity if you ask them whether the situation of these two different breeds might not be reversed. However, an intelligent friend of mine near Chichester is determined to try the experiment; and has this autumn, at the hazard of being laughed at, introduced a parcel of black-faced hornless rams among his horned western ewes. The black-faced poll-sheep have the shortest legs and the finest wool.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Jan. 29th, 1774.*

DEAR SIR,—The house-swallow, or chimney-swall ow, is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British hirundines; and appears in general, on or about the 13th of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier; and, in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It is worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case of the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time. A circumstance this much more in favour of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney swallow, by no means builds

altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and outhouses against the rafters ; and so she did in Virgil's time :

. . . . . "Antè  
Garrula quàm tignis nidos suspendat hirundo."

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *ladu swala*, the barn swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English-built ; in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd, peculiar place ; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure ; but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys ; and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire ; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw to render it tough and permanent ; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep dish ; this nest is lined with fine grasses, and feather, which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks ; and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing : first, they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below : for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called *perchers*. In a day or two more they become *flyers*, but are still unable to take their own food ; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies ; and, when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the

nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of Nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from the first, which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins, and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This hirundo brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed, because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles are too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of hirundo drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water; but the swallow alone, in general, washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together; in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops: is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping around them, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet: when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

This species feeds much on little *Coleoptera*, as well as on gnats and flies; and often settles on dug ground, or paths, for gravels to grind and digest its food. Before they depart, for some weeks, to a bird they forsake

houses and chimneys, and roost in trees; and usually withdraw about the beginning of October, though some few stragglers may appear on at times till the first week in November.

Some few pairs haunt the new and open streets of London next the fields, but do not enter, like the house-martin, the close and crowded parts of the city.

Both male and female are distinguished from their congeners by the length and forkedness of their tails. They are undoubtedly the most nimble of all the species: and when the male pursues the female in amorous chase, they then go beyond their usual speed, and exert a rapidity almost too quick for the eye to follow.

After this circumstantial detail of the life and discerning *oroppy* of the swallow, I shall add, for your further amusement, an anecdote or two not much in favour of her sagacity:—

A certain swallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden-shears that were stuck up against the boards in an outhouse, and therefore must have her nest spotted whenever that implement was wanted: and, what is stranger still, another bird of the same species built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy the most elegant private museum in Great Britain. The owner, struck with the oddity of the sight, furnished the bringer with a large shell, or conch, desiring him to fix it just where the owl hung: the person did as he was ordered, and the following year a pair, probably the same pair, built their nest in the conch, and laid their eggs.

The owl and the conch make a strange grotesque appearance, and are not the least curious specimens in that wonderful collection of art and nature.

Thus is instinct in animals, taken the least out of its way, an undistinguishing, limited faculty, and blind to every circumstance that does not immediately respect self-preservation, or lead at once to the propagation or support of their species.

I am, with all respect, &c., &c.

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LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Feb. 26th, 1774.

DEAR SIR,—The sand-martin, or bank-martin, is by much the least of any of the British hirundines, and, as far as we have ever seen, the smallest known hirundo, though Brisson asserts that there is one much smaller, and that is the *hirundo esculenta*.

But it is much to be regretted that it is scarce possible for any observer to be so full and exact as he could wish in reciting the circumstances at-

tending the life and conversation of this little bird, since it is *fera natura*, at least in this part of the kingdom, disclaiming all domestic attachments, and haunting wild heaths and commons where there are large lakes; while the other species, especially the swallow and house-martin, are remarkably gentle and domesticated, and never seem to think themselves safe but under the protection of man.

Here are in this parish, in the sand-pits and banks of the lakes of Woolmer Forest, several colonies of these birds, and yet they are never seen in the village; nor do they at all frequent the cottages that are scattered about in that wild district. The only instance I ever remember where this species haunts any building is at the town of Bishop's Waltham, in this county, where many sand-martins nestle and breed in the scaffold-holes of the back wall of William of Wykeham's stables; but then this wall stands in a very sequestered and retired enclosure, and faces upon a large and beautiful lake. And indeed this species seems so to delight in large waters, that no instance occurs of their abounding but near vast pools or rivers; and in particular it has been remarked that they swarm in the banks of the Thames in some places below London Bridge.

It is curious to observe with what different degrees of architectonic skill Providence has endowed birds of the same genus, and so nearly correspondent in their general mode of life! for while the swallow and the house-martin discover the greatest address in raising and securely fixing crusts or shells of loam as cunabula for their young, the bank-martin terebrates a round and regular hole in the sand or earth, which is serpentine, horizontal, and about two feet deep. At the inner end of this burrow does this bird deposit, in a good degree of safety, her rude nest, consisting of fine grasses and feathers, usually goose-feathers, very inartificially laid together.

Perseverance will accomplish anything; though at first one would be disinclined to believe that this weak bird, with her soft and tender bill and claws, should ever be able to bore the stubborn sand-bank without entirely disabling herself; yet with these feeble instruments have I seen a pair of them make great despatch, and could remark how much they had scooped that day by the fresh sand which ran down the bank, and was of a different colour from that which lay loose and bleached in the sun.

In what space of time these little artists are able to mine and finish these cavities I have never been able to discover, for reasons given above; but it would be a matter worthy of observation, where it falls in the way of any naturalist to make his remarks. This I have often taken notice of, that several holes of different depths are left unfinished at the end of summer. To imagine that these beginnings were intentionally made in order to be in the greater forwardness for next spring is allowing perhaps too much foresight and *serum prudentia* to a simple bird. May not the cause of these *latebrae* being left unfinished arise from their meeting in those places with strata too harsh, hard, and solid for their purpose, which they relinquish, and go to a fresh spot that works more freely? Or may

they not in other places fall in with a soil as much too loose and mouldering, liable to flounder, and threatening to overwhelm them and their labours?

One thing is remarkable—that, after some years, the old holes are forsaken and new ones bored; perhaps because the old habitations grow foul and fetid from long use, or because they may so abound with fleas as to become untenable. This species of swallow moreover is strangely annoyed with fleas; and we have seen fleas, bed-fleas (*pulex irritans*), swarming at the mouths of these holes, like bees on the stools of their hives.

The following circumstance should by no means be omitted—that these birds do not make use of their caverns by way of hybernacula, as might be expected; since banks so perforated have been dug out with care in the winter, when nothing was found but empty nests.

The sand-martin arrives much about the same time with the swallow, and lays, as she does, from four to six white eggs. But as this species is cryptogame, carrying on the business of nidification, incubation, and the support of its young in the dark, it would not be so easy to ascertain the time of breeding, were it not for the coming forth of the broods, which appear much about the time, or rather somewhat earlier, than those of the swallow. The nestlings are supported in common like those of their congeners, with gnats and other small insects; and sometimes they are fed with *libellula* (dragon-flies) almost as long as themselves. In the last week in June we have seen a row of these sitting on a rail near a great pool as perchers, and so young and helpless, as easily to be taken by hand; but whether the dams ever feed them on the wing, as swallows and house-martins do, we have never yet been able to determine; nor do we know whether they pursue and attack birds of prey.

When they happen to breed near hedges and enclosures, they are dispossessed of their breeding-holes by the house-sparrow, which is on the same account a fell adversary to house-martins.

These hirundines are no songsters, but rather mute, making only a little harsh noise when a person approaches their nests. They seem not to be of a sociable turn, never with us congregating with their congeners in the autumn. Undoubtedly they breed a second time, like the house-martin and swallow, and withdraw about Michaelmas.

Though in some particular districts they may happen to abound, yet in the whole, in the south of England at least, is this much the rarest species. For there are few towns or large villages but what abound with house-martins; few churches, towers, or steeples, but what are haunted by some swifts; scarce a hamlet or single cottage-chimney that has not its swallow; while the bank-martins, scattered here and there, live a sequestered life among some abrupt sand-hills, and in the banks of some few rivers.

These birds have a peculiar manner of flying; flitting about with odd jerks, and vacillations, not unlike the motions of a butterfly. Doubtless

the flight of all hirundines is influenced by, and adapted to, the peculiar sort of insects which furnish their food. Hence it would be worth inquiry to examine what particular genus of insects affords the principal food of each respective species of swallow.

Notwithstanding what has been advanced above, some few sand-martins, I see, haunt the skirts of London, frequenting the dirty pools in Saint George's Fields, and about Whitechapel. The question is where these build, since there are no banks or bold shores in that neighbourhood; perhaps they nestle in the scaffold-holes of so ne old or new deserted building. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes, like the house-martin and swallow.

Sand-martins differ from their congeners in the diminutiveness of their size, and in their colour, which is what is usually called a mouse-colour. Near Valencia, in Spain, they are taken, says Willughby, and sold in the markets for the table; and are called by the country people, probably from their desultory jerking manner of flight, *Papillon de Montagna*.

## LETTER XXI.

### TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Sept. 28th, 1774.

DEAR SIR,—As the swift or black-martin is the largest of the British *hirundines*, so it is undoubtedly the latest comer. For I remember but one instance of its appearing before the last week in April; and in some of our late, frosty, harsh springs, it has not been seen till the beginning of May. This species usually arrives in pairs.

The swift, like the sand-martin, is very defective in architecture, making no crust, or shell, for its nest; but forming it of dry grasses and feathers, very rudely and inartificially put together. With all my attention to these birds, I have never been able once to discover one in the act of collecting or carrying in materials; so that I have suspected (since their nests are exactly the same) that they sometimes usurp upon the house-sparrows, and expel them, as sparrows do the house and sand-martin; well remembering that I have seen them squabbling together at the entrance of their holes, and the sparrows up in arms, and much disconcerted by these intruders. And yet I am assured, by a nice observer in such matters, that they do collect feathers for their nests in Andalusia, and that he has shot them with such materials in their mouths.

Swifts, like sand-martins, carry on the business of nidification quite in the dark, in crannies of castles, and towers, and steeples, and upon the tops of the walls of churches under the roof; and therefore cannot be so narrowly watched as those species that build more openly; but, from what I could ever observe, they begin nesting about the middle of May; and I have remarked, from eggs taken, that they have sat hard by the 9th of June. In general they haunt tall buildings, churches, and steeples, and

breed only in such ; yet in this village some pairs frequent the lowest and meanest cottages, and educate their young under those thatched roofs. We remember but one instance where they breed out of buildings, and that is in the sides of a deep chalk-pit near the town of Odiham, in this county, where we have seen many pairs entering the crevices, and skimming and squeaking round the precipices.

As I have regarded these amusive birds with no small attention, if I should advance something new and peculiar with respect them, and different from all other birds, I might perhaps be credited, especially as my assertion is the result of many years' exact observation. The fact that I would advance is, that swifts tread, or copulate, on the wing ; and I would wish any nice observer, that is startled at this supposition, to use his own eyes, and I think he will soon be convinced. In another class of animals, viz., the insect, nothing is so common as to see the different species of many genera in conjunction as they fly. The swift is almost continually on the wing ; and as it never settles on the ground, on trees, or roofs, would seldom find opportunity for amorous rites, was it not enabled to indulge them in the air. If any person would watch these birds of a fine morning in May, as they are sailing round at a great height from the ground, he would see, every now and then, one drop on the back of another, and both of them sink down together for many fathoms with a loud piercing shriek. This I take to be the juncture when the business of generation is carrying on.

As the swift eats, drinks, collects materials for its nest, and, as it seems, propagates on the wing, it appears to live more in the air than any other bird, and to perform all functions there save those of sleeping and incubation.

This *hirundo* differs widely from its congeners in laying invariably but two eggs at a time, which are milk-white, long, and peaked at the small end ; whereas the other species lay at each brood from four to six. It is a most alert bird, rising very early, and retiring to roost very late ; and is on the wing in the height of summer at least sixteen hours. In the longest days it does not withdraw to rest till a quarter before nine in the evening, being the latest of all day-birds. Just before they retire, whole groups of them assemble high in the air, and squeak, and shoot about with wonderful rapidity. But this bird is never so much alive as in sultry thundery weather, when it expresses great alacrity, and calls forth all its powers. In hot mornings, several, getting together in little parties, dash round the steeples and churches, squeaking as they go in a very clamorous manner ; these, by nice observers, are supposed to be males serenading their sitting hens ; and not without reason, since they seldom squeak till they come close to the walls or eaves, and since those within utter at the same time a little inward note of complacency.

When the hen has sat hard all day, she rushes forth just as it is almost dark, and stretches and relieves her weary limbs, and snatches a scanty



meal for a few minutes, and then returns to her duty of incubation. Swifts, when wantonly and cruelly shot while they have young, discover a little lump of insects in their mouth, which they pouch and hold under their tongue. In general they feed in a much higher district than the other species; a proof that gnats and other insects do also abound to a considerable height in the air: they also range to vast distances, since locomotion is no labour to them who are endowed with such wonderful powers of wing. Their powers seem to be in proportion to their levers: and their wings are longer in proportion than those of almost any other bird. When they mute, or ease themselves in flight, they raise their wings, and make them meet over their backs.

At some certain times in the summer I had remarked that swifts were hawking very low for hours together over pools and streams; and could not help inquiring into the object of their pursuit that induced them to descend so much below their usual range. After some trouble I found that they were taking *phryganea*, *ephemeræ*, and *libellule* (cadew-flies, may-flies, and dragon-flies), that were just emerged out of their aurelia state. I then no longer wondered that they should be so willing to stoop for a prey that afforded them such plentiful and succulent nourishment.

They bring out their young about the middle or latter end of July; but as these never become perchers, not, that ever I could discern, are fed on the wing by their dams, the coming forth of the young is not so notorious as in the other species.

On the 30th of last June I untiled the eaves of a house where many pairs build, and found in each nest only two squab, naked *pulli*; on the 8th of July I repeated the same inquiry, and found that they had made very little progress towards a fledged state, but were still naked and helpless. From whence we may conclude that birds whose way of life keeps them perpetually on the wing would not be able to quit their nest till the end of the month. Swallows and martins, that have numerous families, are continually feeding them every two or three minutes; while swifts, that have but two young to maintain, are much at their leisure, and do not attend on their nests for hours together.

Sometimes they pursue and strike at hawks that come in their way; but not with that vehemence and fury that swallows express on the same occasion. They are out all day long in wet days, feeding about, and disregarding still rain: from thence two things may be gathered; first, that many insects abide high in the air, even in rain; and next, that the feathers of these birds must be well preened to resist so much wet. Windy, and particularly windy weather with heavy showers, they dislike; and on such days withdraw, and are scarce ever seen.

There is a circumstance respecting the colour of swifts which seems not to be unworthy of our attention. When they arrive in the spring, they are all over of a glossy, dark soot colour, except their chins, which are white; but, by being all day long in the sun and air, they become quite weather-

beaten and bleached before they depart, and yet they return glossy again in the spring. Now, if they pursue the sun into lower latitudes, as some suppose, 'in order to enjoy a perpetual summer, why do not they return bleached? Do they not rather perhaps retire to rest for a season, and at that juncture moult and change their feathers, since all other birds are known to moult soon after the season of breeding?

Swifts are very anomalous in many particulars, dissenting from all their congeners not only in the number of their young, but in breeding but once in a summer; whereas all the other British hirundines breed invariably twice. It is past all doubt that swifts can breed but once, since they withdraw in a short time after the flight of their young, and some time before their congeners bring out their second broods. We may here remark that, as swifts breed but once in a summer, and only two at a time, and the other hirundines twice, the latter, who lay from four to six eggs, increase at an average five times as fast as the former.

But in nothing are swifts more singular than in their early retreat. They retire, as to the main body of them, by the 10th of August, and sometimes a few days sooner; and every straggler invariably withdraws by the 20th, while their congeners, all of them, stay till the beginning of October; many of them all through that month and some occasionally to the beginning of November. This early retreat is mysterious and wonderful, since that time is often the sweetest season in the year. But what is more extraordinary, they begin to retire still earlier in the most southerly parts of Andalusia, where they can be in no ways influenced by any defect of heat, or, as one might suppose, failure of food. Are they regulated in their motions with us by a defect of food, or by a propensity to moulting, or by a disposition to rest after so rapid a life, or by what? This is one of those incidents in natural history that not only baffles our searches, but almost eludes our guesses.

These hirundines never perch on trees or roofs, and so never congregate with their congeners. They are fearless while haunting their nesting-places, and are not to be scared with a gun; and are often beaten down with poles and cudgels as they stoop to go under the eaves. Swifts are much infested with those pests to the genus called *hippoboscæ hirundinis*, and often wriggle and scratch themselves in their flight to get rid of that clinging annoyance.

Swifts are no songsters, and have only one harsh screaming note; yet there are ears to which it is not displeasing, from an agreeable association of ideas, since that note never occurs but in the most lovely summer weather.

They never can settle on the ground but through accident; and when down, can hardly rise, on account of the shortness of their legs and the length of their wings; neither can they walk, but only crawl; but they have a strong grasp with their feet, by which they cling to walls. Their bodies being flat, they can enter a very narrow crevice; and where they cannot pass on their bellies they will turn up edgewise.

The particular formation of the foot discriminates the swift from all the British hirundines, and indeed from all other known birds, the *hirundo melba*, or great white-bellied swift of Gibraltar, excepted; for it is so disposed as to carry *omnes quatuor digitos anticos*—all its four toes forward; besides, the least toe, which should be the back toe, consists of one bone alone, and the other three only of two apiece—a construction most rare and peculiar, but nicely adapted to the purposes in which their feet are employed. This, and some peculiarities attendi<sup>g</sup> the nostrils and under mandible, have induced a discerning naturalist to suppose that this species might constitute a genus *per se*.

In London a party of swifts frequents the Tower, playing and feeding over the river just below the bridge; others haunt some of the churches of the Borough next the fields, but do not venture, like the house-martin, into the close crowded part of the town.

The Swedes have bestowed a very pertinent name on this swallow, calling it “ring swala,” from the perpetual rings or circles that it takes round the scene of its nidification.

Swifts feed on *Coleoptera*, or small beetles with hard cases over their wings, as well as on the softer insects; but it does not appear how they can procure gravel to grind their food, as swallows do, since they never settle on the ground. Young ones, overrun with *hippobosca*, are sometimes found under their nests, fallen to the ground, the number of vermin rendering their abode insupportable any longer. They frequent in this village several abject cottages; yet a succession still haunts the same unlikely roofs—a good proof this that the same birds return to the same spots. As they must stoop very low to get up under these humble eaves, cats lie in wait, and sometimes catch them on the wing.

On the 5th of July, 1775, I again untiled part of a roof over the nest of a swift. The dam sat in the nest; but so strongly was she affected by a natural *σφοδρῇ* for her brood, which she supposed to be in danger, that, regardless of her own safety, she would not stir, but lay sullenly by them, permitting herself to be taken in hand. The squab young we brought down and placed on the grass-plot, where they tumbled about, and were as helpless as a new-born child. While we contemplated their naked bodies, their unwieldy disproportioned abdomina, and their heads, too heavy for their necks to support, we could not but wonder when we reflected that these shiftless beings in a little more than a fortnight would be able to dash through the air almost with the inconceivable swiftness of a meteor; and perhaps in their emigration must traverse vast continents and oceans as distant as the equator. So soon does Nature advance small birds to their *ῥαυκία* or state of perfection; while the progressive growth of men and large quadrupeds is slow and tedious.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIII

. TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *June 8th, 1775.*

DEAR SIR,—On September the 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field-diversions, I rose before daybreak: when I came into the enclosure, I found the stubbles and clover-grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their forefeet, so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

As the morning advanced the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones which no season but the autumn produces; cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy of the South of France itself.

About nine an appearance very unusual began to demand our attention, a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing, without any interruption, till the close of the day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags; some near an inch broad, and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity that showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere.

On every side, as the observer turned his eyes, he might behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides towards the sun.

How far this wonderful shower extended would be difficult to say; but we know that it reached Bradley, Selborne, and Alresford, three places which lie in a sort of triangle, the shortest of whose sides is about 8 miles in extent.

At the second of those places there was a gentleman (for whose veracity and intelligent turn we have the greatest veneration) who observed it the moment he got abroad; but concluded that, as soon as he came upon the hill above his house, where he took his morning rides, he should be higher than this meteor, which he imagined might have been blown like whistledown from the common above: but, to his great astonishment, when he rode to the most elevated part of the down, 300 feet above his fields, he found the webs in appearance still as much above him as before; still descending into sight in a constant succession, and twinkling in the sun, so as to draw the attention of the most incurious.

Neither before nor after was any such fall observed; but on this day the

flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick that a diligent person sent out might have gathered baskets full.

The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails so as to render themselves buoyant, and lighter than air. But why these apterous insects should that day take a wonderful aerial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material so to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill. If I might be allowed to hazard a supposition, I should imagine that those filmy threads, when first shot, might be entangled in the rising dew, and so drawn up, spiders and all, by a brisk evaporation, into the regions where clouds are formed: and if the spiders have a power of coiling and thickening their webs in the air, as Dr. Lister says they have [see his letters to Mr. Ray], then, when they were become heavier than the air, they must fall.

Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from your finger, if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in my parlour; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *August 15th, 1775.*

DEAR SIR,—There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves; but will neglect the finest

pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs: while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample upon his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other: so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment into the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:—

“ Much less can *bird* with *beast*, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.”

I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Oct. 2nd, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—We have two gangs or hordes of gipsies which infest the south and west of England, and come round in their circuit two or three times in the year. One of these tribes calls itself by the noble name of Stanley, of which I have nothing particular to say; but the other is distinguished by an appellative somewhat remarkable. As far as their harsh gibberish can be understood, they seem to say that the name of their clan is Curleople; now the termination of this word is apparently Grecian, and as Mezeray and the gravest historians all agree that these vagrants did certainly migrate from Egypt and the East, two or three centuries ago, and so spread by degrees over Europe, may not this family name, a little corrupted, be the very name they brought with them from the Levant? It would be matter of some curiosity, could one meet with an intelligent person among them, to

inquire whether, in their jargon, they still retain any Greek words; the Greek radicals will appear in hand, foot, head, water, earth, &c. It is possible that amidst their cant and corrupted dialect many mutilated remains of their native language might still be discovered.

With regard to those peculiar people, the gipsies, one thing is very remarkable, and especially as they came from warmer climates; and that is, that while other beggars lodge in barns, stables, and cowhouses, these sturdy savages seem to pride themselves in braving the severities of winter, and in living *sub dio* the whole year round. Last September was as wet a month as ever was known; and yet during those deluges did a young gipsy girl lie in the midst of one of our hop-gardens, on the cold ground, with nothing over her but a piece of a blanket extended on a few hazel-rods bent hoop-fashion, and stuck into the earth at each end, in circumstances too trying for a cow in the same condition; yet within this garden there was a large hop-kiln, into the chambers of which she might have retired, had she thought shelter an object worthy her attention.

Europe itself, it seems, cannot set bounds to the roivings of these vagabonds; for Mr. Bell, in his return from Pekin, met a gang of these people on the confines of Tartary, who were endeavouring to penetrate these deserts and try their fortune in China.

Gipsies are called in French, *Bohémiens*; in Italian and modern Greek, *Zingani*. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Nov. 1st, 1775.

"Hic . . . tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis  
Semper, et assiduâ postes fuligine nigri."

DEAR SIR,—I shall make no apology for troubling you with the details of a very simple piece of domestic economy, being satisfied that you think nothing beneath your attention that tends to utility; the matter alluded to is the use of rushes instead of candles, which I am well aware prevails in many districts besides this; but as I know there are countries also where it does not obtain, and as I have considered the subject with some degree of exactness, I shall proceed in my humble story, and leave you to judge of the expediency.

The proper species of rush for this purpose seems to be the *juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in most moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer; but may be gathered, so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children, make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut, they must be flung into water, and kept there, for otherwise they will

dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith; but this like other feats soon become familiar even to children; and we have seen an old woman, stone blind, performing this business with great despatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus far prepared they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun.

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in scalding fat or grease; but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer obtains all her fat for nothing; for she saves the scummings of her bacon-pot for this use: and, if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom by setting the scummings in a warm oven. Where hogs are not much in use, and especially by the seaside, the coarser animal oils will come very cheap. A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency, and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer; mutton-suet would have the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length 2 feet 4½ inches, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour; and a rush still of greater length has been known to burn one hour and a quarter.

These rushes give a good clear light. Watch-lights (coated with tallow), it is true, shed a dismal one, "darkness visible;" but then the wick of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith, while the wick of the dipped rush has but one. The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame and make the candle last.

In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half-an-hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account each rush, before dipping, costs  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a farthing, and  $\frac{1}{12}$  afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five and a-half hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me that one pound and a-half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days because they rise and go to bed by daylight.

Little farmers use rushes much in the short days both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny



candle every evening, which in their blowing, open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus they have only two hours' light for their money instead of eleven.

While on the subject of rural economy, it may not be improper to mention a pretty implement of housewifery that we have seen nowhere else; that is, little neat besoms which our foresters make from the stalks of the *polytricum commune*, or great golden maiden-hair, which they call silk-wood, and find plenty in the bogs. When this moss is well combed and dressed, and divested of its outer skin, it becomes of a beautiful bright chestnut colour; and, being soft and pliant, is very proper for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, &c. If these besoms were known to the brushmakers in town, it is probable they might come much in use for the purpose above mentioned. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Dec. 12th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—We had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this caste have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time within his father's house, by the fireside, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner, but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey wherever he found them; he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives, and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee-bird, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hive, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. Had his capacity been better, and directed to the same object, he had perhaps abated much

of our wonder at the feats of a more modern exhibitor of bees; and we may justly say of him now.—

Thou,  
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,  
Should st Wildman be

When a tall youth he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Feb. 7th, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,—In heavy fogs, on elevated situations especially, trees are perfect alembics; and no one that has not attended to such matters can imagine how much water one tree will distil in a night's time, by condensing the vapour, which trickles down the twigs and boughs, so as to make the ground below quite in a float. In Newton Lane, in October, 1775, on a misty day, a particular oak in leaf dropped so fast that the cart-way stood in puddles and the ruts ran with water, though the ground in general was dusty.

In some of our smaller islands in the West Indies, if I mistake not, there are no springs or rivers; but the people are supplied with that necessary element, water, merely by the dripping of some large, tall trees, which, standing in the bosom of a mountain, keep their heads constantly enveloped with fogs and clouds, from which they dispense their kindly, never-ceasing moisture, and so render those districts habitable by condensation alone.

Trees in leaf have such a vast proportion more of surface than those that are naked, that, in theory, their condensations should greatly exceed those that are stripped of their leaves; but, as the former imbibe also a great quantity of moisture, it is difficult to say which drip most; but this I know, that deciduous trees that are entwined with much ivy seem to distil the greatest quantity. Ivy-leaves are smooth, and thick, and cold, and therefore condense very fast; and besides, evergreens imbibe very little. These facts may furnish the intelligent with hints concerning what sort of trees they should plant round small ponds that they would wish to be perennial, and show them how advantageous some trees are in preference to others.

Trees perspire profusely, condense largely, and check evaporation so much, that woods are always moist; no wonder, therefore, that they contribute much to pools and streams.

That trees are great promoters of lakes and rivers appears from a well-known fact in North America: for, since the woods and forests have been grubbed and cleared, all bodies of water are much diminished, so that

some streams, that were very considerable a century ago, will not now drive a common mill. Besides, most woodlands, forests, and chases with us abound with pools and morasses; no doubt for the reason given above.

To a thinking mind few phenomena are more strange than the state of little ponds on the summits of chalk-hills, many of which are never dry in the most trying droughts of summer. On chalk-hills, I say, because in many rocky and gravelly soils springs usually break out pretty high on the sides of elevated grounds and mountains; but no person acquainted with chalky districts will allow that they ever saw springs in such a soil but in valleys and bottoms, since the waters of so pervious a stratum as chalk all lie on one dead level, as well-diggers have assured me again and again.

Now we have many such little round ponds in this district, and one in particular on our sheep-down, 300 feet above my house, which, though never above 3 feet deep in the middle, and not more than 30 feet in diameter, and containing perhaps not more than 200 or 300 hogsheads of water, yet never is known to fail, though it affords drink for 300 or 400 sheep, and for at least twenty head of large cattle beside. This pond, it is true, is overhung with two moderate beeches, that, doubtless, at times afford it much supply; but then we have others as small that, without the aid of trees, and in spite of evaporation from sun and wind, and perpetual consumption by cattle, yet constantly maintain a moderate share of water, without overflowing in the wettest seasons, as they would do if supplied by springs. By my journal of May, 1775, it appears that "the small and even considerable ponds in the vales are now dried up, while the small ponds on the very tops of hills are but little affected." Can this difference be accounted for from evaporation alone, which certainly is more prevalent in bottoms; or rather have not those elevated pools some unnoticed recruits, which in the night time counterbalance the waste of the day, without which the cattle alone must soon exhaust them? And here it will be necessary to enter more minutely into the cause. Dr. Hales, in his "*Vegetable Statics*," advances, from experiment, that "the moister the earth is the more dew falls on it in a night; and more than a double quantity of dew falls on a surface of water than there does on an equal surface of moist earth." Hence we see that water, by its coolness, is enabled to assimilate to itself a large quantity of moisture nightly by condensation; and that the air, when loaded with fogs and vapours, and even with copious dews, can alone advance a considerable and never-failing resource. Persons that are much abroad, and travel early and late, such as shepherds, fishermen, &c., can tell what prodigious fogs prevail in the night on elevated downs, even in the hottest parts of summer, and how much the surfaces of things are drenched by those swimming vapours, though, to the senses, all the while, little moisture seems to fall. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, April 3rd, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—Monsieur Herissant, a French anatomist, seems persuaded that he has discovered the reason why cuckoos do not hatch their own eggs; the impediment, he supposes, arises from the internal structure of their parts, which incapacitates them for incubation. According to this gentleman, the crop, or craw, of a cuckoo does not lie before the sternum at the bottom of the neck, as in the *gallina*, *columba*, &c., but immediately behind it, on and over the bowels, so as to make a large protuberance in the belly.

Induced by this assertion, we procured a cuckoo; and, cutting open the breast-bone, and exposing the intestines to sight, found the crop lying as mentioned above. This stomach was large and round, and stuffed hard, like a pincushion, with food, which, upon nice examination, we found to consist of various insects, such as small scarabs, spiders, and dragon-flies, the last of which we have seen cuckoos catching on the wing as they were just emerging out of the aurelia state. Among this farrago also were to be seen maggots, and many seeds, which belonged either to gooseberries, currants, cranberries, or some such fruit, so that these birds apparently subsist on insects and fruits; nor was there the least appearance of bones, feathers, or fur, to support the idle notion of their being birds of prey.

The sternum in this bird seemed to us to be remarkably short, between which and the anus lay the crop, or craw, and immediately behind that the bowels against the backbone.

It must be allowed, as this anatomist observes, that the crop placed just upon the bowels must, especially when full, be in a very uneasy situation during the business of incubation; yet the test will be to examine whether birds that are actually known to sit for certain are not formed in a similar manner. This inquiry I proposed to myself to make with a fern-owl, or goatsucker, as soon as opportunity offered, because, if their formation proves the same, the reason for incapacity in the cuckoo will be allowed to have been taken up somewhat hastily.

Not long after a fern-owl was procured, which, from its habit and shape, we suspected might resemble the cuckoo in its internal construction. Nor were our suspicions ill-grounded; for, upon the dissection, the crop, or craw, also lay behind the sternum, immediately on the viscera, between them and the skin of the belly. It was bulky, and stuffed hard with large *phalæna*, moths of several sorts, and their eggs, which no doubt had been forced out of those insects by the action of swallowing.

Now as it appears that this bird, which is so well known to practice incubation, is formed in a similar manner with cuckoos, Monsieur Herissant's conjecture that cuckoos are incapable of incubation from the disposition of their intestines, seems to fall to the ground; and we are still

at a loss for the cause of that strange and singular peculiarity in the instance of the *cuculus canorus*.

We found the case to be the same with the ring-tail hawk, in respect to formation ; and, as far as I can recollect, with the swift ; and probably it is so with many more sorts of birds that are not granivorous.

I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *April 29th, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,—On August the 4th, 1775, we surprised a large viper, which seemed very heavy and bloated, as it lay in the grass basking in the sun. When we came to cut it up, we found that the abdomen was crowded with young, fifteen in number ; the shortest of which measured full seven inches, and were about the size of full-grown earth-worms. This little fry issued into the world with the true viper-spirit about them, showing great alertness as soon as disengaged from the belly of the dam ; they twisted and wriggled about, and set themselves up, and gaped very wide when touched with a stick, showing manifest tokens of menace and defiance, though as yet they had no manner of fangs that we could find, even with the help of our glasses.

To a thinking mind nothing is more wonderful than that early instinct which impresses young animals with a notion of the situation of their natural weapons, and of using them properly in their own defence, even before those weapons subsist, or are formed. Thus a young cock will spar at his adversary before his spurs are grown ; and a calf or a lamb will push with their heads before their horns are sprouted. In the same manner did these young adders attempt to bite before their fangs were in being ; the dam, however, was furnished with very formidable ones, which we lifted up (for they fold down when not used) and cut them off with the point of our scissors.

There was little room to suppose that this brood had ever been in the open air before, and that they were taken in for refuge, at the mouth of the dam, when she perceived that danger was approaching ; because then probably we should have found them somewhere in the neck, and not in the abdomen.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

THE natural term of an hog's life is little known, and the reason is plain—because it is neither profitable nor convenient to keep that turbulent animal to the full extent of its time : however, my neighbour, a man of substance, who had no occasion to study every little advantage to a nicety,

kept an half-bred bantam sow, who was as thick as she was long, and whose belly swept on the ground till she was advanced to her seventeenth year, at which period she showed some tokens of age by the decay of her teeth and the decline of her fertility.

For about ten years this prolific mother produced two litters in the year of about ten at a time, and once above twenty at a litter: but, as there were near double the number of pigs to that of teats many died. From long experience in the world this female was grown very sagacious and artful. When she found occasion to converse with a boar she used to open all the intervening gates, and march, by herself, up to a distant farm where one was kept; and when her purpose was served would return by the same means. At the age of about fifteen her litters began to be reduced to four or five; and such a litter she exhibited when in her fatting-pen. She proved, when fat, good bacon, juicy and tender; the rind, or sward, was remarkably thin. At a moderate computation she was allowed to have been the fruitful parent of 300 pigs: a prodigious instance of fecundity in so large a quadruped! She was killed in spring 1775.

I am, &c.

#### LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, May 9th, 1776.

admorunt ubera tigris."

DEAR SIR,—We have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals, in a lonely state, may be attached to each other from a spirit of sociality; in this it may not be amiss to recount a different motive which has been known to create as strange a fondness.

My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kittened and the young were despatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most foundlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency, such as they use towards their kittens, and something gamboling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predaeous one.

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of the ferocious genus of *Felis*, the *murium leo*, as Linnaeus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those

tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast ; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk, till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this foundling, as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of that strange circumstance which grave historians as well as the poets assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nursed by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin.

" . . . viridi fœtam Movoris in antro  
Procubuisse lupam : geminos huic ubera circum  
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem  
Impavidos . illam tereti cervice reflexam  
Mulcebre alternos, et corpora fingere lingua."

# LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *May 20th, 1777.*

DEAR SIR,—Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor ; and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of ; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention : and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds, which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it ; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called wormcasts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away ; and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms ; the former because they render their walks unsightly, and make them much work ; and the latter because, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But these men would find that the earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile ; and, besides, in favour of worms it should be hinted that green corn, plants and flowers, are not so much injured by them as they

many species of *coleoptera* (scarabs), and *tipula* (long-legs) in their larva or grub-state ; and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails, called slugs, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field or garden.

These hints we think proper to throw out in order to set the inquisitive and discerning to work.

A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a laige and new field in natural history.

Worms work most in the spring ; but by no means lie torpid in the dead months : are out every mild night in the winter, as any person may be convinced that will take the pains to examine his grass-plots with a candle ; are hermaphrodites, and much addicted to ventry, and consequently very prolific.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Nov. 22nd, 1777.*

DEAR SIR,—You cannot but remember that the 26th and 27th of last March were very hot days,—so sultry that everybody complained and were restless under those sensations to which they had not been reconciled by gradual approaches.

This sudden summer-like heat was attended by many summer coincidences ; for on those two days the thermometer rose to sixty-six in the shade ; many species of insects revived and came forth ; some bees swarmed in this neighbourhood ; the old tortoise, near Lewes, in Sussex, awakened and came forth out of its dormitory ; and, what is most to my present purpose, many house-swallows appeared and were very alert in some places, and particularly at Chobham, in Surrey.

But as that short warm period was succeeded as well as preceded by harsh severe weather, with frequent frosts and ice, and cutting winds, the insects withdrew, the tortoise retired again into the ground, and the swallows were seen no more until the 10th of April, when, the rigour of the spring abating, a softer season began to prevail.

Again ; it appears by my journals for many years past that house-martins retire, to a bird, about the beginning of October ; so that a person not very observant of such matters would conclude that they had taken their last farewell ; but then it may be seen in my diaries also that considerable flocks have discovered themselves again in the first week of November, and often on the 4th day of that month only for one day ; and that not as if they were in actual migration, but playing about at their leisure and feeding calmly, as if no enterprise of moment at all agitated their spirits. And this was the case in the beginning of this very month ; for on the 4th of November, more than twenty house-martins, which, in



appearance, had all departed about the 7th of October, were seen again for that one morning only sporting between my fields and the Hanger, and feasting on insects which swarmed in that sheltered district. The preceding day was wet and blustering, but the 4th was dark, and mild, and soft, the wind at south-west, and the thermometer at 58½; a pitch not common at that season of the year. Moreover, it may not be amiss to add in this place, that whenever the thermometer is above 50, the bat comes flitting out in every autumnal and winter month.

From all these circumstances, laid together, it is obvious that torpid insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds, are awakened from their profoundest slumbers by a little untimely warmth; and therefore that nothing so much promotes this death-like stupor as a defect of heat. And farther, it is reasonable to suppose that two whole species, or at least many individuals of those two species of British hirundines do never leave this island at all, but partake of the same benumbed state; for we cannot suppose that, after a month's absence, house-martins can return from southern regions to appear for one morning in November, or that house-swallows should leave the districts of Africa to enjoy in March the transient summer of a couple of days.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Jan. 8th, 1778.

As to the produce of a garden, every middle-aged person of observation may perceive, within his own memory, both in town and country, how vastly the consumption of vegetables is increased. Green-stalls in cities now support multitudes in a comfortable state, while gardeners get fortunes. Every decent labourer also has his garden, which is half his support, as well as his delight; and common farmers provide plenty of beans, peas, and greens, for their hinds to eat with their bacon; and those few that do not are despised for their sordid parsimony, and looked upon as regardless of the welfare of their dependants. Potatoes have prevailed in this little district by means of premiums within these twenty years only; and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign.

Our Saxon ancestors certainly had some sort of cabbage, because they call the month of February "sprout cale;" but long after their days the cultivation of gardens was little attended to. The religious, being men of leisure, and keeping up a constant correspondence with Italy, were the first people among us that had gardens and fruit-trees in any perfection within the wall of their abbeyes and priories. The barons neglected every pursuit that did not lead to war or tend to the pleasure of the chase.

It was not till gentlemen took up the study of horticulture themselves

that the knowledge of gardening made such hasty advances. Lord Cobham, Lord Ilia, and Mr. Waller, of Beaconsfield, were some of the first people of rank that promoted the elegant science of ornamenting without despising the superintendence of the kitchen quarters and fruit walls.

A remark made by the excellent Mr. Ray, in his "Tour of Europe," at once surprises us, and corroborates what has been advanced above; for we find him observing so late as his days, that "The Italians use several herbs for sallets, which are not yet, or have not been but lately, used in England, viz. *selleri* (celery), which is nothing else but the sweet smallage; the young shoots whereof, with a little of the head of the root cut off, they eat raw with oil and pepper;" and further adds: "curled endive blanched is much used beyond the seas; and, for a raw sallet, seemed to excel lettuce itself." Now this journey was undertaken no longer ago than in the year 1663.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Feb. 12th, 1778.*

"Fortè puer, comitum seductus ab agmine fido,  
Dixerat, equis adest? et, adest, responderat echo,  
Hic stupet; utque aciem partes dividit in omnes;  
Voce, veni, clamat magna. Vocat illa vocantem."

DEAR SIR,—In a district so diversified as this, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods, it is no wonder that echoes should abound. Many we have discovered that return the cry of a pack of dogs, the notes of a hunting-horn, a tunable ring of bells, or the melody of birds, very agreeably; but we were still at a loss for a polysyllabical articulate echo, till a young gentleman, who had parted from his company in a summer evening walk, and was calling after them, stumbled upon a very curious one in a spot where it might least be expected. At first he was much surprised, and could not be persuaded but that he was mocked by some boy; but repeating his trials in several languages, and finding his respondent to be a very adroit polyglot, he then discerned the deception.

This echo in an evening before rural noises cease, would repeat ten syllables most articulately and distinctly, especially if quick dactyls were chosen. The last syllables of

"Tityre, tu patulae recubans . . ."

were as audibly and intelligently returned as the first; and there is no doubt, could trial have been made, but that at midnight, when the air is very elastic, and a dead stillness prevails, one or two syllables more might have been obtained; but the distance rendered so late an experiment very inconvenient.

Quick dactyls, we observed; succeeded best; for when we came to try

its powers in slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees of the same number of syllables—

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens . . ."

we could perceive a return but of four or five.

All echoes have some one place to which they are returned stronger and more distinct than to any other, and that is always the place that lies at right angles with the object of repercussion, and is not too near nor too far off. Buildings, or naked rocks, re-echo much more articulately than hanging woods or vales, because in the latter the voice is as it were entangled and embarrassed in the covert, and weakened in the rebound.

The true object of this echo, as we found by various experiments, is the stone-built, tiled hop-kiln in Gally Lane, which measures in front 40 feet, and from the ground to the eaves 12 feet. The true *centrum phonicum*, or just distance, is one particular spot in the king's field, in the path to Nore Hill, on the very brink of the steep balk above the hollow cart-way. In this case there is no choice of distance; but the path, by mere contingency, happens to be the lucky, the identical spot, because the ground rises or falls so immediately, if the speaker either retires or advances, that his mouth would at once be above or below the object.

We measured this polysyllabical echo with great exactness, and found the distance to fall very short of Dr. Plot's rule for distinct articulation; for the Doctor, in his history of Oxfordshire, allows 120 feet for the return of each syllable distinctly; hence this echo, which gives ten distinct syllables, ought to measure 400 yards, or 120 feet to each syllable; whereas our distance is only 258 yards, or near 75 feet to each syllable. Thus our measure falls short of the Doctor's, as five to eight; but then it must be acknowledged that this candid philosopher was convinced afterwards that some latitude must be admitted of in the distance of echoes according to time and place.

When experiments of this sort are making, it should always be remembered that weather and the time of day have a vast influence on an echo; for a dull, heavy, moist air deadens and clogs the sound, and hot sunshine renders the air thin and weak, and deprives it of all its springiness, and a ruffling wind quite defeats the whole. In a still, clear, dewy evening the air is most elastic, and perhaps the later the hour the more so.

Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination that the poets have personified her, and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries.

One should have imagined that echoes, if not entertaining, must at least have been harmless and inoffensive; yet Virgil advances a strange notion that they are injurious to bees. After enumerating some probable and reasonable annoyances, such as prudent owners would wish far removed from their bee-gardens, he adds—

——— "Aut ubi concava pulu-  
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago."

This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged that though they cannot hear yet perhaps they may feel the repercussions of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful I deny, because bees, in good summers, thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses and echoes. Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment.

Some time since its discovery this echo is become totally silent, though the object, or hop-kiln, remains; nor is there any mystery in this defect, for the field between is planted as an hop-garden, and the voice of the speaker is totally absorbed and lost among the poles and entangled foliage of the hops. And when the poles are removed in autumn the disappointment is the same, because a tall quick-set hedge, nurtured up for the purpose of shelter to the hop ground, entirely interrupts the impulse and repercussion of the voice; so that till these obstructions are removed no more of its garrulity can be expected.

Should any gentleman of fortune think an echo in his park or outlet a pleasing incident, he might build one at little or no expense. For whenever he had occasion for a new barn, stable, dog-kennel, or the like structure, it would be only needful to erect this building on the gentle declivity of an hill, with a like rising opposite to it, at a few hundred yards distance; and perhaps success might be the easier insured could some canal, lake, or stream intervene. From a seat at the *centrum phonicum* he and his friends might amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph, of whose complacency and decent reserve more may be said than can with truth of every individual of her sex; since she is . . .

——— Quæ nec reticere loquenti,  
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit resonabilis echo."

I am, &c.

P.S. The classic reader will, I trust, pardon the following lovely quotation, so finely describing echoes, and so poetically accounting for their causes from popular superstition:—

"Quæ bene quom videas, rationem reddere possis  
Tute tibi atque aliis, quo pacto per loca sola  
Saxa parvis formas verborum ex ordine reddant,

Palanteis comites quom montels inter opacos  
 Quærimus, et magnâ dispense voce ciemus.  
 Sex etiam, aut septem loca vidi reddere voces  
 Unam quom jaceres : ita colles collibus ipsis  
 Verba repulantes iterabant dicta referre.  
 Hæc loca capripedes Satyros, Nymphasque tenere  
 Finitimi fingunt, et Faunos esse loquuntur ;  
 Quorum noctivago strepitu, ludoque jocanti  
 Adfirmant volgo taciturna silentia rumpi,  
 Chordarumque sonos fieri, dulceisque querelas,  
 Tibia quas fundit digiti, pulsata canentum :  
 Et genus agricolûm latè sentiscere, quon. Jan  
 Pineæ semiferi capitis velamina quasans,  
 Unco sæpe labro calamos percurrunt hiantes,  
 Fistula silvestrem ne cesset fundere musam."  
 LUCRETIVS, Lib. iv. l. 576.

# LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, May 13th, 1778.

DEAR SIR,—Among the many singularities attending those amusing birds the swifts, I am now confirmed in the opinion that we have every year the same number of pairs invariably ; at least the result of my inquiry has been exactly the same for a long time past. The swallows and martins are so numerous, and so widely distributed over the village, that it is hardly possible to recount them ; while the swifts, though they do not build in the church, yet so frequently haunt it, and play and rendezvous round it, that they are easily enumerated. The number that I constantly find are eight pairs, about half of which reside in the church, and the rest build in some of the lowest and meanest thatched cottages. Now as these eight pairs, allowance being made for accidents, breed yearly eight pairs more, what becomes annually of this increase ; and what determines every spring which pairs shall visit us, and reoccupy their ancient haunts ?

Ever since I have attended to the subject of ornithology, I have always supposed that that sudden reverse of affection, that strange ἀντιστροφή which immediately succeeds in the feathered kind to the most passionate fondness, is the occasion of an equal dispersion of birds over the face of the earth. Without this provision one favourite district would be crowded with inhabitants, while others would be destitute and forsaken. But the parent birds seem to maintain a jealous superiority, and to oblige the young to seek for new abodes ; and the rivalry of the males in many kinds prevents their crowding the one on the other. Whether the swallows and house-martins return in the same exact number annually is not easy to say, for reasons given above ; but it is apparent, as I have remarked before in my Monographies, that the numbers returning bear no manner of proportion to the numbers retiring.

## LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *June 2nd, 1778.*

DEAR SIR,—The standing objection to botany has always been that it is a pursuit that amuses the fancy and exercises the memory without improving the mind or advancing any real knowledge; and where the science is carried no farther than a mere systematic classification, the charge is but too true. But the botanist that is desirous of wiping off this aspersion should be by no means content with a list of names; he should study plants philosophically, should investigate the laws of vegetation, should examine the powers and virtues of efficacious herbs, should promote their cultivation, and graft the gardener, the planter, and the husbandman, on the phytologist. Not that system is by any means to be thrown aside, without system the field of Nature would be a pathless wilderness; but system should be subservient to, not the main object of, pursuit.

Vegetation is highly worthy of our attention, and in itself is of the utmost consequence to mankind, and productive of many of the greatest comforts and elegancies of life. To plants we owe timber, bread, beer, honey, wine, oil, linen, cotton, &c., what not only strengthens our hearts, and exhilarates our spirits, but what secures us from inclemencies of weather and adorns our persons. Man, in his true state of nature, seems to be subsisted by spontaneous vegetation; in middle climes, where grasses prevail, he mixes some animal food with the produce of the field and garden, and it is towards the polar extremes only that, like his kindred bears and wolves, he gorges himself with flesh alone, and is driven, to what hunger has never been known to compel the very beasts, to prey on his own species.

The productions of vegetation have had a vast influence on the commerce of nations, and have been the great promoters of navigation, as may be seen in the articles of sugar, tea, tobacco, opium, ginseng, betel, paper, &c. As every climate has its peculiar produce, our natural wants bring on a mutual intercourse; so that by means of trade each distant part is supplied with the growth of every latitude. But, without the knowledge of plants and their culture, we must have been content with our hips and haws, without enjoying the delicate fruits of India and the salutiferous drugs of Peru.

Instead of examining the minute distinctions of every various species of each obscure genus, the botanist should endeavour to make himself acquainted with those that are useful. You shall see a man readily ascertain every herb of the field, yet hardly know wheat from barley, or at least one sort of wheat or barley from another.

But of all sorts of vegetation the grasses seem to be most neglected; neither the farmer nor the grazier seem to distinguish the annual from the

perennial, the hardy from the tender, nor the succulent and nutritive from the dry and juiceless.

The study of grasses would be of great consequence to a northerly, and grazing kingdom. The botanist that could improve the sward of the district where he lived would be an useful member of society : to raise a thick turf on a naked soil would be worth volumes of systematic knowledge ; and he would be the best commonwealth's man that could occasion the growth of "two blades of grass where one alone was seen before."

I am, &c.

## LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, July 3rd, 1778.

DEAR SIR,—In a district so diversified with such a variety of hill and dale, aspects and soils, it is no wonder that great choice of plants should be found. Chalks, clays, sands, sheep-walks and downs, bogs, heaths, woodlands, and champaign fields, cannot but furnish an ample Flora. The deep rocky lanes abound with *filices*, and the pastures and moist woods with *fungi*. If in any branch of botany we may seem to be wanting, it must be in the large aquatic plants, which are not to be expected on a spot far removed from rivers, and lying up amidst the hill country at the spring heads. To enumerate all the plants that have been discovered within our limits would be a needless work ; but a short list of the more rare, and the spots where they are to be found, may be neither unacceptable nor unentertaining :—

*Helleborus fatidus*, stinking hellebore, bears' foot, or setterworth,—all over the High Wood and Coneycroft Hanger : this continues a great branching plant the winter through, blossoming about January, and is very ornamental in shady walks and shrubberies. The good women give the leaves powdered to children troubled with worms ; but it is a violent remedy, and ought to be administered with caution.

*Helleborus viridis*, green hellebore,—in the deep stony lane on the left hand just before the turning to Norton Farm, and at the top of Middle Dorton under the hedge : this plant lies down to the ground early in autumn, and springs again about February, flowering almost as soon as it appears above ground.

*Vaccinium oxycoccus*, creeping bilberries, or cranberries,—in the bogs of Bin's Pond.

*Vaccinium myrtillus*, whortle, or bilberries,—on the dry hillocks of Woolmer Forest.

*Drosera rotundifolia*, round-leaved sundew,—in the bogs of Bin's Pond.

*Drosera longifolia*, long-leaved sundew,—in the bogs of Bin's Pond.

*Comarum palustre*, purple comarum, or marsh cinquefoil,—in the bogs of Bin's Pond.

*Hypericum androsaemum*, Tutsan, St. John's Wort,—in the stony, hollow lanes.

*Vinca minor*, less periwinkle,—in Selborne Hanger and Shrubwood.

*Monotropa hypopitrys*, yellow monotropa, or bird's nest,—in Selborne Hanger under the shady beeches, to whose roots it seems to be parasitical, at the north-west end of the Hanger.

*Chlora perfoliata*, *Blackstonia perfoliata*, *Hudsoni*, perfoliated yellowwort,—on the banks in the King's Field.

*Paris quadrifolia*, herb of Paris, true-love, or oneberry,—in the Church-litten coppice.

*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, opposite golden saxifrage,—in the dark and rocky hollow lanes.

*Gentiana amarella*, autumnal gentian, or fellwort,—on the Zigzag and Hanger.

*Lathraea squammaria*, tooth-wort,—in the Church-litten coppice under some hazels near the footbridge, in Trimming's garden hedge, and on the dry wall opposite Grange Yard.

*Dipsacus pilosus*, small teasel,—in the Short and Long Lith.

*Lathyrus sylvestris*, narrow-leaved, or wild lathyrus,—in the bushes at the foot of the Short Lith, near the path.

*Ophrys spiralis*, ladies' traces,—in the Long Lith, and towards the south corner of the common.

*Ophrys nidus avis*, birds'-nest opbrys,—in the Long Lith under the shady beeches among the dead leaves; in Great Dorton among the bushes, and on the Hanger plentifully.

*Serapias latifolia*, helleborine,—in the High Wood under the shady beeches.

*Daphn. laureola*, spruce-laurel,—in Selborne Hanger and the High Wood.

*Daphn. mezereum*, the mezereum,—in Selborne Hanger among the shrubs, and at the south-east end above the cottages.

*Lycoperdon tuber*, truffles,—in the Hanger and High Wood.

*Sambucus ebulus*, dwarf elder, walwort, or danewort,—among the rubbish and ruined foundations of the Priory.

Of all the propensities of plants, none seem more strange than their different periods of blossoming. Some produce their flowers in the winter, or very first dawnings of spring; many when the spring is established; some at midsummer, and some not till autumn. When we see the *helleborus fatidus* and *helleborus niger* blowing at Christmas, the *helleborus hyemalis* in January, and the *helleborus viridis* as soon as ever it emerges out of the ground, we do not wonder, because they are kindred plants that we expect should keep pace the one with the other; but other congenerous vegetables differ so widely in their time of flowering,



that we cannot but admire. I shall only instance at present in the *crocus sativus*, the vernal and the autumnal crocus, which have such an affinity, that the best botanists only make them varieties of the same genus, of which there is only one species, not being able to discern any difference in the corolla, or in the internal structure. Yet the vernal crocus expands its flowers by the beginning of March at farthest, and often in very rigorous weather; and cannot be retarded but by some violence offered; while the autumnal (the saffron) defies the influence of the spring and summer, and will not blow till most plants begin to fade and run to seed. This circumstance is one of the wonders of the creation, little noticed because a common occurrence; yet ought not to be overlooked on account of its being familiar, since it would be as difficult to be explained as the most stupendous phenomenon in nature.

"Say, what impels amidst surrounding snow  
Congeal'd, the crocus' flamy bud to grow?  
Say, what retards, amidst the summer's blaze,  
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?  
The GOD OF SEASONS; whose pervading power  
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower;  
He bids each flower his quickening word obey,  
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay."

## LETTER XLII.

### TO THE SAME.

"Omnibus animalibus reliquis certus et uniu-modi, et in quo cuique genere incessus est; aves solæ vario meatu feruntur, et in terra, et in Æere."

SELBORNE, Aug. 7th, 1778.

DEAR SIR,—A good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colours and shape; on the ground as well as on the wing; and in the bush as well as in the hand. For, though it must not be said that every species of birds has a manner peculiar to itself, yet there is somewhat in most *genera* at least, that at first sight discriminates them, and enables a judicious observer to pronounce upon them with some certainty. Put a bird in motion

"—— Et vera incessu patuit ——."

Thus kites and buzzards sail round in circles with wings expanded and motionless; and it is from their gliding manner that the former are still called in the north of England glads, from the Saxon verb glidan, to glide. The kestrel, or windhover, has a peculiar mode of hanging in the air in one place, his wings all the while being briskly agitated. Hen-harriers fly low over heaths or fields of corn, and beat the ground regularly like a pointer or setting dog. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air; they seem to want ballast. There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most inquisitive—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each

other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish ; and, when they move from one place to another, frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the centre of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner ; crows and daws swagger in their walk ; woodpeckers fly *volatu undoso*, opening and closing their wings at every stroke, and so are always rising or falling in curves. All of this genus use their tails, which incline downward, as a support while they run up trees. Parrots, like all other hooked-clawed birds, walk awkwardly, and make use of their bill as a third foot, climbing and descending with ridiculous caution. All the *gallinæ* parade and walk gracefully, and run nimbly ; but fly with difficulty, with an impetuous whirring, and in a straight line. Magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no despatch : herons seem encumbered with too much sail for their light bodies, but these vast hollow wings are necessary in carrying burdens, such as large fishes and the like ; pigeons, and particularly the sort called smiters, have a way of clashing their wings the one against the other over their backs with a loud snap ; another variety, called tumblers, turn themselves over in the air. Some birds have movements peculiar to the season of love : thus ringdoves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner ; thus the cock-snipe, while breeding, forgetting his former flight, fans the air like the windover ; and the greenfinch in particular, exhibits such languishing and faltering gestures as to appear like a wounded and dying bird ; the kingfisher darts along like an arrow ; fern-owls, or goat-suckers, glance in the dusk over the tops of trees like a meteor ; starlings as it were swim along, while missel-thrushes use a wild and desultory flight ; swallows sweep over the surface of the ground and water, and distinguish themselves by rapid turns and quick evolutions ; swifts dash round in circles ; and the bank-martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly. Most of the small birds fly by jerks, rising and falling as they advance. Most small birds hop ; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately. Skylarks rise and fall perpendicularly as they sing ; woodlarks hang poised in the air ; and titlarks rise and fall in large curves, singing in their descent. The whitethroat uses odd jerks and gesticulations over the tops of hedges and bushes. All the duck kind waddle ; divers and auks walk as if fettered, and stand erect on their tails : these are the *compedes* of Linnæus. Geese and cranes, and most wild fowls, move in figured flights, often changing their position. The secondary *remiges* of Fringe, wild ducks and some others, are very long, and give their wings, when in motion, an hooked appearance. Dabchicks, moor-hens, and coots, fly erect, with their legs hanging down, and hardly make any despatch ; the reason is plain, their wings are placed too forward out of the true centre of gravity ; as the legs of auks and divers are situated too backward.

## LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, Sept. 9th, 1778.

DEAR SIR,—From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language like the vizier; who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls reclaimed a sultan, before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants and feelings; such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent, some are copious and fluent as it were in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds: no birds, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and about the season of nidification much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of Nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vex humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males; they use also a quick call and an horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can emit a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes in the gaiety of their hearts to sing, but with no great success; the parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till day-break, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, as has been observed in a former letter, by a shrill alarm bespeaks the attention of the other hirundines, and bids them be aware the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious: as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like; their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall therefore confine the remainder of this

letter to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and therefore best understood. And first the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgusting. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking; and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss, also, of the gander, is formidable and full of menace, and "protective of his young." Among ducks the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner; he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but, if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey, with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother her new relation demands a new language: she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favourite conculine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him:

"—— the crested rook, whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours."

A neighbouring gentleman one summer had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly

vexed to see his flock thus diminished, hung a setting-neck adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the catiff dashed, and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before: the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in an hundred pieces.

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LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

"—— Munstreit

*Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles  
Hyberni; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*"

SELBORNE.

GENTLEMEN who have outlets might contrive to make ornament subservient to utility; a pleasing eye-trap might also contribute to promote science: an obelisk in a garden or park might be both an embellishment and an heliotrope.

Any person that is curious, and enjoys the advantage of a good horizon, might, with little trouble, make two heliotropes; the one for the winter, the other for the summer solstice: and the two erections might be constructed with very little expense; for two pieces of timber frame-work, about 10 or 12 feet high, and 4 feet broad at the base, and close lined with plank, would answer the purpose.

The erection for the former should, if possible, be placed within sight of some window in the common sitting parlour; because men, at that dead season of the year, are usually within doors at the close of the day; while that for the latter might be fixed for any given spot in the garden or outlet, whence the owner might contemplate, in a fine summer's evening, the utmost extent that the sun makes to the northward at the season of the longest days. Now nothing would be necessary but to place these two objects with so much exactness, that the westerly limb of the sun, at setting, might but just clear the winter heliotrope to the west of it on the shortest day; and that the whole disc of the sun, at the longest day, might exactly at setting also clear the summer heliotrope to the north of it.

By this simple expedient it would soon appear that there is no such thing, strictly speaking, as a sol-tice; for, from the shortest day, the owner would, every clear evening, see the disc advancing, at its setting, to the westward of the object; and, from the longest day observe the sun retiring backwards every evening at its setting, towards the object westward, till, in a few nights, it would set quite behind it and so by degrees, to the west

of it ; for when the sun comes near the summer solstice, the whole disc of it would at first set behind the object ; after a time the northern limb would first appear, and so every night gradually more, till at length the whole diameter would set northward of it for about three nights ; but on the middle night of the three, sensibly more remote than the former or following. When beginning its recess from the summer tropic, it would continue more and more to be hidden every night, till at length it would descend quite behind the object again ; and so nightly more and more to the westward.

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### LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

"——— Mugire videbis

Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos."

SELBORNE.

WHEN I was a boy I used to read, with astonishment and implicit assent, accounts in "*Baker's Chronicle*" of walking hills and travelling mountains. John Philips, in his "*Cyder*," alludes to the credit that was given to such stories with a delicate but quaint vein of humour peculiar to the author of the "*Splendid Shilling*."

"I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice  
Of Marcley Hill ; the apple no where finds  
A kinder mould : yet 'tis unsafe to trust  
Decentful ground' who knows but that once more  
This mount may journey, and his present site  
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer  
Thy goodly plants, affording matter strange  
For law debates."

But, when I came to consider better, I began to suspect that though our hills may never have journeyed far, yet that the ends of many of them have slipped and fallen away at distant periods, leaving the cliffs bare and abrupt. This seems to have been the case with Nore and Whetham Hills ; and especially with the ridge between Harteley Park and Ward-le-Ham, where the ground has slid into vast swellings and furrows ; and lies still in such romantic confusion as cannot be accounted for from any other cause. A strange event, that happened not long since, justifies our suspicions ; which, though it befel not within the limits of this parish, yet as it was within the hundred of Selborne, and as the circumstances were singular, may fairly claim a place in a work of this nature.

The months of January and February, in the year 1774, were remarkable for great melting snows and vast gluts of rain ; so that by the end of the latter month the land-springs, or levants, began to prevail, and to be near as high as in the memorable winter of 1764. The beginning of March also went on in the same tenor ; when, in the night between the 8th and 9th of that month, a considerable part of the great woody hanger at Hawkley was torn from its place, and fell down, leaving a high freestone

cliff naked and bare, and resembling the steep side of a chalk-pit. It appears that this huge fragment, being perhaps sapped and undermined by waters, foundered, and was ingulfed, going down in a perpendicular direction ; for a gate which stood in the field, on the top of the hill, after sinking with its post for 30 or 40 feet, remained in so true and upright a position as to open and shut with great exactness, just as in its first situation. Several oaks also are still standing, and in a state of vegetation after taking the same desperate leap. That great part of this prodigious mass was absorbed in some gulf below, is plain also from the inclining ground at the bottom of the hill, which is free and unincumbered ; but would have been buried in heaps of rubbish, had the fragment parted and fallen forward. About 100 yards from the foot of this hanging coppice stood a cottage by the side of a lane ; and 200 yards lower, on the other side of the lane, was a farm-house, in which lived a labourer and his family ; and, just by, a stout new barn. The cottage was inhabited by an old woman and her son, and his wife. These people in the evening, which was very dark and tempestuous, observed that the brick floors of their kitchens began to heave and part ; and that the walls seemed to open, and the roofs to crack : but they all agree that no tremor of the ground, indicating an earthquake, was ever felt ; only that the wind continued to make a most tremendous roaring in the woods and hangers. The miserable inhabitants, not daring to go to bed, remained in the utmost solicitude and confusion, expecting every moment to be buried under the ruins of their shattered edifices. When daylight came, they were at leisure to contemplate the devastations of the night. They then found that a deep rift, or chasm, had opened under their houses, and torn them, as it were, in two ; and that one end of the barn had suffered in a similar manner ; that a pond near the cottage had undergone a strange reverse, becoming deep at the shallow end, and so *vice versa* ; that many large oaks were removed out of their perpendicular, some thrown down, and some fallen into the heads of neighbouring trees ; and that a gate was thrust forward, with its hedge, full 6 feet, so as to require a new track to be made to it. From the foot of the cliff the general course of the ground, which is pasture, inclines in a moderate descent for half a mile, and is interspersed with some hillocks, which were rifted, in every direction, as well towards the great woody hanger, as from it. In the first pasture the deep clefts began ; and running across the lane, and under the buildings, made such vast shelves that the road was impassable for some time ; and so over to an arable field on the other side, which was strangely torn and disordered. The second pasture field, being more soft and springy, was protruded forward without many fissures in the turf, which was raised in long ridges resembling graves, lying at right angles to the motion. At the bottom of this enclosure the soil and turf rose many feet against the bodies of some oaks that obstructed their farther course, and terminated this awful commotion.

The perpendicular height of the precipice in general is 23 yards ; the

length of the lapse or slip as seen from the fields below, 181; and a partial fall, concealed in the coppice, extends 70 yards more; so that the total length of this fragment that fell was 251 yards. About 50 acres of land suffered from this violent convulsion; two houses were entirely destroyed; one end of a new barn was left in ruins, the walls being cracked through the very stones that composed them; a hanging coppice was changed to a naked rock; and some grass grounds and an arable field so broken and rifted by the chasms as to be rendered for a time neither fit for the plough or safe for pasturage, till considerable labour and expense had been bestowed in levelling the surface and filling in the gaping fissures.

## LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

“—— resonant arbusta ——.”

SELBORNE.

THERE is a steep abrupt pasture field, interspersed with furze, close to the back of this village, well known by the name of Short Lithe, consisting of a rocky dry soil, and inclining to the afternoon sun. This spot abounds with the *gryllus campestris*, or field-cricket; which, though frequent in these parts, is by no means a common insect in many other counties.

As their cheerful summer cry cannot but draw the attention of a naturalist, I have often gone down to examine the economy of these *grylli*, and study their mode of life; but they are so shy and cautious that it is no easy matter to get a sight of them; for feeling a person's footsteps as he advances, they stop short in the midst of their song, and retire backward nimbly into their burrows, where they tuck till all suspicion of danger is over.

At first we attempted to dig them out with a spade, but without any great success; for either we could not get to the bottom of the hole, which often terminated under a great stone; or else in breaking up the ground we inadvertently squeezed the poor insect to death. Out of one so bruised we took a multitude of eggs, which were long and narrow, of a yellow colour, and covered with a very tough skin. If it is accident we learned to distinguish the male from the female; the former of which is shining black, with a golden stripe across his shoulders; the latter is more dusky, more capacious about the abdomen, and carries a long, sword-shaped weapon at her tail, which probably is the instrument with which she deposits her eggs in crannies and safe receptacles.

Where violent methods will not avail, more gentle means will often succeed, and so it proved in the present case; for, though a spade be too boisterous and rough an implement, a pliant stalk of grass, gently insinuated into the caverns, will probe their windings to the bottom, and



quickly bring out the inhabitant; and thus the humane inquirer may gratify his curiosity without injuring the object of it. It is remarkable, that though these insects are furnished with long legs behind, and brawny thighs for leaping, like grasshoppers; yet when driven from their holes they show no activity, but crawl along in a shiftless manner, so as easily to be taken; and again, though provided with a curious apparatus of wings, yet they never exert them when there seems to be the greatest occasion. The males only make that shrilling noise, perhaps, out of rivalry and emulation, as is the case with many animals which exert some sprightly note during their breeding time. It is raised by a brisk friction of one wing against the other. They are solitary beings, living singly, male and female, each as it may happen; but there must be a time when the sexes have some intercourse, and then the wings may be useful perhaps during the hours of night. When the males meet they will fight fiercely, as I found by some which I put into the crevices of a dry stone wall, where I should have been glad to have made them settle. For though they seemed distressed by being taken out of their knowledge, yet the first that got possession of the chinks would seize on any other that were intruded upon them with a vast row of serrated fangs. With their strong jaws, toothed like the shears of a lobster's claws, they perforate and round their curious regular cells, having no fore-claws to dig, like the mole-cricket. When taken in hand I could not but wonder that they never offered to defend themselves, though armed with such formidable weapons. Of such herbs as grow before the mouths of their burrows they eat indiscriminately, and on a little platform which they make just by, they drop their dung; and never, in the day time, seem to stir more than two or three inches from home. Sitting in the entrance of their caverns they chirp all night as well as day from the middle of the month of May to the middle of July; and in hot weather, when they are most vigorous, they make the hills echo, and in the stiller hours of darkness may be heard to a considerable distance. In the beginning of the season their notes are more faint and inward; but become louder as the summer advances, and so die away again by degrees.

Sounds do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. We are more apt to be captivated or disgusted with the associations which they promote than with the notes themselves. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of everything that is rural, verdurous, and joyous.

About the 10th of March the crickets appear at the mouths of their cells, which they then open and bore, and shape very elegantly. All that ever I have seen at that season were in their pupa state, and had only the rudiments of wings, lying under a skin or coat, which must be cast before the insect can arrive at its perfect state; from whence I should suppose

that the old ones of last year do not always survive the winter. In August their holes begin to be obliterated, and the insects are seen no more till spring.

Not many summers ago I endeavoured to transplant a colony to the terrace in my garden, by boring deep holes in the sloping turf. The new inhabitants stayed some time, and fed and sung; but wandered away by degrees, and were heard at a farther distance every morning, so that it appears that on this emergency they made use of their wings in attempting to return to the spot from which they were taken.

One of these crickets when confined in a paper cage and set in the sun, and supplied with plants moistened with water, will feed and thrive, and become so merry and loud as to be irksome in the same room where a person is sitting; if the plants are not wetted it will die.

## LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

"Far from all resort of mirth  
Save the cricket on the hearth."

MILTON'S *Il Penseroso*.

SELBORNE.

DEAR SIR,—While many other insects must be sought after in fields, and woods, and waters, the *gryllus domesticus*, or house-cricket, resides altogether within our dwellings, intruding itself upon our notice whether we will or no. This species delights in new-built houses, being, like the spider, pleased with the moisture of the walls; and besides, the softness of the mortar enables them to burrow and mine between the joints of the bricks or stones, and to open communications from one room to another. They are particularly fond of kitchens and bakers' ovens, on account of their perpetual warmth.

Tender insects that live abroad either enjoy only the short period of one summer, or else doze away the cold uncomfortable months in profound slumbers; but these, re-iding as it were in a torrid zone, are always alert and merry,—a good Christmas fire is to them like the heats of the dog-days. Though they are frequently heard by day, yet is their natural time of motion only in the night. As soon as it grows dusk, the chirping increases, and they come running forth, and are from the size of a flea to that of their full stature. As one should suppose, from the burning atmosphere which they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and show a great propensity for liquids, being found frequently drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, or the like. Whatever is moist they affect; and therefore often gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings and aprons that are hung to the fire; they are the housewife's barometer, foretelling her when it will rain, and are prognostic sometimes, she thinks, of ill or good luck, of the death of a near relation, or the approach of an absent lover. By being the constant

companions of her solitary hours they naturally become the objects of her superstition. These crickets are not only very thirsty, but very voracious; for they will eat the scummings of pots, and yeast, salt, and crumbs of bread, and any kitchen offal or sweepings. In the summer we have observed them to fly when it became dusk out of the windows, and over the neighbouring roofs. This feat of activity accounts for the sudden manner in which they often leave their haunts, as it does for the method by which they come to houses where they were not known before. It is remarkable that many sorts of insects seem never to use their wings but when they have a mind to shift their quarters and settle new colonies. When in the air they move "*volatu undoso*," in waves or curves, like nodpeckers, opening and shutting their wings at every stroke, and so are always rising or sinking.

When they increase to a great degree, as they did once in the house where I am now writing, they become noisome pests, flying into the candles, and dashing into people's faces; but may be blasted and destroyed by gunpowder discharged into their cieives and crannies. In families at such times they are like Pharaoh's plague of frogs,—“in their bedchambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading troughs.” Their shrilling noise is occasioned by a brisk attrition of their wings. Cats catch hearth crickets, and, playing with them as they do with mice, devour them. Crickets may be destroyed like wasps, by phials filled with beer, or any liquid, and set in their haunts; for being always eager to drink, they will crowd in till the bottles are full.

## LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE.

How diversified are the modes of life, not only of incongruous but even of congenerous animals; and yet their specific distinctions are not more various than their propensities. Thus while the field-cricket delights in sunny dry banks, and the house-cricket rejoices amidst the glowing heat of the kitchen hearth, or oven, the *Gryllus gryllotalpa* (the mole-cricket), haunts moist meadows, and frequents the sides of ponds and banks of streams, performing all its functions in a swampy wet soil. With a pair of fore-feet, curiously adapted to the purpose, it burrows and works under ground like the mole, raising a ridge as it proceeds, but seldom throwing up hillocks.

As mole-crickets often infest gardens by the sides of canals, they are unwelcome guests to the gardener, raising up ridges in their subterraneous progress, and rendering the walks unsightly. If they take to the kitchen quarters they occasion great damage among the plants and roots, by destroying whole beds of cabbages, young legumes, and flowers. When dug out they seem very slow and helpless, and make no use of their wings by day; but at night they come abroad, and make long excursions, as I have

been convinced by finding stragglers, in a morning, in improbable places. In fine weather, about the middle of April, and just at the close of day, they begin to solace themselves with a low, dull, jarring note, continued for a long time without interruption, and not unlike the chattering of the fern-owl, or goatsucker, but more inward.

About the beginning of May they lay their eggs, as I was once an eye-witness; for a gardener at an house where I was on a visit, happening to be mowing, on the 6th of that month, by the side of a canal, his scythe stuck too deep, pared off a large piece of turf, and laid open to view a curious scene of domestic economy:—

—— “Ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram :  
Apparet domus intus, et atria longa pateant :  
Apparent — penetralia.”

There were many caverns and winding passages leading to a kind of chamber, neatly smoothed and rounded, and about the size of a moderate snuff-box. Within this secret nursery were deposited near an hundred eggs of a dirty yellow colour, and enveloped in a tough skin, but too lately excluded to contain any rudiments of young, being full of a viscous substance. The eggs lay but shallow, and within the influence of the sun, just under a little heap of fresh-moved mould, like that which is raised by ants.

When mole-crickets fly they move “*cursu undoso*,” rising and falling in curves, like the other species mentioned before. In different parts of this kingdom people call them fen-crickets, churr-worms, and eve-churrs, all very apposite names.

Anatomists, who have examined the intestines of these insects astonish me with their accounts; for they say that, from the structure, position, and number of their stomachs, or maws, there seems to be good reason to suppose that this and the two former species ruminate or chew the cud like many quadrupeds!

## LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, April 21st, 1780.

DEAR SIR,—The old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life, and propensities; and perceive

already that, towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps a great part of the summer : for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower, and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails ; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head ; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead, and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence—a very amusing occurrence—to see such a similarity of feelings between the two *φερίκοι*—for so the Greeks called both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

Summer birds are, this cold and backward spring, unusually late : I have seen but one swallow yet. This conformity with the weather convinces me more and more that they sleep in the winter.

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LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Sept. 3rd, 1781.*

I HAVE now read your “Miscellanies” through with much care and satisfaction ; and am to return you my best thanks for the honourable mention made in them of me as a naturalist, which I wish I may deserve.

In some former letters I expressed my suspicions that many of the house-martins do not depart in the winter far from this village. I therefore determined to make some search about the south-east end of the hill, where I imagined they might slumber out the uncomfortable months of winter. But supposing that the examination would be made to the best advantage in spring, and observing that no martins had appeared by the 11th of April last ; on that day I employed some men to explore the shrubs and cavities of the suspected spot. The persons took pains, but without any success ; however, a remarkable incident occurred in the midst of our pursuit : while the labourers were at work, a house-martin, the first that had been seen this year, came down the village in the sight of several people, and went at once into a nest, where it stayed a short time, and then flew over the houses ; for some days after no martins were observed, not till the 16th of April, and then only a pair. Martins in general were remarkably late this year.

## LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

SELBORNE, *Sept. 9th, 1781.*

I HAVE just met with a circumstance respecting swifts, which furnishes an exception to the whole tenor of my observations ever since I have bestowed any attention on that species of hirundines. Our swifts, in general, withdrew this year about the first day of August, all save one pair, which in two or three days was reduced to a single bird. The perseverance of this individual made me suspect that the strongest of motives, that of an attachment to her young, could alone occasion so late a stay. I watched therefore till the 24th of August, and then discovered that, under the eaves of the church, she attended upon two young, which were fledged, and now put out their white chins from a crevice. These remained till the twenty-seventh, looking more alert every day, and seeming to long to be on the wing. After this day they were missing at once; nor could I ever observe them with their dam coursing round the church in the act of learning to fly, as the first broods evidently do. On the thirty-first I caused the eaves to be searched, but we found in the nest only two callow, dead, stinking swifts, on which a second nest had been formed. This double nest was full of the black shining cases of the *hippoboscæ hirundinis*.

The following remarks on this unusual incident are obvious. The first is, that though it may be disagreeable to swifts to remain beyond the beginning of August, yet that they can subsist longer is undeniable. The second is, that this uncommon event, as it was owing to the loss of the first brood, so it corroborates my former remark, that swifts breed regularly but once; since, was the contrary the case, the occurrence above could neither be new nor rare.

P.S. One Swift was seen at Lyndon, in the county of Rutland, in 1782, so late as the third of September.

## LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

As I have sometimes known you make inquiries about several kinds of insects, I shall here send you an account of one sort which I little expected to have found in this kingdom. I had often observed that one particular part of a vine growing on the walls of my house was covered in the autumn with a black dust-like appearance, on which the flies fed eagerly; and that the shoots and leaves thus affected did not thrive; nor did the fruit ripen. To this substance I applied my glasses; but could not discover that it had anything to do with animal life, as I at first expected; but, upon a closer examination behind the larger boughs, we

were surprised to find that they were coated over with husky shells, from whose side proceeded a cotton-like substance, surrounding a multitude of eggs. This curious and uncommon production put me upon recollecting what I have heard and read concerning the *coccus vitis viniferae* of Linnæus, which, in the south of Europe, infests many vines, and is an horrid and loathsome pest. As soon as I had turned to the accounts given of this insect, I saw at once that it swarmed on my vine; and did not appear to have been at all checked by the preceding winter, which had been uncommonly severe.

Not being then at all aware that it had anything to do with England, I was much inclined to think that it came from Gibraltar among the many boxes and packages of plants and birds which I had formerly received from thence; and especially as the vine infested grew immediately under my study-window, where I usually kept my specimens. True it is that I had received nothing from thence for some years; but as insects, we know, are conveyed from one country to another in a very unexpected manner, and have a wonderful power of maintaining their existence till they fall into a nidus proper for their support and increase, I cannot but suspect still that these cocci came to me originally from Andalusia. Yet, all the while, candour obliges me to confess that Mr. Lightfoot has written me word that he once, and but once, saw these insects on a vine at Weymouth in Dorsetshire; which, it is here to be observed, is a seaport town to which the coccus might be conveyed by shipping.

As many of my readers may possibly never have heard of this strange and unusual insect, I shall here transcribe a passage from a natural history of Gibraltar, written by the Reverend John White, late Vicar of Blackburn in Lancashire, but not yet published:—

“In the year 1770 a vine, which grew on the east side of my house, and which had produced the finest crops of grapes for years past, was suddenly overspread on all the woody branches with large lumps of a white fibrous substance resembling spiders' webs, or rather, raw cotton. It was of a very clammy quality, sticking fast to everything that touched it, and capable of being spun into long threads. At first I suspected it to be the product of spiders, but could find none. Nothing was to be seen connected with it, but many brown, oval, husky shells, which by no means looked like insects, but rather resembled bits of the dry bark of the vine. The tree had a plentiful crop of grapes set, when this pest appeared upon it; but the fruit was manifestly injured by this foul encumbrance. It remained all the summer, still increasing, and loaded the woody and bearing branches to a vast degree. I often pulled off great quantities by handfuls, but it was so slimy and tenacious that it could by no means be cleared. The grapes never filled to their natural perfection, but turned watery and vapid. Upon perusing the works afterwards of M. de Reaumur, I found this matter perfectly described and accounted for. Those husky shells which I had observed, were no other than the female coccus, from whose

side this cotton-like substance exudes, and serves as a covering and security for their eggs."

To this account I think proper to add, that, though the female cocci are stationary, and seldom remove from the place to which they stick, yet the male is a winged insect; and that the black dust which I saw was undoubtedly the excrement of the females, which is eaten by ants as well as flies. Though the utmost severity of our winter did not destroy these insects, yet the attention of the gardener in a summer or two has entirely relieved my vine from this filthy annoyance.

As we have remarked above, that insects are often conveyed from one country to another in a very unaccountable manner, I shall here mention an emigration of small aphides, which was observed in the village of Selborne, no longer ago than August 1st, 1785.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, which was very hot, the people of this village were surprised by a shower of aphides, or smother-flies, which fell in these parts. Those that were walking in the street at that juncture found themselves covered with these insects, which settled also on the hedges and gardens, blackening all the vegetables where they alighted. My annuals were discoloured with them, and the stalks of a bed of onions were quite coated over for six days after. These armies were then, no doubt, in a state of emigration, and shifting their quarters; and might have come, as far as we know, from the great hop-plantations of Kent or Sussex, the wind being all that day in the easterly quarter. They were observed at the same time in great clouds about Farnham, and all along the vale from Farnham to Alton.

#### LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,—When I happen to visit a family where gold and silver fishes are kept in a glass bowl, I am always pleased with the occurrence, because it offers me an opportunity of observing the actions and propensities of those beings with whom we can be little acquainted in their natural state. Not long since I spent a fortnight at the house of a friend where there was such a vivary, to which I paid no small attention, taking every occasion to remark what passed within its narrow limits. It was here that I first observed the manner in which fishes die. As soon as the creature sickens, the head sinks lower and lower, and it stands as it were on its head; till getting weaker, and losing a l poise, the tail turns over, and at last it floats on the surface of the water with its belly uppermost. The reason why fishes, when dead, swim in that manner is very obvious; because when the body is no longer balanced by the fins of the belly, the broad muscular back preponderates by its own gravity, and turns the belly uppermost, as lighter from its being a cavity, and because it contains the swimming bladders, which contribute to render it buoyant. Some that delight in



gold and silver fishes have adopted a notion that they need no aliment. True it is that they will subsist for a long time without any apparent food but what they can collect from pure water frequently changed; yet they must draw some support from animalcula, and other nourishment supplied by the water; because, though they seem to eat nothing, yet the consequences of eating often drop from them. That they are best pleased with such *jeune* diet may easily be confuted, since if you toss them crumbs they will seize them with great readiness, not to say greediness; however, bread should be given sparingly, lest, turning sour, it corrupt the water. They also feed on the water-plant called *Lemna* (ducks' meat), and also on small fry.

When they want to move a little, they gently protrude themselves with their *Pinna pectorales*; but it is with their strong muscular tails only that they and all the fishes shoot along with such inconceivable rapidity. It has been said that the eyes of fishes are immovable: but these apparently turn them forward or backward in their sockets as occasions require. They take little notice of a lighted candle, though applied close to their heads, but flounce and seem much frightened by a sudden stroke of the hand against the support whereon the bowl is hung; especially when they have been motionless, and are perhaps asleep. As fishes have no eye-lids, it is not easy to discern when they are sleeping or not, because their eyes are always open.

Nothing can be more amusing than a glass bowl containing such fishes; the double refractions of the glass and water represent them, when moving, in a shifting and changeable variety of dimensions, shades, and colours; while the two mediums, assisted by the concavo-convex shape of the vessel, magnify and distort them vastly; not to mention that the introduction of another element and its inhabitants into our parlours engages the fancy in a very agreeable manner.

Gold and silver fishes, though originally natives of China and Japan, yet are become so well reconciled to our climate as to thrive and multiply very fast in our ponds and stews. Linnæus ranks this species of fish under the genus of *Cyprinus*, or carp, and calls it *Cyprinus auratus*.

Some people exhibit this sort of fish in a very fanciful way; for they cause a glass bowl to be blown with a large hollow space within, that does not communicate with it. In this cavity they put a bird occasionally; so that you may see a goldfinch or a linnet hopping as it were in the midst of the water, and the fishes swimming in a circle round it. The simple exhibition of the fishes is agreeable and pleasant; but in so complicated a way becomes whimsical and unnatural, and liable to the objection due to him,

"Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam."

I am, &c.

## LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

October 10th, 1781.

DEAR SIR,—I think I have observed before that much of the most considerable part of the house-martins withdraw from hence about the first week in October; but that some, the latter broods I am now convinced, linger on till towards the middle of that month; and that at times, once perhaps in two or three years, a flight, for one day only, has shown itself in the first week in November.

Having taken notice in October, 1780, that the last flight was numerous, amounting perhaps to 150; and that the season was soft and still; I was resolved to pay uncommon attention to these late birds; to find, if possible, where they roosted, and to determine the precise time of their retreat. The mode of life of these latter *Hirundines* is very favourable to such a design; for they spend the whole day in the sheltered district, between me and the Hanger, sailing about in a placid, easy manner, and feasting on those insects which love to haunt a spot so secure from ruffling winds. As my principal object was to discover the place of their roosting, I took care to wait on them before they retired to rest, and was much pleased to find that for several evenings together, just at a quarter past five in the afternoon, they all scudded away in great haste towards the south-east, and darted down among the low shrubs above the cottages at the end of the hill. This spot in many respects seemed to be well calculated for their winter residence; for in many parts it is as steep as the roof of any house, and therefore secure from the annoyances of water; and it is moreover clothed with beechen shrubs, which, being stunted and bitten by sheep, make the thickest covert imaginable; and are so entangled as to be impervious to the smallest spaniel; besides, it is the nature of underwood beech never to cast its leaf all the winter; so that, with the leaves on the ground and those on the twigs, no shelter can be more complete. I watched them on the thirteenth and fourteenth of October, and found their evening retreat was exact and uniform; but after this they made no regular appearance. Now and then a straggler was seen; and on the twenty-second of October I observed two in the morning over the village, and with them my remarks for the season ended.

From all these circumstances put together, it is more than probable that this lingering flight, at so late a season of the year, never departed from the island. Had they indulged me that autumn with a November visit, as I much desired, I presume that, with proper assistants, I should have settled the matter past all doubt; but though the third of November was a sweet day, and in appearance exactly suited to my wishes, yet not a martin was to be seen; and so I was forced, reluctantly, to give up the pursuit.

I have only to add that were the bushes, which cover some acres, and

are not my own property, to be grubbed and carefully examined, probably those late broods, and perhaps the whole aggregate body of the house-martins of this district, might be found there, in different secret dormitories; and that, so far from withdrawing into warmer climes, it would appear that they never depart 300 yards from the village.

## LETTER LVI.

### TO THE SAME.

THEY who write on natural history cannot too frequently advert to instinct, that wonderful limited faculty, which, in some instances, raises the brute creation, as it were, above reason, and in others leaves them so far below it. Philosophers have defined instinct to be that secret influence by which every species is impelled naturally to pursue, at all times, the same way or track, without any teaching or example; whereas reason, without instruction, would often vary and do that by many methods which instinct effects by one alone. Now this maxim must be taken in a qualified sense; for there are instances in which instinct does vary and conform to the circumstances of place and convenience.

It has been remarked that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a school-boy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields, and woods, and wilds: but, in the villages round London, where mosses and gossamer, and cotton from vegetables are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is it so beautifully studded with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-martin is hemispheric; but where a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice, may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or compressed.

In the following instances instinct is perfectly uniform and consistent. There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch (*sitta Europa*.) which live much on hazel-nut; and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell in two with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, so regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular jagged hole with its bill: but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it, as it were, twice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice; when, standing over the perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the

chink of a gate-post where nut-hatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds had readily penetrated them. While at work they make a rapping noise that may be heard at a considerable distance.

You that understand both the theory and practical part of music may best inform us why harmony or melody should so strangely assist some men, as it were by recollection, for days after the concert is over. What I mean the following passage will most readily explain :—

“Præhabebat porio vocibus humanis, instrumentisque harmonicis musicam illam avium : non quod aliâ quoque non delectaretur : sed quod ex musicâ humanâ relinqueretur in animo continens quædam, attentionemque et somnum conturbans agitato ; dum ascensus, excensus, tenores, ac mutationes illæ sonorum, et consonantiarum euntque, redeuntque per phantasiam :—cum nihil tale relinqui possit ex modulationibus avium, quæ, quod non sunt perinde a nobis imitabiles, non possunt perinde internam facultatem commovere.”—*Gassendus in Vita Peiræskii.*

This curious quotation strikes me much by so well representing my own case, and by describing what I have so often felt, but never could so well express. When I hear fine music I am haunted with passages therefrom night and day ; and especially at first waking, which, by their importunity, give me more uneasiness than pleasure ; elegant lessons still tease my imagination, and recur irresistibly to my recollection at seasons, and even when I am desirous of thinking of more serious matters. I am, &c.

## LETTER LVII.

### TO THE SAME.

A RARE, and I think a new, little birds frequents my garden, which I have great reason to think is the pettichaps : it is common in some parts of the kingdom ; and I have received formerly several dead specimens from Gibraltar. This bird much resembles the whitethroat, but has a more white, or rather silvery, breast and belly ; is restless and active, like the willow-wrens, and hops from bough to bough, examining every part for food ; it also runs up the stems of the crown-imperials, and, putting its head into the bells of those flowers, sips the liquor which stands in the nectarium of each petal. Sometimes it feeds on the ground like the hedge-sparrow, by hopping about on the grass-plots and mown walks.

One of my neighbours, an intelligent and observing man, informs me that, in the beginning of May, and about ten minutes before eight o'clock in the evening, he discovered a great cluster of house-swallows, thirty, at least, he supposes, perching on a willow that hung over the verge of James Knight's upper pond. His attention was first drawn by the twittering of these birds, which sat motionless in a row on the bough, with their heads all one way, and, by their weight, pressing down the twig so that it nearly

touched the water. In this situation he watched them till he could see no longer. Repeated accounts of this sort, spring and fall, induce us greatly to suspect that house-swallows have some strong attachment to water, independent of the matter of food; and, though they may not retire into that element, yet they may conceal themselves in the banks of pools and rivers during the uncomfortable months of winter.

One of the keepers of Woolmer Forest sent me a peregrine falcon, which he shot on the verge of that district as it was devouring a wood-pigeon. The *falco peregrinus*, or haggard-falcon, is a noble species of hawk seldom seen in the southern counties. In winter 1767, one was killed in the neighbouring parish of Farringdon, and sent by me to Mr. Pennant into North Wales. Since that time I have met with none till now. The specimen mentioned above was in fine preservation, and not injured by the shot; it measured 42 inches from wing to wing, and 21 from beak to tail, and weighed 2½ pounds standing weight. This species is very robust, and wonderfully formed for rapine; its breast was plump and muscular; its thighs long, thick, and brawny; and its legs remarkably short and well set; the feet were armed with most formidable, sharp, long talons; the eyelids and cere of the bill were yellow; but the sides of the eyes dusky; the beak was thick and hooked, and of a dark colour, and had a jagged process near the end of the upper mandible on each side; its tail, or train, was short in proportion to the bulk of its body; yet the wings, when closed, did not extend to the end of the train. From its large and fair proportions it might be supposed to have been a female; but I was not permitted to cut open the specimen. For one of the birds of prey, which are usually lean, this was in high case; in its craw were many baileycorns, which probably came from the crop of the wood-pigeon, on which it was feeding when shot; for voracious birds do not eat grain, but when devouring their quarry, with undistinguishing vehemence swallow bones and feathers, and all matters, indiscriminately. This falcon was probably driven from the mountains of North Wales or Scotland, where they are known to breed, by rigorous weather and deep snows that had lately fallen.

I am, &c.

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#### LETTER LIX.

THE fossil wood buried in the bogs of Woolmer Forest is not yet all exhausted; for the peat-cutters now and then stumble upon a log. I have just seen a piece which was sent by a labourer of Oakhanger to a carpenter of this village; this was the butt-end of a small oak, about five feet long, and about five inches in diameter. It had apparently been severed from the ground by an axe, was very ponderous, and as black as ebony. Upon asking the carpenter for what purpose he had procured it, he told me that it was to be sent to his brother, a joiner at Farnham, who was to make use of it in cabinet-work, by inlaying it along with whiter woods.

Those that are much abroad on evenings after it is dark, in spring and summer, frequently hear a nocturnal bird passing by on the wing, and repeating often a short, quick note. This bird I have remarked myself, but never could make out till lately. I am assured now that it is the stone-curlew (*charadrius oedipnemus*). Some of them pass over or near my house almost every evening after it is dark, from the uplands of the hill and North Fields, away down towards Dorton, where, among the streams and meadows, they find a greater plenty of food. Birds that fly by night are obliged to be noisy; their notes often repeated become signals or watchwords to keep them together, that they may not stray or lose each the other in the dark.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day, they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the deity, that "He feedeth the ravens who call upon him."

I am, &c.

## LETTER LXI.

### TO THE SAME.

SINCE the weather of a district is undoubtedly part of its natural history, I shall make no further apology for the four following letters, which will contain many particulars concerning some of the great frosts, and a few respecting some very hot summers, that have distinguished themselves from the rest during the course of my observations.

As the frost in January, 1768, was, for the small time it lasted, the most severe that we had then known for many years, and was remarkably injurious to evergreens, some account of its rigour, and reason of its ravages, may be useful; and not unacceptable to persons that delight in planting and ornamenting; and may particularly become a work that professes never to lose sight of utility.

For the last two or three days of the former year there were considerable falls of snow, which lay deep and uniform on the ground without any

drifting, wrapping up the more humble vegetation in perfect security. From the first day to the fifth of the new year more snow succeeded ; but from that day the air became entirely clear, and the heat of the sun about noon had a considerable influence in sheltered situations.

It was in such an aspect that the snow on the author's evergreens was melted every day, and frozen intensely every night ; so that the laurustines, bays, laurels, and arbutuses looked, in three or four days, as if they had been burnt in the fire ; while a neighbour's plantation of the same kind, in a high cold situation, where the snow was never melted at all, remained uninjured.

From hence I would infer that it is the repeated melting and freezing of the snow that is so fatal to vegetation, rather than the severity of the cold. Therefore it highly behoves every planter, who wishes to escape the cruel mortification of losing in a few days the labour and hopes of years, to bestir himself on such emergencies ; and if his plantations are small, to avail himself of mats, cloths, pease-haum, straw, reeds, or any such covering, for a short time ; or, if his shrubberies are extensive, to see that his people go about with prongs and forks, and carefully dislodge the snow from the boughs : since the naked foliage will shift much better for itself, than where the snow is partly melted and frozen again.

It may perhaps appear at first like a paradox ; but doubtless the more tender trees and shrubs should never be planted in hot aspects ; not only for the reason assigned above, but also because, thus circumstanced, they are disposed to shoot earlier in the spring, and to grow on later in the autumn than they would otherwise do, and so are sufferers by lagging or early frosts. For this reason also plants from Siberia will hardly endure our climate ; because, on the very first advances of spring they shoot away, and so are cut off by the severe nights of March or April.

Dr. Fothergill and others have experienced the same inconvenience with respect to the more tender shrubs from North America, which they therefore plant under north walls. There should also perhaps be a wall to the east to defend them from the piercing blasts from that quarter.

This observation might without any impropriety be carried into animal life ; for discerning bee-masters now find that their hives should not in the winter be exposed to the hot sun, because such unseasonable warmth awakens the inhabitants too early from their slumbers ; and by putting their juices into motion too soon, subjects them afterwards to inconveniences when rigorous weather returns.

The coincidents attending this short but intense frost were, that the horses fell sick with an epidemic distemper, which injured the winds of many, and killed some ; that colds and coughs were general among the human species ; that it froze under people's beds for several nights ; that meat was so hard frozen that it could not be spitted, and could not be secured but in cellars ; that several redwings and thrushes were killed by the frost ; and that the large titmouse continued to pull straws lengthwise

from the eaves of thatched houses and barns in a most adroit manner for a purpose that has been explained already.

On the 3rd of January, Benjamin Martin's thermometer within doors, in a close parlour where there was no fire, fell in the night to  $20^{\circ}$ , and on the 4th, to  $18^{\circ}$ , and on the 7th, to  $17\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , a degree of cold which the owner never since saw in the same situation; and he regrets much that he was not able at that juncture to attend his instrument abroad. All this time the wind continued north and north-east; and yet on the 8th roost cocks, which had been silent, began to sound their clarions, and crows to clamour, as prognostic of milder weather; and, moreover, moles began to heave and work, and a manifest thaw took place. From the latter circumstance we may conclude that thaws often originate under ground from warm vapours which arise; else how should subterraneous animals receive such early intimations of their approach. Moreover, we have often observed that cold seems to descend from above; for when a thermometer hangs abroad in a frosty night, the intervention of a cloud shall immediately raise the mercury  $10^{\circ}$ ; and a clear sky shall again compel it to descend to its former gage.

And here it may be proper to observe, on what has been said above, that though frosts advance to their utmost severity by somewhat of a regular gradation, yet thaws do not usually come on us by as regular a declension of cold, but often take place immediately from intense freezing; as men in sickness often mend at once from a paroxysm.

To the great credit of Portugal laurels and American junipers, be it remembered that they remained untouched amidst the general havoc: hence men should learn to ornament chiefly with such trees as are able to withstand accidental severities, and not subject themselves to the vexation of a loss which may befall them once perhaps in ten years, yet may hardly be recovered through the whole course of their lives.

As it appeared afterwards, the *illexes* were much injured, the cypresses were half destroyed, the *arbutuses* lingered on, but never recovered; and the bays, *laurustines*, and laurels were killed to the ground; and the very wild hollies, in hot aspects, were so much affected that they cast all their leaves.

By the 14th of January the snow was entirely gone; the turnips emerged not damaged at all, save in sunny places; the wheat looked delicately, and the garden plants were well preserved; for snow is the most kindly mantle that infant vegetation can be wrapped in: were it not for that friendly meteor no vegetable life could exist at all in northerly regions. Yet in Sweden the earth in April is not divested of snow for more than a fortnight before the face of the country is covered with flowers.



LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

As the frost in December 1784 was very extraordinary, you, I trust, will not be displeased to hear the particulars; and especially when I promise to say no more about the severities of winter after I have finished this letter.

We had steady frost on to the 25th when the thermometer in the morning was down to 10° with us, and at Newton only to 21°. Strong frost continued till the 31st, when some tendency to thaw was observed; and, by January the 3rd, 1785, the thaw was confirmed, and some rain fell.

A circumstance that I must not omit, because it was new to us, is, that on Friday, December the 10th, being bright sunshine, the air was full of icy *spicula*, floating in all directions, like atoms in a sunbeam let into a dark room. We thought them at first particles of the rime falling from my tall hedges; but were soon convinced to the contrary, by making our observations in open places where no rime could reach us. Were they watery particles of the air frozen as they floated, or were they evaporations from the snow frozen as they mounted?

We were much obliged to the thermometers for the early information they gave us; and hurried our apples, pears, onions, potatoes, &c., into the cellar, and warm closets; while those who had not, or neglected such warnings, lost all their store of roots and fruits, and had their very bread and cheese frozen.

I must not omit to tell you that, during these two Siberian days, my parlour cat was so electric, that had a person stroked her, and been properly insulated, the shock might have been given to a whole circle of people.

I forgot to mention before, that, during the two severe days, two men, who were tracing hares in the snow, had their feet frozen; and two men, who were much better employed, had their fingers so affected by the frost while they were thrashing in a barn, that a mortification followed, from which they did not recover for many weeks.

This frost killed all the furze and most of the ivy, and in many places stripped the hollies of all their leaves. It came at a very early time of the year, before old November ended; and yet may be allowed from its effects to have exceeded any since 1730-40.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

As the effects of heat are seldom very remarkable in the northerly climate of England, where the summers are often so defective in warmth and sunshine as not to ripen the fruits of the earth so well as might be wished, I shall be more concise in my account of the severity of a summer season, and

so make a little amends for the prolix account of the degrees of cold, and the inconveniences that we suffered from some late rigorous winters.

The summers of 1781 and 1783 were unusually hot and dry; to them therefore I shall turn back in my journals, without recurring to any more distant period. In the former of these years my peach and nectarine trees suffered so much from the heat that the rind on the bodies was scalded and came off; since which the trees have been in a decaying state. This may prove a hint to assiduous gardeners to fence and shelter their wall-trees with mats or boards, as they may easily do, because such annoyance is seldom of long continuance. During that summer, also, I observed that my apples were coddled, as it were, on the trees; so that they had no quickness of flavour, and would not keep in the winter. This circumstance put me in mind of what I heard travellers assert, that they never ate a good apple or apricot in the south of Europe, where the heats were so great as to render the juices vapid and insipid.

The great pests of a garden are wasps, which destroy all the finer fruits just as they are coming into perfection. In 1781 we had none; in 1783 there were myriads; which would have devoured all the produce of my garden, had not we set the boys to take the nests, and caught thousands with hazel-twigs tipped with bird lime: we have since employed the boys to take and destroy the large breeding wasps in the spring. Such expedients have a great effect on these marauders, and will keep them under. Though wasps do not abound but in hot summers, yet they do not prevail in every hot summer, as I have instanced in the two years above mentioned.

In the sultry season of 1783, honey-dews were so frequent as to deface and destroy the beauties of my garden. My honeysuckles, which were one week the most sweet and lovely objects that the eye could behold, became the next the most loathsome, being enveloped in a vicious substance, and loaded with black aphides, or smother-flies. The occasion of this clammy appearance seems to be this, that in hot weather the effluvia of flowers in fields and meadows and gardens are drawn up in the day by a brisk evaporation, and then in the night fall down again with the dews, in which they are entangled; that the air is strongly scented, and therefore impregnated with the particles of flowers in summer weather, our senses will inform us: and that this clammy sweet substance is of the vegetable kind we may learn from bees, to whom it is very grateful: and we may be assured that it falls in the night, because it is always first seen in warm still mornings.

On chalky and sandy soils, and in the hot villages about London, the thermometer has been often observed to mount as high as 83° or 84°; but with us, in this hilly and woody district, I have hardly ever seen it exceed 80°; nor does it often arrive at that pitch. The reason, I conclude, is that our dense clayey soil, so much shaded by trees, is not so easily heated through as those above mentioned: and, besides, our mountains cause currents of air and breezes; and the vast effluvia from our woodlands temper and moderate our heats.

LETTER. LXV.

TO THE SAME.

THE summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze, or smoky fog, that prevailed for many weeks in this island, and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23rd to July 20th inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun, at noon, looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rust-coloured ferruginous light on the ground, and floors of rooms; but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. All the time the heat was so intense that butchers' meat could hardly be eaten on the day after it was killed; and the flies swarmed so in the lanes and hedges that they rendered the horses half frantic, and riding irksome. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red, louring aspect of the sun; and indeed there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive; for, all the while, Calabria and part of the isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes: and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway. On this occasion, Milton's noble simile of the sun, in his first book of "Paradise Lost," frequently occurred to my mind; and it is indeed particularly applicable, because, towards the end, it alludes to a superstitious kind of dread, with which the minds of men are always impressed by such strange and unusual phenomena:—

"——— As when the sun, new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs——"

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

WE are very seldom annoyed with thunder-storms: and it is no less remarkable than true, that those which arise in the south have hardly been known to reach this village; for, before they get over us, they take a direction to the east or to the west, or sometimes divide in two, go in part to one of those quarters, and in part to the other; as was truly the case in summer 1783 when, though the country round was continually harassed with tempests, and often from the south, yet we escaped them all, as appears

by my journal of that summer. The only way that I can at all account for this fact—for such it is—is that, on that quarter, between us and the sea there are continual mountains, hill behind hill, such as Nore Hill, the Barnet, Butser Hill, and Portsdown, which somehow divert the storms, and give them a different direction. High promontories, and elevated grounds, have always been observed to attract clouds and disarm them of their mischievous contents, which are discharged into the trees and summits as soon as they come in contact with those turbulent meteors; while the humble vales escape, because they are so far beneath them.

But, when I say I do not remember a thunder-storm from the south, I do not mean that we never have suffered from thunder-storms at all; for on June 5th, 1784, the thermometer in the morning being at 64°, and at noon at 70°, the barometer at 29.6½°, and the wind north, I observed a blue mist, smelling strongly of sulphur, hanging along our sloping woods, and seeming to indicate that thunder was at hand. I was called in about two in the afternoon, and so missed seeing the gathering of the clouds in the north; which they who were abroad assured me had something uncommon in its appearance. At about a quarter after two the storm began in the parish of Hartley, moving slowly from north to south; and from thence it came over Norton Farm, and so to Grange Farm, both in this parish. It began with vast drops of rain, which were soon succeeded by round hail, and then by convex pieces of ice, which measured 3 inches in girth. Had it been as extensive as it was violent, and of any continuance (for it was very short), it must have ravaged all the neighbourhood. In the parish of Hartley it did some damage to one farm; but Norton, which lay in the centre of the storm, was greatly injured; as was Grange, which lay next to it. It did but just reach to the middle of the village, where the hail broke my north windows, and all my garden-lights and hand-glasses, and many of my neighbour's windows. The extent of the storm was about two miles in length and one in breadth. We were just sitting down to dinner; but were soon diverted from our repast by the clattering of tiles and the jingling of glass. There fell at the same time prodigious torrents of rain on the farms above mentioned, which occasioned a flood as violent as it was sudden; doing great damage to the meadows and fallows, by deluging the one and washing away the soil of the other. The hollow lane towards Alton was so torn and disordered as not to be passable till mended, rocks being removed that weighed 2 cwt. Those that saw the effect which the great hail had on ponds and pools say that the dashing of the water made an extraordinary appearance, the froth and spray standing up in the air 3 feet above the surface. The rushing and roaring of the hail, as it approached, was truly tremendous.

Though the clouds at South Lambeth, near London, were at that juncture thin and light, and no storm was in sight, nor within hearing, yet the air was strongly electric; for the bells of an electric machine at that place rang repeatedly, and fierce sparks were discharged.

When I first took the present work in hand I proposed to have added an "Annus Historico-naturalis, or the Natural History of the Twelve Months of the Year ;" which would have comprised many incidents and occurrences that have not fallen in my way to be mentioned in my series of letters ; but, as Mr. Aiken of Warrington has lately published somewhat of this sort, and as the length of my correspondence has sufficiently put your patience to the test, I shall here take a respectful leave of you and natural history together, and am,

With all due deference and regard,  
Your most obliged and most humble servant,

GIL. WHITE.

SELBORNE, June 25th, 1787.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS PARTS OF NATURE.

FROM MR. WHITE'S MSS., WITH REMARKS BY MR. MARKWICK.

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### OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS IN GENERAL.—In severe weather, fieldfares, redwings, skylarks, and tit-larks, resort to watered meadows for food ; the latter wades up to its belly in pursuit of the pupæ of insects, and runs along upon the floating grass and weeds. Many gnats are on the snow near the water ; these support the birds in part.

Birds are much influenced in their choice of food by colour, for though white currents are a much sweeter fruit than red, yet they seldom touch the former till they have devoured every bunch of the latter.

Redstarts, fly-catchers, and black-caps, arrive early in April. If these little delicate beings are birds of passage (as we have reason to suppose they are, because they are never seen in winter), how could they, feeble as they seem, bear up against such storms of snow and rain, and make their way through such meteorous turbulences, as one should suppose would embarrass and retard the most hardy and resolute of the winged nation ? Yet they keep their appointed times and seasons ; and in spite of frosts and winds return to their stations periodically as if they had met with nothing to obstruct them. The withdrawing and appearance of the short-winged summer birds is a very puzzling circumstance in natural history.

When the boys bring me wasps' nests, my bantam fowls fare deliciously, and when the combs are pulled to pieces, devour the young wasps in their maggot state with the highest glee and delight. Any insect-eating bird would do the same ; and therefore I have often wondered that the accurate Mr. Ray should call one species of buzzard *butor apivorus sive vespihorus*, or the *honey buzzard*, because some combs of wasps happened to be found in one of their nests. The combs were conveyed thither

doubtless for the sake of the maggots or nymphs, and not for their honey, since none is to be found in the combs of wasps. Birds of prey occasionally feed on insects; thus have I seen a tame kite picking up the female ants full of eggs, with much satisfaction.—WHITE.

That redstarts, fly-catchers, black-caps, and other slender-billed insectivorous small birds, particularly the swallow-tribe, make their first appearance very early in the spring, is a well-known fact; though the fly-catcher is the latest of them all in its visit (as this accurate naturalist observes in another place), for it is never seen before the month of May. If these delicate creatures come to us from a distant country, they will probably be exposed in their passage, as Mr. White justly remarks, to much greater difficulties from storms and tempests, than their feeble powers appear to be able to surmount: on the other hand, if we suppose them to pass the winter in a dormant state in this country, concealed in caverns or other hiding-places sufficiently guarded from the extreme cold of our winter to preserve their life, and that at the approach of spring they revive from their torpid state and reassume their usual powers of action, it will entirely remove the first difficulty, arising from the storms and tempests they are liable to meet with in their passage; but how are we to get over the still greater difficulty of their revivification from their torpid state?

What degree of warmth in the temperature of the air is necessary to produce that effect, and how it operates on the functions of animal life, are questions not easily answered.

How could Mr. White suppose that Ray named this species the honey buzzard, because it fed on honey, when he not only named it in Latin *buteo apivorus* et *vespivorus*, but expressively says that "it feeds on insects, and brings up its young with the maggots or nymphs of wasps?"

That birds of prey, when in want of their proper food, flesh, sometimes feed on insects I have little doubt, and I think I have observed the common buzzard, *falco buteo*, to settle on the ground and pick up insects of some kind or other.—MARKWICK.

ROOKS.—Rooks are continually fighting, and pulling each other's nests to pieces: these proceedings are inconsistent with living in such close community. And yet if a pair offer to build on a single tree, the nest is plundered and demolished at once. Some rooks roost on their nest trees. The twigs which the rooks drop in building supply the poor with brushwood to light their fires. Some unhappy pairs are not permitted to finish any nest till the rest have completed their building. As soon as they get a few sticks together, a party comes and demolishes the whole. As soon as rooks have finished their nests, and before they lay, the cocks begin to feed the hens, who receive their bounty with a fondling tremulous voice and fluttering wings, and all the little blandishments that are expressed by the young, while in a helpless state. This gallant deportment of the males is continued through the whole season of incubation.

tion. These birds do not copulate on trees, nor in their nests, but on the ground in the open fields.—WHITE.

After the first brood of rooks are sufficiently fledged, they all leave their nest trees in the day-time, and resort to some distant place in search of food, but return regularly every evening, in vast flights, to their nest trees, where, after flying round several times with much noise and clamour till they are all assembled together, they take up their abode for the night.—MARKWICK.

**THRUSHES.**—Thrushes during long droughts are of great service in hunting out shell snails, which they pull to places for their young, and are thereby very serviceable in gardens. Missel thrushes do not destroy the fruit in gardens like the other species of turdi, but feed on the berries of mistletoe, and in the spring on ivy berries, which then begin to ripen. In the summer, when their young become fledged, they leave neighbourhoods, and retire to sheep-walks and wild commons.

The magpies, when they have young, destroy the broods of missel thrushes, though the dams are fierce birds, and fight boldly in defence of their nests. It is probably to avoid such insults that this species of thrush, though wild at other times, delights to build near houses, and in frequented walks and gardens.—WHITE.

Of the truth of this I have been an eye-witness, having seen the common thrush feeding on the shell snail.

In the very early part of this spring (1797) a bird of this species used to sit every morning on the top of some high elms close by my windows, and delight me with its charming song, attracted thither probably by some ripe ivy berries that grew near the place.

I have remarked something like the latter fact, for I remember, many years ago, seeing a pair of these birds fly up repeatedly and attack some larger bird, which I suppose disturbed their nest in my orchard, uttering at the same time violent shrieks. Since writing the above, I have seen more than once a pair of these birds attack some magpies that had disturbed their nest, with great violence and loud shrieks.—MARKWICK.

**POULTRY.**—Many creatures are endowed with a ready discernment to see what will turn to their own advantage and emolument: and often discover more sagacity than could be expected. Thus my neighbour's poultry watch for waggons loaded with wheat, and running after them, pick up a number of grains which are shaken from the sheaves by the agitation of the carriages. Thus, when my brother used to take down his gun to shoot sparrows, his cats would run out before him, to be ready to catch up the birds as they fell.

The earnest and early propensity of the gallinæ to roost on high is very observable, and discovers a strong dread impressed on their spirits respecting vermin that may annoy them on the ground during the hours of darkness. Hence poultry, if left to themselves and not housed, will perch the winter through on yew-trees and fir-trees; and turkeys and guinea fowls,

heavy as they are, get up into apple-trees; pheasants also in woods sleep on trees to avoid foxes; while pea-fowls climb to the tops of the highest trees round their owner's house for security, let the weather be ever so cold or blowing. Partridges, it is true, roost on the ground, not having the faculty of perching; but then the same fear prevails in their minds; for through apprehension from pole-cats and stoats, they never trust themselves to coverts, but nestle together in the midst of large fields, far removed from hedges and coppices, which they love to haunt in the day, and where at that season they can skulk more secure from the ravages of rapacious birds.

As to ducks and geese, their awkward splay web-feet forbid them to settle on trees: they therefore, in the hours of darkness and danger, betake themselves to their own element the water, where, amidst large lakes and pools, like ships riding at anchor, they float the whole night long in peace and security -- WHITE.

Guinea fowls not only roost on high, but in hard weather resort, even in the day-time, to the very tops of the highest trees. Last winter, when the ground was covered with snow, I discovered all my guinea fowls, in the middle of the day, sitting on the highest boughs of some very tall elms, chattering and making a great clamour: I ordered them to be driven down lest they should be frozen to death in so elevated a situation, but this was not effected without much difficulty: they being very unwilling to quit their lofty abode, notwithstanding one of them had its feet so much frozen that we were obliged to kill it. I know not how to account for this, unless it was occasioned by their aversion to the snow on the ground, they being birds that come originally from a hot climate.

Notwithstanding the awkward splay web-feet (as Mr. White calls them) of the duck genus, some of the foreign species have the power of settling on the boughs of trees, apparently with great ease; an instance of which I have seen in the Earl of Ashburnham's menagerie, where the summer duck, *anas sponsa*, flew up, and settled on the branch of an oak-tree in my presence: but whether any of them roost on trees in the night, we are not informed by any author that I am acquainted with. I suppose not, but that, like the rest of the genus, they sleep on the water, where the birds of this genus are not always perfectly secure, as will appear from the following circumstance which happened in this neighbourhood a few years since, as I was credibly informed. A female fox was found in the morning drowned in the same pond in which were several geese, and it was supposed that in the night the fox swam into the pond to devour the geese, but was attacked by the gander, which, being most powerful in its own element, buffeted the fox with its wings about the head till it was drowned. — MARKWICK.

HEN PARTRIDGE. — A hen partridge came out of a ditch, and ran along chivering with her wing, and crying out as if wounded and unable to get from us. While the dam acted this distress, the boy who attended



me saw her brood, that was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. So wonderful a power is instinct.—WHITE.

It is not uncommon to see an old partridge feign itself wounded and run along on the ground fluttering and crying before either dog or man, to draw them away from its helpless unfledged young ones. I have seen it often, and once in particular I saw a remarkable instance of the old bird's solicitude to save its brood. As I was hunting a young pointer, the dog ran on a brood of very small partridges: the old bird cried, fluttered, and ran tumbling along just before the dog's nose till she had drawn him to a considerable distance, when she took wing, and flew still farther off, but not out of the field: on this the dog returned to me, near which place the young ones lay concealed in the grass, which the old bird no sooner perceived than she flew back again to us, settled just before the dog's nose again, and by rolling and tumbling about, drew off his attention from her young, and thus preserved her brood a second time. I have also seen, when a kite has been hovering over a covey of young partridges, the old birds fly up at the bird, screaming and fighting with all their might to preserve their brood.—MARKWICK.

Mr. Latham observes that "pea-hens, after they have done laying, sometimes assume the plumage of the male bird," and has given a figure of the male-feathered pea-hen now to be seen in the Leverian Museum; and M. Salerne remarks, that "the hen pheasant, when she has done laying and sitting, will get the plumage of the male." May not this hybrid pheasant (as Mr. White calls it) be a bird of this kind? that is, an old hen pheasant which has just begun to assume the plumage of the cock.—MARKWICK.

LAND-RAIL.—A man brought me a land-rail or daker-hen, a bird so rare in this district, that we seldom see more than one or two in a season, and those only in autumn. This is deemed a bird of passage by all the writers; yet from its formation, seems to be poorly qualified for migration; for its wings are short, and placed so forward, and out of the centre of gravity, that it flies in a very heavy and embarrassed manner, with its legs hanging down; and can hardly be sprung a second time, as it runs very fast, and seems to depend more on the swiftness of its feet than on its flying.

When we came to draw it, we found the entrails so soft and tender in appearance, they might have been dressed like the ropes of a woodcock. The craw or crop was small and lank, containing a mucus; the gizzard thick and strong, and filled with small shell snails, some whole, and many ground to pieces through the attrition which is occasioned by the muscular force and motion of that intestine. We saw no gravels among the food: perhaps the shell snails might perform the functions of gravels or pebbles, and might grind one another. Land-rails used to abound formerly, I remember, in the low wet bean-fields of Christian Malford in North Wilts,

and in the meadows near Paradise Gardens at Oxford, where I have often heard them cry *crex, crex*. The bird mentioned above weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ounces, was fat and tender, and in flavour like the flesh of a woodcock. The liver was very large and delicate.—WHITE.

Land-rails are more plentiful with us than in the neighbourhood of Selborne. I have found four brace in an afternoon, and a friend of mine lately shot nine in two adjoining fields; but I never saw them in any other season than the autumn.

That it is a bird of passage there can be little doubt, though Mr. White thinks it poorly qualified for migration, on account of the wings being short, and not placed in the exact centre of gravity; how that may be I cannot say, but I know that its heavy sluggish flight is not owing to its inability of flying faster, for I have seen it fly very swiftly, although in general its actions are sluggish. Its unwillingness to rise proceeds, I imagine, from its sluggish disposition, and its great timidity, for it will sometimes squat so close to the ground as to suffer itself to be taken up by the hand, rather than rise; and yet it will at times run very fast.

What Mr. White remarks respecting the small shell snails found in its gizzard, confirms my opinion, that it frequents corn fields, seed clover, and brakes or fern, more for the sake of snails, slugs, and other insects which abound in such places, than for the grain or seeds; and that it is entirely an insectivorous bird.—MARKWICK.

FOOD OF THE RING-DOVE.—One of my neighbours shot a ring-dove on an evening as it was returning from feed and going to roost. When his wife had picked and diawn it, she found its craw stuffed with the most nice and tender tops of turnips. These she washed and boiled, and so sat down to a choice and delicate plate of greens, culled and provided in this extraordinary manner.

Hence we may see that graminivorous birds, when grain fails, can subsist on the leaves of vegetables. There is reason to suppose that they would not long be healthy without; for turkeys, though corn fed, delight in a variety of plants, such as cabbage, lettuce, endive, &c., and poultry pick much glass; while geese live for months together on commons by grazing alone.

"Nought is uselese made:————

———— On the barren heath

The shepherd tends his flock that daily crop

Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf

Sufficient: after them the crackling goose,

Close-grazier, finds wherewith to ease her want."

PHILIP'S *Cyder*.

WHITE.

That many graminivorous birds feed also on the herbage or leaves of plants, there can be no doubt; partridges and larks frequently feed on the green leaves of turnips, which give a peculiar flavour to their flesh that is to me very palatable; the flavour also of wild ducks and geese greatly

depends on the nature of their food; and their flesh frequently contracts a rank unpleasant taste from their having lately fed on strong marshy aquatic plants, as I suppose.

That the leaves of vegetables are wholesome and conducive to the health of birds seems probable, for many people fat their ducks and turkeys with the leaves of lettuce chopped small.—MARKWICK.

HEN-HARRIER.—A neighbouring gentleman sprung a pheasant in a wheat stubble, and shot at it; when, notwithstanding the report of the gun, it was immediately pursued by the blue hawk, known by the name of the hen-harrier, but escaped into some cover. He then sprung a second and a third in the same field, that got away in the same manner; the hawk hovering round him all the while that he was beating the field, conscious, no doubt, of the game that lurked in the stubble. Hence we may conclude that this bird of prey was rendered very daring and bold by hunger, and that hawks cannot always seize their game when they please. We may farther observe that they cannot pounce their quarry on the ground, where it might be able to make a stout resistance, since so large a fowl as a pheasant could not but be visible to the piercing eye of a hawk when hovering over the field. Hence that propensity of cowering and squatting till they are almost trod on, which no doubt was intended as a mode of security, though long rendered destructive to the whole race of gallinæ by the invention of nets and guns.—WHITE.

Of the great boldness and rapacity of birds of prey when urged on by hunger I have seen several instances, particularly when shooting in the winter, in company with two friends, a woodcock flew across us, closely pursued by a small hawk; we all three fired at the woodcock instead of the hawk, which, notwithstanding the report of three guns close by it, continued its pursuit of the woodcock, struck it down, and carried it off, as we afterwards discovered.

At another time, when partridge-shooting with a friend, we saw a ring-tail hawk rise out of a pit with some large bird in its claws; though at a great distance, we both fired, and obliged it to drop its prey, which proved to be one of the partridges which we were in pursuit of; and lastly, in an evening, I shot at and plainly saw that I had wounded a partridge, but it being late, was obliged to go home without finding it again. The next morning I walked round my land without any gun, but a favourite old spaniel followed my heels. When I came near the field where I wounded the bird the evening before, I heard the partridges call, and seeming to be much disturbed. On my approaching the bar-way they all rose, some on my right and some on my left hand, and just before and over my head I perceived (though indistinctly, from the extreme velocity of their motion) two birds fly directly against each other, when instantly, to my great astonishment, down dropped a partridge at my feet; the dog immediately seized it, and on examination I found the blood flow very fast from a fresh wound in the head, but there was some dry

clotted blood on its wings and side, whence I concluded that a hawk had singled out my wounded bird as the object of his prey, and had struck it down the instant that my approach had obliged the birds to rise on the wing; but the space between the hedges was so small, and the motion of the birds so instantaneous and quick, that I could not distinctly observe the operation.—MARKWICK.

**GREAT SPECKLED DIVER, OR LOON.**—As one of my neighbours was traversing Wolmer Forest from Bramshot across the moors, he found a large uncommon bird fluttering in the heath, but not wounded, which he brought home alive. On examination it proved to be *Colymbus glacialis*, Linn., the great speckled diver or loon, which is most excellently described in Willughby's Ornithology.

Every part and proportion of this bird is so incomparably adapted to its mode of life, that in no instance do we see the wisdom of God in the creation to more advantage. The head is sharp and smaller than the part of the neck adjoining, in order that it may pierce the water; the wings are placed forward, and out of the centre of gravity, for a purpose which shall be noticed hereafter; the thighs quite at the podex, in order to facilitate diving; and the legs are flat, and as sharp backwards almost as the edge of a knife, that in striking they may easily cut the water; while the feet are palmated, and broad for swimming, yet so folded up when advanced forward to take a fresh stroke as to be full as narrow as the shank. The two exterior toes of the feet are longest; the nails flat and broad, resembling the human, which give strength and increase the power of swimming. The foot, when expanded, is not at right angles to the leg or body of the bird; but the exterior part inclining towards the head forms an acute angle with the body, the intention being not to give motion in the line of the legs themselves, but by the combined impulse of both in an intermediate line—the line of the body.

Most people know, that have observed at all, that the swimming of birds is nothing more than a walking in the water, where one foot succeeds the other as on the land; yet no one, as far as I am aware, has remarked that diving fowls, while under water, impel and row themselves forward by a motion of their wings, as well as by the impulse of their feet; but such is really the case, as any person may easily be convinced who will observe ducks when hunted by dogs in a clear pond. Nor do I know that any one has given a reason why the wings of diving fowls are placed so forward; doubtless not for the purpose of promoting their speed in flying, since that position certainly impedes it; but probably for the increase of their motion under water, by the use of four oars instead of two; yet, were the wings and feet nearer together, as in land-birds, they would, when in action, rather hinder than assist one another.

This colymbus was of considerable bulk, weighing only 3 drachms short of 3 lbs. avoirdupois. It measured in length from the bill to the tail (which was very short) 2 feet, and to the extremities of the toes 4 inches

more ; and the breadth of the wings, expanded, was 42 inches. A person attempted to eat the body, but found it very strong and rancid, as is the flesh of all birds living on fish. Divers or loons, though bred in the most northerly parts of Europe, yet are seen with us in very severe winters ; and on the Thames they are called sprat loons, because they prey much on that sort of fish.

The legs of the *colymbi* and *mergi* are placed so very backward, and so out of all centre of gravity, that these birds cannot walk at all. They are called by Linnæus *compedes*, because they move on the ground as if shackled or fettered.—WHITE.

This bird, which Mr. White calls the smallest willow-wren or chiff-chaff, makes its appearance very early in spring, and is very common with us, but I cannot make out the three different species of willow-wrens which he assures us he has discovered. Ever since the publication of his "History of Selborne" I have used my utmost endeavours to discover his three birds, but hitherto without success. I have frequently shot the bird which "haunts only the tops of trees, and makes a sibilous noise," even in the very act of uttering that sibilous note, but it always proved to be the common willow-wren or his chiff-chaff. In short, I never could discover more than one species, unless my greater petty-chaps, *Sylvia hortensis* of Latham, is his greatest willow-wren.—MARKWICK

FERN-OWL, OR GOAT-SUCKER.—The country people have a notion that the fern-owl, or churn-owl, or eve-jarr, which they also call a puckeridge, is very injurious to weanling calves, by inflicting as it strikes at them, the fatal distemper known to cow-leeches by the name of puckeridge. Thus does this harmless, ill-fated bird fall under a double imputation which it by no means deserves—in Italy, of sucking the teats of goats, whence it is called *caprimulgus* ; and with us, of communicating a deadly disorder to cattle. But the truth of the matter is, the malady above mentioned is occasioned by the *Oestrus bovis*, a dipterous insect, which lays its eggs along the chine of kine, where the maggots, when hatched, eat their way through the hide of the beast into the flesh, and grow to a very large size. I have just talked with a man who says he has more than once stripped calves who have died of the puckeridge ; that the ail or complaint lay along the chine, where the flesh was much swelled, and filled with purulent matter. Once I myself saw a large rough maggot of this sort squeezed out of the back of a cow.

These maggots in Essex are called wornils.

The least observation and attention would convince men that these birds neither injure the goatherd nor the grazier, but are perfectly harmless, and subsist alone, being night birds, on night insects, such as *Scarabei* and *Phalænæ* ; and through the month of July mostly on the *Scarabeus solstitialis*, which in many districts abounds at that season. Those that we have opened, have always had their craws stuffed with large night moths and their eggs, and pieces of chaffers ; nor does it anywise appear how

they can, weak and unarmed as they seem, inflict any harm upon kine, unless they possess the powers of animal magnetism and can affect them by fluttering over them.

A fern-owl this evening (August 27) showed off in a very unusual and entertaining manner, by hawking round and round the circumference of my great spreading oak for twenty times following, keeping mostly close to the grass, but occasionally glancing up amidst the boughs of the tree. This amusing bird was then in pursuit of a brood of some particular phalæna belonging to the oak, of which there are several sorts; and exhibited on the occasion a command of wing superior, I think, to that of the swallow itself.

When a person approaches the haunt of fern-owls in an evening, they continue flying round the head of the obtruder; and by striking their wings together above their backs, in the manner that the pigeons called smiters are known to do, make a smart snap; perhaps at that time they are jealous for their young, and their noise and gesture are intended by way of menace.

Fern-owls have attachment to oaks, no doubt on account of food; for the next evening we saw one again several times among the boughs of the same tree; but it did not skim round its stem over the grass, as on the evening before. In May these birds find the *Scarabæus melolontha* on the oak, and the *Scarabæus solstitialis* at mid-summer. These peculiar birds can only be watched and observed for two hours in the twenty-four; and then in dubious twilight an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.

On this day (July 14, 1789) a woman brought me two eggs of a fern-owl or evening-jarr, which she found on the verge of the Hanger, to the left of the hermitage, under a beechen shrub. This person, who lives just at the foot of the Hanger, seems well acquainted with these nocturnal swallows, and says she has often found their eggs near that place, and that they lay only two at a time on the bare ground. The eggs were oblong, dusky, and streaked somewhat in the manner of the plumage of the parent bird and were equal in size at each end. The dam was sitting on the eggs when found, which contained the rudiments of young, and would have been hatched perhaps in a week. From hence we may see the time of their breeding, which corresponds pretty well with that of the swift, as does also the period of their arrival. Each species is usually seen about the beginning of May. Each breeds but once in a summer; each lays only two eggs.

July 4, 1790. The woman who brought me two fern-owl's eggs last year on July 14, on this day produced me two more, one of which had been laid this morning, as appears plainly, because there was only one in the nest the evening before. They were found, as last July, on the verge of the down above the hermitage under a beechen shrub, on the naked ground. Last year those eggs were full of young, just ready to be hatched.

These circumstances point out the exact time when these curious nocturnal migratory birds lay their eggs and hatch their young. Fern-owls, like snipes, stone-curlews, and some other birds, make no nest. Birds that build on the ground do not make much of nests.—WHITE.

No author that I am acquainted with has given so accurate and pleasing an account of the manners and habits of the goat-sucker as Mr. White, taken entirely from his own observations. Its being a nocturnal bird has prevented my having many opportunities of observing it. I suspect that it passes the day in concealment amidst the dark and shady gloom of deep-wooded dells, or as they are called here gills; having more than once seen it roused from such solitary places by my dogs, when shooting in the daytime. I have also sometimes seen it in an evening, but not long enough to take notice of its habits and manners. I have never seen it but in the summer, between the months of May and September.—MARKWICK.

**SWALLOWS, CONGREGATING AND DISAPPEARANCE OF.**—During the severe winds that often prevail late in the spring it is not easy to say how the hirundines subsist; for they withdraw themselves, and are hardly ever seen, nor do any insects appear for their support. That they can retire to rest and sleep away these uncomfortable periods, as bats do, is a matter rather to be suspected than proved; or do they not rather spend their time in deep and sheltered vales near waters where insects are more likely to be found? Certain it is, that hardly any individuals of this genus have at such times been seen for several days together.

September 13, 1791. The congregating flocks of hirundines on the church and tower are very beautiful and amusing. When they fly off together from the roof, on any alarm, they quite swarm in the air. But they soon settle in heaps, and preening their feathers, and lifting up their wings to admit the sun, seem highly to enjoy the warm situation. Thus they spend the heat of the day preparing for their emigration, and, as it were, consulting when and where they are to go. The flight about the church seems to consist chiefly of house-martins, about 400 in number; but there are other places of rendezvous about the village frequented at the same time.

It is remarkable that though most of them sit on the battlements and roof, yet many hang or cling for some time by their claws against the surface of the walls, in a manner not practised by them at any other time of their remaining with us.

The swallows seem to delight more in holding their assemblies on trees.

November 3, 1789. Two swallows were seen this morning at Newton vicarage-house, hovering and settling on the roofs and out-buildings. None have been observed at Selborne since October 11. It is very remarkable that after the hirundines have disappeared for some weeks, a few are occasionally seen again; sometimes in the first week in November, and that only for one day. Do they not withdraw and slumber in some

hiding place in the interval? For we cannot suppose they had emigrate to warmer climes and so returned again for one day. Is it not more probable that they are awakened from sleep, and, like the bats, are come forth to collect a little food? Bats appear at all seasons through the autumn and spring months, when the thermometer is at 50, because then phalænæ and moths are stirring.

These swallows looked like young ones.—WHITE.

Of their migration the proofs are such as will scarcely admit of a doubt. Sir Charles Wager and Captain Wright saw vast flocks of them at sea, when on their passage from one country to another. Our author, Mr. White, saw what he deemed the actual migration of these birds, and which he has described in his "History of Selborne;" and of their congregating together on the roofs of churches and other buildings, and on trees, previous to their departure, many instances occur; particularly I once observed a large flock of house-martins on the roof of the church here at Catsfield, which acted exactly in the manner here described by Mr. White, sometimes preening their feathers and spreading their wings to the sun, and then flying off all together, but soon returning to their former situation. The greatest part of these birds seem to be young ones.

—MARKWICK.

WAGTAILS.—While the cows are feeding in the moist low pastures, broods of wagtails, white and grey, run round them, close up to their noses, and under their very bellies, availing themselves of the flies that settle on their legs, and probably finding worms and *larvæ* that are roused by the trampling of their feet. Nature is such an economist that the most incongruous animals can avail themselves of each other.

Interest makes strange friendships.—WHITE.

Birds continually avail themselves of particular and unusual circumstances to procure their food; thus wagtails keep playing about the noses and legs of cattle as they feed, in quest of flies and other insects which abound near those animals; and great numbers of them will follow close to the plough to devour the worms, &c., that are turned up by that instrument. The redbreast attends the gardener when digging his borders; and will, with great familiarity and tameness, pick out the worms, almost close to his spade, as I have frequently seen. Starlings and magpies very often sit on the backs of sheep and deer to pick out their ticks.—MARKWICK.

WRYNECK.—These birds appear on the grass-plots and walks; they walk a little as well as hop, and thrust their bills into the turf, in quest, I conclude, of ants, which are their food. While they hold their bills in the grass, they draw out their prey with their tongues, which are so long as to be coiled round their heads.—WHITE.

GROSBEEK.—Mr. B. shot a cock grosbeak which he had observed to haunt his garden for more than a fortnight. I began to accuse this bird of making sad havoc among the buds of the cherries, gooseberries, and wall-fruit of all the neighbouring orchards. Upon opening its crop or craw he



buds were to be seen, but a mass of kernels of the stones of fruits. Mr. B. observed that this bird frequented the spot where plum-trees grow, and that he had seen it with somewhat hard in its mouth, which it broke with difficulty; these were the stones of damsons. The Latin ornithologists call this bird *Coccothraustes*, i.e., berry-breaker, because with its large horny beak it cracks and breaks the shells of stone-fruits for the sake of the seed or kernel. Birds of this sort are rarely seen in England, and only in winter.—WHITE.

I have never seen this rare bird but during the severest cold of the hardest winters, at which season of the year I have had in my possession two or three that were killed in this neighbourhood in different years.—MARKWICK.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON QUADRUPEDS.

**SHEEP.**—The sheep on the downs this winter (1769) are very ragged, and their coats much torn; the shepherds say they tear their fleeces with their own mouths and horns, and they are always in that way in mild wet winters, being teased and tickled with a kind of lice.

After ewes and lambs are shorn, there is great confusion and bleating, neither the dams nor the young being able to distinguish one another as before. This embarrassment seems not so much to arise from the loss of the fleece, which may occasion an alteration in their appearance, as from the defect of that *notus odor*, discriminating each individual personally; which also is confounded by the strong scent of pitch and tar wherewith they are newly marked; for the brute creation recognize each other more from the smell than the sight; and in matters of identity and diversity appeal much more to their noses than their eyes. After sheep have been washed there is the same confusion, from the reason given above.—WHITE.

**RABBITS.**—Rabbits make incomparably the finest turf, for they not only bite closer than larger quadrupeds, but they allow no bents to rise; hence warrens produce much the most delicate turf for gardens. Sheep never touch the stalks of grasses.—WHITE.

**CAT AND SQUIRRELS.**—A boy has taken three young squirrels in their nest, or drey, as it is called in these parts. These small creatures he put under the care of a cat who had lately lost her kittens, and finds that she nurses and suckles them with the same assiduity and affection as if they were her own offspring. This circumstance corroborates my suspicion that the mention of exposed and deserted children being nurtured by female beasts of prey who had lost their young may not be so improbable an incident as many have supposed; and therefore may be a justification of those authors who have gravely mentioned what some have deemed to be a wild and improbable story.

So many people went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety; and therefore hid them over the ceiling, where one died. This circum-

stance shows her affection for these fondlings, and that she supposes the squirrels to be her own young. Thus hens, when they have hatched ducklings, are equally attached to them as if they were their own chickens.—**WHITE.**

**HORSE.**—An old hunting mare, which ran on the common, being taken very ill, ran down into the village, as it were, to implore the help of men, and died the night following in the street.—**WHITE.**

**HOUNDS.**—The king's stag-hounds came down to Alton, attended by a huntsman and six yeomen prickers, with horns, to try for the stag that has haunted Hartley Wood for so long a time. Many hundreds of people, horse and foot, attended the dogs to see the deer unharboured; but though the huntsmen drew Hartley Wood and Long Coppice, and Shrubwood, and Temple Hangers, and in their way back Hartley and Ward-leham Hangers, yet no stag could be found.

The royal pack, accustomed to have the deer turned out before them, never drew the coverts with any address and spirit, as many people that were present observed; and this remark the event has proved to be a true one. For as a person was lately pursuing a pheasant that was wing-broken in Hartley Wood, he stumbled upon the stag by accident, and ran in upon him as he lay concealed amidst a thick brake of brambles and bushes.—**WHITE.**

#### OBSERVATIONS ON INSECTS AND VERMES.

**INSECTS IN GENERAL.**—The day and night insects occupy the annuals alternately: the papilios, muscæ, and apes, are succeeded at the close of day by phalanæ, earwigs, woodlice, &c. In the dusk of the evening, when beetles begin to buzz, partridges begin to call; these two circumstances are exactly coincident.

Ivy is the last flower that supports the hymenopterous and dipterous insects. On sunny days quite on to November they swarm on trees covered with this plant; and when they disappear, probably retire under the shelter of its leaves, concealing themselves between its fibres and the trees which it entwines.—**WHITE.**

This I have often observed, having seen bees and other winged insects swarming about the flowers of the ivy very late in the autumn.—**MARKWICK.**

Spiders, woodlice, lepismæ in cupboards and among sugar, some empedes, gnats, flies of several species, some phalanæ in hedges, earth-worms, &c., are stirring at all times when winters are mild, and are of great service to those soft-billed birds that never leave us.

On every sunny day the winter through, clouds of insects usually called gnats (I suppose tipulæ and empedes) appear sporting and dancing over the tops of the evergreen trees in the shrubbery, and striking about as if the business of generation was still going on. Hence it appears that these diptera (which by their sizes appear to be of different species), are not

subject to a torpid state in the winter, as most winged insects are. At night, and in frosty weather, and when it rains and blows, they seem to retire into those trees. They are often out in a fog.—WHITE.

This I have also seen, and have frequently observed swarms of little winged insects playing up and down in the air in the middle of winter, even when the ground has been covered with snow.—MARKWICK.

**HUMMING IN THE AIR.**—There is a natural occurrence to be met with upon the highest part of our down in hot summer days, which always amuses me much, without giving me any satisfaction with respect to the cause of it; and that is, a loud audible humming of bees in the air, though not one insect is to be seen. This sound is to be heard distinctly the whole common through, from the Money-dells to Mr. White's avenue gate. Any person would suppose that a large swarm of bees was in motion, and playing about over his head. This noise was heard last week, on June 28th.

"Resounds the living surface of the ground,  
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum  
To him who moves ——— at noon——  
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,  
The quivering nations sport."—THOMSON'S Seasons.

WHITE.

**CHAFFERS.**—Cockchaffers seldom abound oftener than once in three or four years; when they swarm, they deface the trees and hedges. Whole woods of oaks are stripped bare by them.

Chaffers are eaten by the turkey, the rook, and the house-sparrow.

The *Scarabeus solstitialis* first appears about June 26th: they are very punctual in their coming out every year. They are a small species, about half the size of the Maychaffer, and are known in some parts by the name of the fern-chaffer.—WHITE.

A singular circumstance relative to the cockchaffer, or, as it is called here, the May-bug (*Scarabeus melolontha*), happened this year (1800): my gardener, in digging some ground, found, about 6 inches under the surface, two of these insects alive and perfectly formed, so early as the 24th of March. When he brought them to me, they appeared to be as perfect and as much alive as in the midst of summer, crawling about as briskly as ever; yet I saw no more of this insect till the 22nd of May, when it began to make its appearance. How comes it, that though it was perfectly formed so early as the 24th of March, it did not show itself above ground till nearly two months afterwards?—MARKWICK.

**PTINUS PECTINICORNIS.**—Those maggots that make worm-holes in tables, chairs, bedposts, &c., and destroy wooden furniture, especially where there is any sap, are the larvæ of the *Pinus pectinicornis*. This insect, it is probable, deposits its eggs on the surface, and the worms eat their way in.

In their holes they turn into their pupæ state, and so come forth winged

in July ; eating their way through the valances or curtains of a bed, or any other furniture that happens to obstruct their passage.

They seem to be most inclined to breed in beech ; hence beech will not make lasting utensils or furniture. If their eggs are deposited on the surface, frequent rubbing will preserve wooden furniture.—WHITE.

**BLATTA ORIENTALIS ; COCKROACH.**—A neighbour complained to me that her house was overrun with a kind of blackbeetle, or, as she expressed herself, with a kind of blackbob, which swarmed in her kitchen when they got up in the morning before daybreak.

Soon after this account I observed an unusual insect in one of my dark chimney closets, and find since, that in the night they swarm also in my kitchen. On examination I soon ascertained the species to be the *Blatta orientalis* of Linneus, and the *Blatta molendinaria* of Moullet. The male is winged ; the female is not, but shows somewhat like the rudiments of wings, as if in the pupa state.

These insects belonged originally to the warmer parts of America, and were conveyed from thence by shipping to the East Indies ; and by means of commerce begin to prevail in the more northern parts of Europe—as Russia, Sweden, &c. How long they have abounded in England I cannot say ; but have never observed them in my house till lately.

They love warmth, and haunt chimney closets and the backs of ovens. Poda says that these and house-crickets will not associate together ; but he is mistaken in that assertion, as Linneus suspected he was. They are altogether night insects (*Lucifuge*), never coming forth till the rooms are dark and still, and escaping away nimbly at the approach of a candle. Their antennæ are remarkably long, slender, and flexile.

October, 1790. After the servants are gone to bed, the kitchen hearth swarms with young crickets and young *Blatte molendinaria* of all sizes, from the most minute growth to their full proportions. They seem to live in a friendly manner together, and not to prey the one on the other.

August, 1792. After the destruction of many thousands of *Blatte molendinaria*, we find that at intervals a fresh detachment of old ones arrives, and particularly during this hot season ; for, the windows being left open in the evenings, the males come flying in at the casements from the neighbouring houses, which swarm with them. How the females, that seem to have no perfect wings that they can use, can contrive to get from house to house does not so readily appear. These, like many insects, when they find their present abodes overstocked, have powers of migrating to fresh quarters. Since the *Blatte* have been so much kept under, the crickets have greatly increased in number.—WHITE.

**GRYLLUS DOMESTICUS ; HOUSE CRICKET.**—November. After the servants are gone to bed the kitchen hearth swarms with minute crickets not so large as fleas, which must have been lately hatched. So that these domestic insects, cherished by the influence of a constant large fire, regard not the season of the year, but produce their young at a time when

their congeners are either dead, or laid up for the winter, to pass away the uncomfortable months in the profoundest slumbers, and a state of torpidity.

When house-crickets are out and running about in a room in the night, if surprised by a candle they give two or three shrill notes, as it were for a signal to their fellows, that they may escape to their crannies and lurking-holes, to avoid danger.—WHITE.

*PHALÆNA QUERCUS*.—Most of our oaks are naked of leaves, and even the Holt in general, having been ravaged by the caterpillars of a small *Phalæna*, which is of a pale yellow colour. These insects, though a feeble race, yet, from their infinite numbers, are of wonderful effect, being able to destroy the foliage of whole forests and districts. At this season they leave their *aurelia*, and issue forth in their fly-state, swarming and covering the trees and hedges.

In a field at Greatham I saw a flight of swifts busied in catching their prey near the ground, and found they were hawking after these *Phalænae*. The *aurelia* of this moth is shining and as black as jet, and lies wrapped up in a leaf of the tree, which is rolled round it, and secured at the ends by a web, to prevent the maggot from falling out.—WHITE.

I suspect that the insect here meant is not the *Phalæna quercus*, but the *Phalæna viridata*, concerning which I find the following note in my "Naturalist's Calendar" for the year 1785:—

About this time, and for a few days last past, I observed the leaves of almost all the oak-trees in Denn Copse to be eaten and destroyed, and, on examining more narrowly, saw an infinite number of small beautiful pale-green moths flying about the trees; the leaves of which that were not quite destroyed were curled up, and withinside were the *exuvie* or remains of the *chrysalis*, from whence I suppose the moths had issued, and whose caterpillar had eaten the leaves.—MARKWICK.

This appearance reconciled me in some measure to the wonderful account that Scopoli gives of the quantities emerging from the rivers of Carniola. Their motions are very peculiar, up and down for many yards almost in a perpendicular line.—WHITE.

I once saw a swarm of these insects playing up and down over the surface of a pond in Denn Park, exactly in the manner described by this accurate naturalist. It was late in the evening of a warm summer's day when I observed them.—MARKWICK.

*SPHYNX OCELLATA*.—A vast insect appears after it is dusk, flying with a humming noise, and inserting its tongue into the bloom of the honeysuckle; it scarcely settles upon the plants, but feeds on the wing, in the manner of humming birds.—WHITE.

I have frequently seen the large bee moth, *Sphinx stellatarum*, inserting its long tongue or proboscis into the centre of flowers, and feeding on their nectar, without settling on them, but keeping constantly on the wing.—MARKWICK.

**WILD BEE.**—There is a sort of wild bee frequenting the garden campion for the sake of its tomentum, which, probably, it turns to some purpose in the business of nidification. It is very pleasant to see with what address it strips off the pubes, running from the top to the bottom of a branch, and shaving it bare with all the dexterity of a hoop-shaver. When it has got a vast bundle, almost as large as itself, it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and its fore legs.

There is a remarkable hill on the downs near Lewes, in Sussex, known by the name of Mount Carburn, which overlooks that town, and affords a most engaging prospect of all the country round, besides several views of the sea. On the very summit of this exalted promontory, and amidst the trenches of its Danish camp, there haunts a species of wild bee, making its nest in the chalky soil. When people approach the place, these insects begin to be alarmed, and, with a sharp and hostile sound, dash and strike round the heads and faces of intruders. I have often been interrupted myself, while contemplating the grandeur of the scenery around me, and have thought myself in danger of being stung.—**WHITE.**

**WASPS.**—Wasps abound in woody wild districts far from neighbourhoods; they feed on flowers, and catch flies and caterpillars to carry to their young. Wasps make their nests with the raspings of sound timber; hornets with what they gnaw from decayed: these particles of wood are kneaded up with a mixture of saliva from their bodies and moulded into combs.

When there is no fruit in the gardens, wasps eat flies, and suck the honey from flowers, from ivy blossoms and umbellated plants; they carry off also flesh from butchers' shambles.—**WHITE.**

In the year 1775, wasps abounded so prodigiously in this neighbourhood that in the month of August no less than seven or eight of their nests were ploughed up in one field, of which there were several instances, as I was informed.

In the spring, about the beginning of April, a single wasp is sometimes seen, which is of a larger size than usual; this, I imagine, is the queen or female wasp, the mother of the future swarm.—**MARKWICK.**

**OESTRUS CURVICAUDA.**—This insect lays its nits or eggs on horses' legs, flanks, &c., each on a single hair. The maggots, when hatched, do not enter the horses' skins, but fall to the ground. It seems to abound most in moist, moorish places, though sometimes seen in the uplands.—**WHITE.**

**NOSE-FLY.**—About the beginning of July, a species of fly (*musca*) obtains, which proves very tormenting to horses, trying still to enter their nostrils and ears, and actually laying their eggs in the latter of those organs, or perhaps in both. When these abound, horses in woodland districts become very impatient at their work, continually tossing their heads, and rubbing their noses on each other, regardless of the driver, so that accidents often ensue. In the heat of the day men are often obliged

to desist from ploughing. Saddle-horses are also very troublesome at such seasons. Country people call this insect the nose-fly.—WHITE.

Is not this insect the *Oestrus nasalis* of Linnæus, so well described by Mr. Clark, in the third volume of the "Linnæan Transactions," under the name of *Oestrus veterinus*?—MARKWICK.

ICHNEUMON-FLY.—I saw lately a small ichneumon-fly attack a spider much larger than itself on a grass walk. When the spider made any resistance, the ichneumon applied her tail to him, and stung him with great vehemence, so that he soon became dead and motionless. The ichneumon then running backward drew her prey very nimbly over the walk into the standing grass. This spider would be deposited in some hole where the ichneumon would lay some eggs; and as soon as the eggs were hatched, the carcase would afford ready food for the maggots.

Perhaps some eggs might be injected into the body of the spider, in the act of stinging. Some ichneumon deposit their eggs in the aurelia of moths and butterflies.—WHITE.

In my "Naturalist's Calendar" for 1795, July 21st, I find the following note:—

It is not uncommon for some of the species of ichneumon flies to deposit their eggs in the chrysalis of a butterfly; some time ago I put two of the chrysalides of a butterfly into a box, and covered it with gauze, to discover what species of butterfly they would produce; but instead of a butterfly, one of them produced a number of small ichneumon-flies.

There are many instances of the great service these little insects are to mankind in reducing the number of noxious insects, by depositing their eggs in the soft bodies of their *larvæ*; but none more remarkable than that of the ichneumon *tipula*, which pierces the tender bodies and deposits its eggs in the *larva* of the *Tipula tritici*, an insect which, when it abounds greatly, is very prejudicial to the grains of wheat. This operation I have frequently seen it perform with wonder and delight.—MARKWICK.

BOMBYLIUS MEDIUS.—The *Bombylius medius* is much about in March and the beginning of April, and soon seems to retire. It is an hairy insect, like a humble-bee, but with only two wings, and a long straight beak, with which it sucks the early flowers. The female seems to lay its eggs as it poises on its wings, by striking its tail on the ground, and against the grass that stands in its way, in a quick manner, for several times together.—WHITE.

I have often seen this insect fly with great velocity, stop on a sudden, hang in the air in a stationary position for some time, and then fly off again; but do not recollect having ever seen it strike its tail against the ground, or any other substance.—MARKWICK.

MUSCÆ FLIES.—In the decline of the year, when the mornings and evenings become chilly, many species of flies (*Musca*) retire into houses, and swarm in the windows.

At first they are very brisk and alert; but as they grow more torpid,

one cannot help observing that they move with difficulty, and are scarce able to lift their legs, which seem as if glued to the glass; and by degrees many do actually stick on till they die in the place.

It has been observed that divers flies, besides their sharp hooked nails, have also skinny palms, or flaps to their feet, whereby they are enabled to stick on the glass and other smooth bodies, and to walk on ceilings with their backs downward, by means of the pressure of the atmosphere on those flaps; the weight of which they easily overcome in warm weather, when they are brisk and alert. But in the decline of the year, this resistance becomes too mighty for their diminished strength; and we see flies labouring along, and lugging their feet in windows as if they stuck to the glass, and it is with the utmost difficulty they can draw one foot after another, and disengage their hollow caps from the slippery surface.

Upon the same principle that flies stick and support themselves, do boys, by way of play, carry heavy weights by only a piece of wet leather at the end of a string clapped close on the surface of a stone.—WHITE.



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THE  
THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE  
OF  
CAPTAIN COOK.



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"Syllables govern the world."—JOHN SELDEN.

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THE  
THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE  
OF  
CAPTAIN COOK

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, M.A.

LONDON  
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# INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

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CAPTAIN COOK was assassinated at Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, in 1779, the very year that NELSON was made a post-captain.

Both were masters each of an art which had been brought to perfection behind the wooden walls of old England, before the advent of ironclads and steam-power.

The navigation of Cook and the fighting of Nelson may have been superseded by modern appliances and inventions, but the great discoveries were made and the great battles were won before the mechanical facilities of transit and destruction are what they have since become. To me there is a charm as of chivalric days about those old ships. The interest of human endeavour, the triumph of human ingenuity, resource, and courage over obstacles almost insuperable with the instruments at hand, seem to lend a poetic interest and enduring moral to the feats of those early giants who, with such inadequate means, compassed such magnificent ends.

Captain Cook may almost be called the Columbus of the South Seas, for he first proved New Zealand to be an island, and not, as was supposed, a continent—by sailing round it.

He was a self-made man. A poor peasant lad, born at Marton in Yorkshire in 1728. He went to sea in the usual way, seems always to have had a passion for drawing maps and making drafts of river-channels, and very soon distinguished himself in this direction at the siege of Quebec. From early boyhood he was always on the high seas.

He went out in 1763 to Newfoundland as surveyor to Captain Graves, and afterwards acted under Sir Hugh Palliser. The Royal Society next employed him to command a ship sent to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus. The account of his voyage to these strange regions excited so much interest that he was soon despatched on another voyage of discovery. He got as far as  $71^{\circ} 10'$  south latitude when, concluding that he would be frozen up in icebergs if he ventured any further, he returned to England in 1775. The Royal Society gave him a gold medal for his services to science and geography, and his journals were edited by Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

Cook sailed for the last time in July, 1776, on what is commonly known as his third voyage, to try and discover a northern passage to the Pacific Ocean. He got as far as  $77^{\circ} 44'$  north, when his ships, *Resolution* and *Discovery*, were again stopped by ice. Turning back, he began the exploration of the Sandwich Islands, and lost his life at the age of fifty-one in an unhappy skirmish with the natives, February 14th, 1779.

Captain Cook was a man of singular uprightness, courage, and generosity. He was fair but firm in his dealings with the

natives, and a born ruler of men. His crew adored him, and his friends gave him the devotion of their lives. His powers of observation were extraordinary: not a bird or a tree, not a custom, or native peculiarity, or an incident escaped him. He put everything down in his journal with the fidelity of a Boswell on Johnson, or of White writing the history of Selborne. This made his narrative as amusing as "Robinson Crusoe," and rather more instructive, because faithfully true.

The combination of such varied mental and moral qualities enabled him to use the rough materials then alone at the disposal of Arctic explorers with signal results. He dealt like a father with his men, and like a king, or, as they thought, a god, with the natives; and he has added such treasures to geographical science that his name has become almost co-extensive with the word "Discovery" as it applies to the South Seas.

Any one who has sailed for thousands of miles upon the ocean will know that there is a considerable sameness, perhaps monotony, about the days which "follow and resemble one another." From such monotony Cook's narrative is not altogether free, but the enforced curtailment here adopted will I trust remove even that slight element of dulness without impairing the general drift and consecutiveness of the story.

H. R. HAWEIS.









## THE THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

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CAPTAIN COOK, on his first voyage to the South Seas, returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, in July, 1771, and again this experienced circumnavigator performed his second voyage in the *Resolution*, which sailed from England in July, 1772, and returned on the 30th of the same month in 1775. The general object of this and the preceding voyage round the world, was to search for unknown tracts of land that might exist within the bosom of the immense expanse of ocean that occupies the southern hemisphere, and to determine the existence or non-existence of a southern continent. During these voyages the several lands of which any account had been given by the Spaniards or Dutch, were carefully looked for, and most of them found, visited, and accurately surveyed. The Terra Australia del Espiritu Santo of Quiros, which he regarded as part of a southern continent, was circumnavigated by Captain Cook, who assigned to it its true position and extent. Bougainville did no more than discover that the land here was not connected; but Captain Cook explored the whole group. Byron, Wallace, and Carteret had each of them contributed towards increasing a knowledge of the amazing profusion of islands that exist in the Pacific Ocean, within the limits of the southern tropic, but how far that ocean reached to the west, what lands bounded it on that side, and the connection of those lands with the discoveries of former navigators, remained absolutely unknown till Captain Cook decided the question, and brought home ample accounts of them and their inhabitants.

That nothing might be left unattempted, though much had been already done, Captain Cook, whose professional knowledge could only be equalled by the persevering diligence with which he had employed it in the course of his former researches, was called upon once more to resume his survey of the globe. This brave and experienced commander might have spent the remainder of his days in the command to which he had been appointed in Greenwich Hospital; but he cheerfully relinquished this honourable station in a letter to the Admiralty, dated February 10th, 1776, placed his services at the disposal of their lordships, and undertook a third voyage, which, in one respect, was less fortunate than any former expedition, being performed at the expense of the precious and most valuable life of its conductor. Former circumnavigators had returned to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope; the arduous and, as we now know, impossible task was assigned to Captain Cook of attempting it by reaching the high northern latitudes between Asia and America. He was ordered to proceed to Otaheite, or the Society Islands, and then, having crossed the equator into the northern tropic, to hold such a course as might most probably give success to the attempt of finding out a northern passage. But that the reader may be enabled to judge with precision of the great outlines of the present important voyage, of the various objects it had in view, and how far they were carried into execution, it may be proper to insert a copy of the Admiralty's instructions to Captain Cook.

"Whereas, the Earl of Sandwich hath signified to us his majesty's pleasure, that an attempt should be made to find out a northern passage by sea from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean; and, whereas, we have in pursuance thereof caused his majesty's sloops *Resolution* and *Discovery* to be fitted, in all respects, proper to proceed upon a voyage for the purpose above mentioned; and from the experience we have had of your abilities and good conduct in your late voyages, have thought fit to entrust you with the conduct of the present intended voyage, and with that view appointed you to command the first-mentioned sloop, and directed Captain Clerke, who commands the other, to follow your orders for his further proceedings; you are hereby required and directed to proceed with the said two sloops directly for the Cape of Good Hope, unless you shall judge it necessary to stop at Madeira, the Cape de Verd, or Canary Islands, to take in wine for the use of

their companies; in which case you are at liberty so to do, taking care to remain there no longer than may be necessary for that purpose; and on your arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, you are to refresh the sloops' companies with as much provision and water as can be conveniently stowed.

"If possible, you are to leave the Cape of Good Hope by the end of October or beginning of November next, and proceed to the southward in search of some islands, said to have been lately seen by the French, in the latitude 48 deg. south, and under or near the meridian of Mauritius. In case you find these islands, you are to examine them thoroughly for a good harbour; and upon discovering one, make the necessary observations to facilitate the finding it again, as a good port in that situation may hereafter prove very useful, although it should afford nothing more than shelter, wood, and water. You are not, however, to spend too much time in looking out for these islands, or in the examination of them, if found, but to proceed to Otaheite, or the Society Isles (touching at New Zealand in your way thither if you should judge it necessary and convenient), and taking care to arrive there time enough to admit of your giving the sloops' companies the refreshment they may stand in need of before you prosecute the further object of these instructions. Upon your arrival at Otaheite, or the Society Isles, you are to land Omai at such of them as he may choose, and to leave him there.

"You are to distribute among the chiefs of those islands such part of the presents with which you have been supplied as you shall judge proper, reserving the remainder to distribute among the natives of the countries you may discover in the northern hemisphere; and having refreshed the people belonging to the sloops under your command, and taken on board such wood and water as they may respectively stand in need of, you are to leave those islands in the beginning of February, or sooner if you shall judge it necessary, and then to proceed in as direct a course as you can to the coast of New Albion, endeavouring to fall in with it in the latitude of 45 deg. north, and taking care in your way thither not to lose any time in search of new lands, or to stop at any you may fall in with, unless you find it necessary to recruit your wood and water.

"You are also in your way thither, strictly enjoined not to touch upon any part of the Spanish dominions on the western continent of America, unless driven thither by some unavoidable accident, in

which case you are to stay no longer there than shall be absolutely necessary, and to be very careful not to give umbrage or offence to any of the inhabitants or subjects of his Catholic Majesty. And, if in your further progress to the northward, as hereafter directed, you find any subjects of any European prince or state upon any part of the coast you may think proper to visit, you are not to disturb them, or give them any just cause of offence, but, on the contrary, to treat them with civility and friendship.

“ Upon your arrival on the coast of New Albion, you are to put into the first convenient port to recruit your wood and water and procure refreshments, and then to proceed northward along the coast as far as the latitude of 65 deg., or farther, if you are not obstructed by lands or ice; taking care not to lose any time in exploring rivers or inlets, or upon any other account until you get in the before-mentioned latitude of 65 deg., where we could wish you to arrive in the month of June next. When you get that length you are very carefully to search for and explore such rivers or inlets as may appear of considerable extent, and pointing towards Hudson's or Baffin's Bays, and if, from your own observations or from information from the natives (who, there is reason to believe, are the same race of people, and speak the same language—of which you are furnished with a vocabulary—as the Esquimaux), there shall appear to be a certainty, or even a probability, of a water passage into the afore-mentioned bays, or either of them, you are, in such case, to use your utmost endeavours to pass through with one or both of the sloops, unless you shall be of opinion that the passage may be effected with more certainty, or with greater probability, by smaller vessels; in which case you are to set up the frames of one or both of the small vessels with which you are provided, and when they are put together, and are properly fitted, stored, and victualled, you are to despatch one or both of them under the care of proper officers, with a sufficient number of petty officers, men, and boats, in order to attempt the said passage; with such instructions for rejoining you, if they should fail, or for their further proceedings, if they should succeed in the attempt, as you shall judge most proper. But, nevertheless, if you shall find it more eligible to pursue any other measures than those above pointed out, in order to make a discovery of the before-mentioned passage (if any such there be), you are at liberty; and we leave it to your discretion to pursue such measures accordingly.

\* But, should you be satisfied that there is no passage through the bays, sufficient for the purposes of navigation, you are, at the proper season of the year, to repair to the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, or wherever else you shall judge more proper, in order to refresh your people and pass the winter ; and, in the spring of the ensuing year, 1778, to proceed from thence to the northward, as far as in your prudence you may think proper, in further search of a North-east or North-west passage from the Pacific Ocean into the Atlantic, or North Sea ; and, if from your own observation, or any information you may receive, there shall appear to be a probability of such a passage, you are to proceed as above directed ; and having discovered such a passage, or failed in the attempt, make the best of your way back to England, by such route as you may think best for the improvement of geography and navigation ; repairing to Spithead with both sloops, where they are to remain till further orders.

“ And at whatever places you may touch in the course of your voyage, where accurate observations of the nature hereafter mentioned have not been made, you are, as far as your time will allow, very carefully to observe the situation of such places, both in latitude and longitude ; the variation of the needle ; bearings of headlands ; height, direction, and course of the tides and currents ; depths and soundings of the sea ; shoals, rocks, &c. ; and also to survey, make charts, and take views of such bays, harbours, and different parts of the coast, and to make such notations thereon as may be useful either to navigation or commerce. You are also carefully to observe the nature of the soil and the produce thereof ; the animals or fowls that inhabit or frequent it ; the fishes that are found in the rivers or upon the coast, and in what plenty ; and in case there are any peculiar to such places, to describe them minutely, and to make as accurate drawings of them as you can ; and if you find any metals, minerals, or valuable stones, or any extraneous fossils, you are to bring home specimens of each ; as also of the seeds of such trees, shrubs, plants, fruits, and grains, peculiar to those places, as you may be able to collect, and to transmit them to our secretary, that proper experiments and examinations may be made of them. You are likewise to examine the genius, temper, disposition, and number of the natives and inhabitants, where you find any ; and to endeavour, by all proper means, to cultivate a friendship with them, making them presents of such

trinkets as you may have on board, and they may like best ; inviting them to traffic, and showing them every kind of civility and regard, but taking care, nevertheless, not to suffer yourselves to be surprised by them, but to be always on your guard against any accidents.

“ You are also, with the consent of the natives, to take possession, in the name of the King of Great Britain, of convenient situations in such countries as you may discover, that have not already been discovered or visited by any other European power ; and to distribute among the inhabitants such things as will remain as traces and testimonies of your having been there ; but if you find the countries so discovered are uninhabited, you are to take possession of them for his majesty, by setting up proper marks and inscriptions as first discoverers and possessors.

“ But forasmuch as, in undertakings of this nature, several emergencies may arise not to be foreseen, and therefore not particularly to be provided for by instructions beforehand, you are, in such cases, to proceed as you shall judge most advantageous to the service on which you are employed ; and you are, by all opportunities, to send to our secretary, for our information, accounts of your proceedings, and copies of the surveys and drawings you shall have made ; and upon your arrival in England, you are immediately to repair to this office, in order to lay before us a full account of your proceedings in the whole course of your voyage, taking care, before you leave the sloop, to demand from the officers and petty officers the log-books and journals they may have kept, and to seal them up for our inspection, and enjoining them, and the whole crew, not to divulge where they have been, until they have permission so to do ; and you are to direct Captain Clerke to do the same with respect to the officers, petty officers, and crew of the *Discovery*.

“ Should any accident happen to the *Resolution* in the course of the voyage, so as to disable her from proceeding any further, you are in such case to remove yourself and her crew into the *Discovery*, and to prosecute your voyage in her, her commander being hereby strictly required to receive you on board, and to obey your orders, the same in every respect as when you were actually on board the *Resolution* ; and in case of your inability by sickness, or otherwise, to carry these instructions into execution, you are to be careful to leave them with the next officer in command, who is hereby required to execute them in the best manner he can.

"The above instructions were given July 6th, 1770, under the hands of the Earl of Sandwich, Lord C. Spencer, Sir H. Palliser; and, by command of their lordships, signed, Philip Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty."

In order to carry this noble and extensive plan into execution, on the 14th of February, 1776, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, having been completely equipped in the dock at Deptford, were put into commission. Captain Cook hoisted his pendant on board the former sloop, and the command of the *Discovery*, of 300 tons burthen, which had been purchased into the service, was given to Captain Clerke, who had been Captain Cook's second lieutenant on board the *Resolution*, in his second voyage round the world. Both ships were well fitted out, and supplied abundantly with every article necessary for a long voyage; and on the 8th of June, while they lay in Long Reach, they had the satisfaction of a visit from Earl Sandwich, Sir Hugh Palliser, and others of the Board of Admiralty, to ascertain whether everything had been completed pursuant to their orders and for the convenience of their crews. They honoured Captain Cook with their company to dinner on that day, and were saluted on their coming on board and on their going on shore, with seventeen guns and three cheers. To convey some permanent benefit to the inhabitants of Otaheite and of the other islands which they might happen to visit, his Majesty ordered a supply of some useful animals, with hay and corn for their support. They were also furnished with a sufficient quantity of valuable European garden seeds which might add fresh supplies of food to the vegetable productions of the newly-discovered islands. They had also an extensive assortment of iron, tools, and trinkets, to facilitate a friendly commerce and intercourse with the inhabitants of such new countries as might be discovered. A variety of other articles, which might be conducive to health, comfort, or convenience, were also added. In furtherance of geographical science, a variety of astronomical and nautical instruments were intrusted by the Board of Longitude to Captain Cook and Mr. King, his second lieutenant, who volunteered to supply the place of a professional observer. The Board likewise intrusted them with the time-keeper, by Kendal, Captain Cook had employed on his last voyage, and which had given great satisfaction. Another chronometer and a similar assortment of astronomical and other instruments were put on board the *Discovery* for the use of Mr. William Bailey, who

was engaged as an observer on board that sloop. Though several young men among the sea-officers were capable of being employed in constructing charts, drawing plans, and taking views of the coasts and headlands, nevertheless, Mr. Webster was engaged to embark with Captain Cook for the purpose of supplying the defects of written accounts, by taking accurate drawings of the most memorable scenes and transactions. Mr. Anderson, also, surgeon to Captain Cook, added to his professional abilities a great proficiency in natural history. This gentleman had already visited the South Sea Islands in the same ship, and enabled the captain to enrich his history of his voyage with useful and valuable remarks. The vocabularies of the Friendly and Sandwich Islands, and of the natives of Nootka, had been furnished to the commander by this useful associate, and a fourth vocabulary, in which the language of the Esquimaux was compared with that of the Americans on the opposite side of the continent, had been prepared by the captain himself. The confessed abilities and great assiduity of Mr. Anderson, in observing everything that related either to natural history or to manners and language, and the desire manifested by Captain Cook on all occasions to have the assistance of that gentleman, afforded proof of the great value of his collections. The *Resolution* had the same complement of officers and men that she had in her former voyage, and the establishment of the *Discovery* varied from that of the *Adventure* in the single instance of her having no marine officer on board. This arrangement was finally completed at Plymouth, and on the 9th of July they received the party of marines allotted for the voyage. On board both vessels were 192 persons, officers included. Those of the *Resolution* were Lieutenants Gore, King, and Williamson; Bligh,\* master; Anderson, surgeon; and Philips, lieutenant of marines. The officers of the *Discovery* were lieutenants Burney and Rickman; Edgar, master; and Law, surgeon.

\* Mr. William Bligh was the same officer who commanded the *Bounty*, the crew of which mutinied on April 8, 1789, off Otaheite, and having bound Lieutenant Bligh, turned him adrift in the long-boat with eighteen men, and, with only 150 lbs. of biscuit, 32 lbs. of pork, and a 28-gallon cask of water. Mr. Bligh ultimately reached Timor, having traversed 3,618 miles in forty-six days. The *Pandora* was despatched from England to bring the mutineers to justice, and eighteen were brought off the island, but the frigate was wrecked, when several men were drowned. Ten of the mutineers reached England and were tried by court-martial, when three were hanged in June, 1792. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, and the mutineers proceeded in the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island, where they were discovered in 1809.



It is with Captain Cook's third and last fatal voyage of exploration in which he lost his life that the present volume alone deals, and we give the narrative in an abbreviated form, chiefly in the Captain's own words.

Contrary winds and other circumstances of little consequence prevented the ships from clearing the Channel till the 14th of July, 1776.

Nothing material happened till the 1st of August, when we arrived off Teneriffe, one of the Canaries, where several of the gentlemen landed. It is said that none of the aboriginal inhabitants remain here as a distinct people, but that the produce of their intermarriage with the Spaniards may still be traced in a strong and muscular race dispersed over the islands.

On the 4th we weighed anchor and proceeded on our voyage. At nine o'clock in the evening of the 10th we saw the island of Bonavista, bearing south, distant little more than a league, though at this time we thought ourselves much farther off. This, however, proved a mistake, for after hauling to the eastward till twelve o'clock to clear the sunken rocks that lie about a league from the south-east point of the island, we found ourselves at that time close upon them, and but just weathered the breakers. Our situation, for a few moments, was very alarming. I did not choose to sound, as that might have heightened the danger instead of lessening it. For some days preceding the 6th of October we had seen albatrosses, pintadoes, and other petrels, and now saw three penguins, which induced us to sound, though we found no ground at 150 fathoms.

On the 10th of October we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, and found in the bay two French East India ships, the one outward and the other homeward bound.

Nothing remarkable happened till the evening of the 31st, when it began to blow excessively hard from the south-east and continued for three days, during which time there was no communication between the ship and the shore. The *Resolution* was the only ship in the bay that rode out the gale without dragging her anchors. We felt its effects not less sensibly on shore; the tents and observatory were torn to pieces, and the astronomical quadrant narrowly escaped irreparable damage. On the 3rd of November the storm ceased.

The *Discovery*, having been detained some days at Plymouth

after the *Resolution*, did not arrive here till the 10th. Captain Clerke informed me that he had sailed from Plymouth on the 1st of August, and should have been with us a week sooner if the late gale of wind had not blown him off the coast. Upon the whole, he was seven days longer in his passage from England than we had been. He had the misfortune to lose one of his marines, who fell overboard; but there had been no other mortality among his people, and they now arrived well and hearty.

While the ships were getting ready, some of our officers made an excursion into the neighbouring country.

Here I added to my original stock of live animals by purchasing two young bulls, two heifers, two young stone horses, two mares, two rams, several ewes and goats, and some rabbits and poultry. All of them were intended for New Zealand, Otaheite, and the neighbouring islands, or any other place in the course of our voyage where there might be a prospect of their proving useful to posterity. Having given Captain Clerke a copy of my instructions, and an order directing him how to proceed in case of separation, we repaired on board on the morning of the 30th. At five in the afternoon we weighed and stood out of the bay. We steered a south-east course, with a very strong gale from the westward, followed by a mountainous sea, which made the ship roll and tumble exceedingly, and gave us a great deal of trouble to preserve from injury the cattle we had on board. Notwithstanding all our care, several goats, especially the males, died, as also some sheep. This misfortune was, in a great measure, owing to the cold, which we now began to feel most sensibly.

Nothing very interesting happened from the 5th of December till the 26th of January, when they arrived at Van Diemen's Land, where, as soon as they had anchored in Adventure Bay, Captain Cook says, I ordered the boats to be hoisted out. In one of them I went myself to look for the most commodious place for furnishing ourselves with the necessary supplies, and Captain Clerke went in his boat upon the same service. Early next morning I sent Lieutenant King to the east side of the bay, with two parties, one to cut wood and the other grass, under the protection of the marines, as, although none of the natives had appeared, there could be no doubt that some were in the neighbourhood. I also sent a launch for water, and afterwards visited all the parties myself. In the evening we drew the seine at the head of the bay, and at one haul caught a

great quantity of fish ; most of them were of that sort known to seamen by the name of elephant fish. In the afternoon, next day, we were agreeably surprised, while cutting wood, with a visit from eight men and a boy, natives of the country. They approached us from the woods, without betraying any marks of fear, for none of them had any weapons, except one, who held in his hand a stick, about two feet long and pointed at one end. They were of common stature, but rather slender. Their skin was black, and also their hair, which was as woolly as that of any native of Guinea ; but they were not distinguished by remarkably thick lips nor flat noses. On the contrary, their features were far from being disagreeable ; most of them had their hair and beards smeared with red ointment, and some had their faces also painted with the same composition. They received our presents without the least appearance of satisfaction, and when some bread was offered them they either returned it or threw it away without even tasting it. They also refused some elephant fish, both raw and dressed. However, upon giving them some birds, they did not return these, and easily made us comprehend that they were fond of such food. I had brought two pigs ashore with a view to leave them in the woods. The instant these came within reach they seized them, as a dog would have done, by the ears, and were carrying them off immediately, with no other apparent intention than to kill them.

Being desirous of knowing the use of the stick which one of our visitors carried in his hand, I made signs to them to show me, and so far succeeded that one of them set up a piece of wood as a mark, and threw at it from a distance of about twenty yards. But he had little reason to commend his dexterity, for, after repeated trials, he was still very wide of the mark. Omai, to show them how much superior our weapons were to theirs, then fired his musket at it, which alarmed them so much that, notwithstanding all he could do or say, they ran instantly into the woods. Thus ended our first interview with the natives.

Immediately after their final retreat I ordered the two pigs—being a boar and a sow—to be carried about a mile within the woods, at the head of the bay, and saw them left there, by the side of a fresh-water brook. A young bull and a cow, and some sheep and goats, were also at first intended to have been left by me, as an additional present to Van Diemen's Land. But I soon altered my intention, from a persuasion that the natives, incapable of

entering into my views of improving their country, would destroy them.

The morning of the 29th we had a dead calm, which continued all day, and effectually prevented our sailing. I therefore sent a party over to the east point of the bay, to cut grass, and another, which I accompanied, to cut wood. We had observed several of the natives sauntering along the shore, which assured us that, though their consternation had made them leave us so abruptly the day before, they were convinced that we intended them no mischief, and were desirous of renewing the intercourse. We had not been long landed before about twenty of them, men and boys, joined us, without expressing the least sign of fear or distrust. One of this company was conspicuously deformed, but was not more distinguishable by the hump on his back than by the drollery of his gestures, and the seeming humour of his speeches, which he was very fond of exhibiting, as we supposed, for our entertainment. His language appeared to me to be different from that spoken by the inhabitants of the more northern parts of this country, whom I met with in my first voyage, which is not extraordinary, since those we now saw and those we then visited differ in many other respects.

Some of our present group wore round their necks three or four loose folds of small cord, made of the fur of some animal, and others of them had a narrow slip of the kangaroo skin tied round their ankles. I gave to each of them a string of beads and a medal, which they appeared to receive with some satisfaction. They seemed to set no value on iron, or iron tools, and were even ignorant of the use of fish-hooks, if we might judge of their manner of looking at some of ours, which we showed to them, though it is certain they derive no inconsiderable part of their subsistence from the sea. We saw, however, no vessels in which they could go on the water. Their habitations were little sheds or hovels, built of sticks and covered with bark. After staying about an hour with the wooding party and the natives, I went over to the grass-cutters. Having seen the boats loaded, I returned on board to dinner, and some time after was joined by Lieutenant King. From him I learnt that soon after my departure several women and children made their appearance. These females wore a kangaroo skin tied over the shoulders and round the waist, apparently to support their children when carried on their backs, for in all other respects they were as naked

as the men, and had their bodies tattooed in the same manner. They differed from the men in that as some of them had their heads completely shorn, in others this operation had been performed on only one side, while the rest of them had all the upper part of the head shorn close, leaving a circle of hair all round, somewhat like the tonsure of Romish priests. Many of the children had fine features and were thought pretty, but the same cannot be said of the persons of the women, especially those advanced in years.

Mr. Anderson, with his usual diligence, spent the few days we remained in Adventure Bay in examining the country. The only animal of the quadruped kind we got was a sort of opossum, about twice the size of a large rat. It is of a dusky colour above, tinged with a brown or rusty cast, and whitish below. About a third of the tail towards its tip is white, and bare underneath, by which it probably hangs on the branches of trees in its search for berries. The kangaroo, without doubt, is a native of this island, as the people we met with had some pieces of their skins; and we several times saw an animal, though indistinctly, in the woods, which, from its size, could be no other.

In the woods, the principal sorts of birds are large brown hawks, or eagles, crows, nearly the same as ours in England, yellowish paroquets, and large pigeons; there are also three or four small birds, one of which is of the thrush kind. On the shore were several common sea-gulls, a few black oyster-catchers, or sea-pies, and a pretty plover, of a stone colour, with a black hood. About the lake, behind the beach, a few wild ducks were seen, and some shags used to perch upon the high leafless trees near the shore. The sea affords a more plentiful supply to the inhabitants, and at least as great a variety as the land. Of these, the elephant fish are the most numerous, and though inferior to many other fish, were very palatable food. Superior in quality to the elephant fish was a sort partaking of the nature both of a round and a flat fish, having the eyes placed very near each other, the fore part of the body very much flattened or depressed, and the rest rounded. It is of a brownish-sandy colour, with rusty spots on the upper part and below. From the quantity of slime it was always covered with, it seems to live after the manner of flat fish at the bottom. Upon the rocks are plenty of muscles and some other small shell-fish. There are also great numbers of sea-stars, some small limpets, and large quantities of sponge, one sort of which thrives on shore by the sea,

and has a most delicate texture. Among the insects are grasshoppers, butterflies, and several sorts of small moths, finely variegated. There are two sorts of dragon-flies, gad-flies, camel-flies, several sorts of spiders, and some scorpions, but the last are rather rare. The most troublesome, though not very numerous tribe of insects, are the mosquitoes, and a large black ant, the pain of whose bite, while it lasts, is almost intolerable.

The inhabitants whom we met with here had little of that fierce and wild appearance common to people in their situation, but on the contrary seemed mild and cheerful, without reserve or jealousy of strangers. With respect to their personal activity or mental capacity, they do not seem to possess the first in any remarkable degree; and as for the latter, they have apparently less than even the half-animated inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, who have not invention sufficient to make clothing for defending themselves from the rigour of the climate, though furnished with the materials. Their colour is a dull black, and not quite so deep as that of the African negro. Their hair, however, is perfectly woolly, and is clotted or divided into small parcels like that of the Hottentots, with the use of some sort of grease, mixed with a red paint or ochre, which they smear in great abundance over their heads. Their noses, though not flat, are broad and full; their eyes are of a middling size, with the white less clear than in us, and though not remarkably quick or piercing, such as give a frank, cheerful cast to the whole countenance. Their mouths are rather wide, and they wear their beards long, and clotted with paint in the same manner as the hair on their heads.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 30th of January, a light breeze springing up at west, we weighed anchor and put to sea from Adventure Bay. We pursued our course to the eastward, without meeting with anything worthy of note, till the night of the 6th of February, when a marine belonging to the *Discovery* fell overboard, and was never seen afterwards.

At daybreak on the 16th I set out with a party of men in five boats to collect food for our cattle. Captain Clerke, and several of the officers, also Omai, and two of the natives, accompanied me. We proceeded about three leagues up the Sound and then landed on the east side, at a place where I had formerly been. Here we cut as much grass as loaded the two launches. As we returned down the Sound, we visited Grass Cove, memorable as the scene of

the massacre of Captain Furneaux's people. Whilst we were at this place our curiosity prompted us to enquire into the circumstances attending the melancholy fate of our countrymen, and Omai was made use of as interpreter for this purpose. The natives present answered all the questions that were put to them on the subject with out reserve, and like men who are under no dread of punishment for a crime of which they are not guilty; for we already knew that none of them had been concerned in the unhappy transaction. They told us, that while our people were sitting at dinner, surrounded by several of the natives, some of the latter stole, or snatched from them, some bread and fish, for which they were beaten. This being resented, a quarrel ensued, and two New Zealanders were shot dead, by the only two muskets that were fired; but before our people had time to discharge a third, or to load again those that had been fired, the natives rushed in upon them, overpowered them with their numbers, and put them all to death. We stayed here till the evening, when, having loaded the rest of the boats with grass, celery, and scurvy-grass, we embarked to return to the ships, where some of the boats did not arrive till one o'clock the next morning; and it was fortunate that they got on board then, for it afterwards blew a perfect storm. In the evening the gale ceased, and the wind having veered to the east, brought with it fair weather.

By this time more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Sound had settled themselves about us. Great numbers of them daily frequented the ships while our people were busy melting some seal-blubber. No Greenlander was ever fonder of train-oil than our friends here seemed to be. They relished the very skim-mings of the kettle, but a little of the pure stinking oil was a delicious feast. Having got on board as much hay and grass as we judged sufficient to serve the cattle till our arrival at Otaheite, and having completed the wood and water of both ships, on the 24th of February we weighed anchor and stood out of the cove. While we were unmooring and getting under sail, many of the natives came to take their leave of us, or rather to obtain, if they could, some additional presents from us before our departure. Accordingly, I gave to two of their chiefs, two pigs, a boar, and a sow. They made me a promise not to kill them, though I must own I put no great faith in this. The animals which Captain Furneaux sent on shore here, and which soon after fell into the hands of the natives,

I was now told were all dead ; but I was afterwards informed that Tiratou, a chief, had a great many cocks and hens in his possession, and one of the sows.

We had not been long at anchor near Motuara before three or four canoes, filled with natives, came off to us from the south-east side of the Sound, and a brisk trade was carried on with them for the curiosities of this place. In one of these canoes was Kahoora. This was the third time he had visited us without betraying the smallest appearance of fear. Next morning, he returned again with his whole family—men, women, and children to the number of twenty and upwards. Omai was the first who acquainted me with his being alongside the ship, and desired to know if he should ask him to come on board. I told him he might, and accordingly he introduced the chief into the cabin, saying, "There is Kahoora : kill him !" He afterwards expostulated with me very earnestly. "Why do you not kill him? You tell me if a man kills another in England that he is hanged for it. This man has killed ten, and yet you will not kill him, though many of his countrymen desire it, and it would be very good." Omai's arguments, though specious enough, having no weight with me, I desired him to ask the chief why he had killed Captain Furneaux's people. At this question Kahoora folded his arms, hung down his head, and looked like one caught in a trap, and I firmly believe he expected instant death ; but no sooner was he assured of his safety than he became cheerful. He did not, however, seem willing to give me an answer to the question that had been put to him till I had again and again repeated my promise that he should not be hurt. Then he ventured to tell us that one of his countrymen having brought a stone hatchet to barter, the man to whom it was offered took it, and would neither return it nor give up anything for it, on which the owner of it snatched up the bread as an equivalent, and then the quarrel began.

Polygamy is allowed amongst these people, and it is not uncommon for a man to have two or three wives. The women are marriageable at a very early age ; and it would appear that one who is unmarried is but in a forlorn state. Their public contentions are frequent, or rather perpetual ; for it appears from their number of weapons and dexterity in using them, that war is their principal profession. Before they begin the onset they join in a war-song, to which they all keep exactest time, and soon raise their passions to



a degree of frantic fury, attended with the most horrid distortion of the eyes, mouths, and tongues, to strike terror into their enemies, which makes them appear to those who have not been accustomed to such a practice more like demons than men, and would almost chill the boldest with fear. After the battle succeed the horrid orgies of cannibalism, when, after cutting in pieces, even while yet alive, the bodies of their enemies, and dressing them on a fire, they devour the flesh, not only without reluctance, but with peculiar satisfaction.

On the 25th of February we sailed from New Zealand, and had no sooner lost sight of the land than our two young adventurers repented heartily of the step they had taken. All the soothing encouragement we could think of availed but little. They wept both in public and private, and made their lamentations in a kind of song, which was expressive of the praises of their country. Thus they continued for many days; but at length their native country and their friends were forgotten, and they appeared to be as firmly attached to us as if they had been born amongst us.

On the 29th of March, as we were standing to the north-east, the *Discovery* made the signal of seeing land, which we soon discovered to be an island of no great extent. On approaching the shore, we could perceive with our glasses that several of the natives were armed with long spears and clubs, which they brandished in the air with signs of threatening, or, as some on board interpreted their attitudes, with invitations to land. Most of them appeared naked, except, having a sort of girdle, which, being brought up between the thighs, covered that part of the body. But some of them had pieces of cloth of different colours, white, striped, or chequered, which they wore as a garment thrown about their shoulders, and almost all of them had a white wrapper about their heads, not unlike a turban. They were of a tawny colour, and of a middling stature. At this time a small canoe was launched in a great hurry from the further end of the beach, and putting off with two men, paddled towards us, when I brought to. They stopped short, however, as if afraid to approach, until Omai, who addressed them in the Otaheitean language, in some measure quieted their apprehensions. They then came near enough to take some beads and nails, which were tied to a piece of wood and thrown into the canoe. Omai, perhaps improperly, put the question to them, whether they ever ate human flesh? which they answered in the

negative with a mixture of indignation and abhorrence. One of them, whose name was Mourroa, being asked how he came by a scar on his forehead, told us that it was the consequence of a wound he had got in fighting with the people of an island, which lies to the north-eastward, who sometimes came to invade their country. They afterwards took hold of a rope, but still would not venture on board.

Mourroa was lusty and well made, but not very tall. His features were agreeable, and his disposition seemingly no less so, for he made several droll gesticulations which indicated both good-nature and a share of humour. His colour was nearly of the same cast with that common to the people of Southern Europe. The other man was not so handsome. Both of them had strong straight hair of a jet colour, tied together on the crown of the head with a bit of cloth. They wore girdles of a substance made from the *Morus papyrifera*, in the same manner as at the other islands of this ocean. They had on a kind of sandals made of a grassy substance interwoven, and as supposed, intended to defend their feet from the rough coral rock. Their beards were long, and the inside of their arms, from the shoulders to the elbows, and some other parts, were punctured or tattooed after the manner of the inhabitants of almost all the other islands in the South sea. The lobe of their ears was slit to such a length, that one of them stuck there a knife and some beads which he had received from us, and the same person had two polished pearl shells, and a bunch of human hair, loosely twisted, hanging about his neck, which was the only ornament we observed. The canoe they came in was not above 10 feet long, and very narrow, but both strong and neatly made. They paddled either end of it forward indifferently.

While we were thus employed in reconnoitring the shore, great numbers of the natives thronged down upon the reef, all armed. Mourroa, who was in my boat, probably thinking that this warlike appearance hindered us from landing, ordered them to retire back. As many of them complied I judged he must be a person of some consequence among them ; indeed, if we understood him right, he was the king's brother. So great was the curiosity of several of the natives that they took to the water, and, swimming off to the boats, came on board them without reserve. Nay, we found it difficult to keep them out, and still more difficult to prevent them carrying off everything they could lay their hands upon. At length, when they

perceived that we were returning to the ships, they all left us except our original visitor, Moureea ; he, though not without evident signs of fear, kept his place in my boat, and accompanied me on board the ship.

The cattle and other new objects that presented themselves to our visitor did not strike him with much surprise. Perhaps his mind was too much taken up about his own safety to allow him to attend to other things. I could get but little information from him, and therefore, after he had made a short stay, I ordered a boat to carry him in toward the land. As soon as he got out of the cabin he happened to stumble over one of the goats. His curiosity now overcoming his fear, he stopped, looked at it, and asked Omai what bird this was, and not receiving an immediate answer from him, he repeated the question to some of the people upon deck. The boat having conveyed him pretty near to the surf, he leaped into the sea and swam ashore. He had no sooner landed than a multitude of his countrymen gathered round him as if in eager curiosity to learn from him what he had seen, and in this situation remained when we lost sight of them.

After leaving Manglea, as this island was called, on the afternoon of the 30th of March, we continued our course northward all that night and till noon on the 31st, when we again saw land in the direction of north-east by north, distant eight or ten leagues, and next morning we got abreast of its north end. I sent three armed boats to look for anchoring ground and a landing-place. In the meantime we worked up under the island with the ships. Just as the boats were putting off, we observed several single canoes coming from the shore. They first went to the *Discovery*, she being the nearest ship ; and soon after three of the canoes came alongside the *Resolution*, each conducted by one man. They are long and narrow, and supported by outriggers. Some knives, beads, and other trifles were conveyed to our visitors, who gave us a few cocoa-nuts upon our asking for them, though they did not part with them by way of exchange for what they had received from us, for they seemed to have no idea of bartering, nor did they appear to estimate any of our presents at a high rate. With a little persuasion one of them came on board, and the other two, encouraged by his example, soon followed him, Their whole behaviour denoted that they were quite at ease.

After their departure another canoe arrived, conducted by a man

who brought a bunch of plantains specially as a present to me, for whom he asked by name, which he had learnt from Omai, who was sent before us in a boat with Mr. Gore. In return for this civility I gave him an axe and a piece of red cloth, when he paddled back to the shore well satisfied. I afterwards understood from Omai that this present was sent from the king or principal chief of the island. Not long after, a double canoe, in which were twelve men, came towards us, who, as they drew near the ship, recited some words in concert, by way of chorus, one of their number first standing up, and giving the word before each repetition. When they had finished their solemn chant, they came alongside and asked for the chief. As soon as I showed myself, a pig and a few cocoa-nuts were conveyed up into the ship, and the principal person in the canoe made me an additional present of a piece of matting. Our visitors were conducted into the cabin and to other parts of the ship, where some objects seemed to strike them with a degree of surprise, though nothing fixed their attention for a moment. They were afraid to come near the cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature. But the sheep and goats did not surpass the limits of their understanding, for they gave us to understand that they knew them to be birds. I made a present to my new friend of what I thought would be most acceptable to him, but on his going away he seemed rather disappointed than pleased. I afterwards understood that he was very desirous of obtaining a dog, of which animal this island could not boast.

I despatched Lieut. Gore with three boats, two from the *Resolution* and one from the *Discovery*. Two of the natives, who had been on board, accompanied him, and also Omai, who went in his boat as interpreter. The ships being a full league from the island when the boats put off, it was noon before we could work up to it. We then perceived a prodigious number of the natives abreast of the boats. In order to observe their motions, and to be ready to give such assistance as our people might want, I kept as near the shore as was prudent. Some of the islanders now and then came off to the ships in their canoes, with a few cocoa-nuts, which they exchanged for anything that was offered to them. These occasional visits served to lessen my solicitude about the people who had landed, for though we could get no information from our visitors, yet their venturing on board seemed to imply that their

countrymen on shore had not made an improper use of the confidence placed in them. At length, a little before sunset, we had the satisfaction of seeing the boats put off. When they got on board, I found that Mr. Gore himself, Omai, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Burney, were the only persons who had landed.

Omai was Mr. Gore's interpreter; but that was not the only service he performed this day, for being asked by the natives a great many questions concerning us, his answers, according to the account he gave me, were not a little marvellous; for instance, he told them that our country had ships as large as their island, on board which were instruments of war of such dimensions that several people might sit within them; and that one of these was sufficient to crush the whole island at one shot. This led them to inquire what sort of guns we actually had in our two ships. He said that though they were but small in comparison with those he had just described, yet, with such as they were, we could, with the greatest ease, and at the distance the ships were from the shore, destroy the island and kill every soul in it. They persevered in their inquiries regarding the means by which this could be done, and Omai explained the matter as well as he could. He happened luckily to have a few cartridges in his pocket, which were produced; the balls and the gunpowder were submitted to inspection, and to supply the defects of his description. In the centre of the circle formed by the natives, the inconsiderable quantity of gunpowder, collected from his cartridges, was properly disposed upon the ground, and set alight by means of a bit of burning wood from the oven where the dinner was dressing. The sudden blast, and loud report, the mingled flame and smoke that instantly succeeded, now filled the whole assembly with astonishment. They no longer doubted the tremendous power of our weapons, and gave full credit to all Omai had said. This probably induced them to liberate the gentlemen, whom they, at first, appeared inclined to detain.

Omai found three of his countrymen here, whose story is an affecting one, as related by him. About twenty persons had embarked on board a canoe at Otaheite, to cross over to the neighbouring island, Ulietea. A violent contrary wind arising, they could neither reach the latter nor get back to the former. The intended passage being a very short one, their stock of provisions was very scanty, and soon exhausted. The hardships they suffered, while driven along by the storm, are not to be conceived, and they

passed many days without sustenance. Their numbers gradually diminished, until, worn out by famine and fatigue, four only survived, when the canoe upset ; however, they kept hanging by the side of the vessel till Providence brought them in sight of the people of this island, who immediately sent out canoes and brought them ashore. Of the four one was since dead, but the three survivors spoke highly of the treatment they here met with ; and so well satisfied were they with their situation, that they refused the offer made to them, at Omai's request, of giving them a passage on board our ships, to restore them to their native islands. This will serve to explain better than a thousand conjectures how the detached parts of the earth, and in particular how the islands of the South Seas, may have been first peopled, especially those that lie remote from any inhabited continent, or from each other.

With a gentle breeze at east we got up with Wateoo on the 3rd of April, and I immediately despatched Mr. Gore with two boats to endeavour to procure some food for our cattle. As there seemed to be no inhabitants here to obstruct our taking away whatever we might think proper, our boats no sooner reached the west side of the island than they ventured in, and Mr. Gore and his party got safe on shore. The supply obtained here consisted of about a hundred cocoa-nuts for each ship ; we also got our cattle some grass, and a quantity of the " wharra " tree, as it is called at Otaheite. Though there were at this time no settled inhabitants upon the island, indubitable marks remained of its being at least occasionally frequented ; in particular, a few empty huts were found, in one of which Mr. Gore left a hatchet and some nails, to the value of what we took away.

As soon as the boats were hoisted in, I made sail again to the northward. Although Hervey's Island, discovered in 1773, was not above fifteen leagues distant, yet we did not sight it till day-break in the morning. As we drew near it we observed several canoes put off towards the ships, each containing from three to six men. They stopped at the distance of about a stone's throw from the ship, and it was some time before Omai could prevail upon them to come alongside ; but no entreaties could induce any of them to venture on board. Indeed, their disorderly and clamorous behaviour by no means indicated a disposition to trust us or treat us well. We afterwards learnt that they had attempted to take some oars out of the *Discovery's* boat that lay alongside, and struck a

men who endeavoured to prevent them. They also cut away, with a shell, a net with meat which hung over the ship's stern, and absolutely refused to restore it, though we afterwards purchased it of them. Those who were about our ship behaved in the same daring manner. At the same time they immediately showed a knowledge of bartering, and sold some fish they had for small nails, of which they were immoderately fond, and called them "goore." They also caught with the greatest avidity bits of paper or anything else that was thrown to them. These people seemed to differ, as much in person as in disposition, from the natives of Watecoo, though the distance between the two islands is not great. Their colour was of a deeper cast, and several had a fierce, rugged aspect resembling the natives of New Zealand. The polished shell of a pearl oyster, hung about their neck, was the only personal decoration that we observed amongst them, for not one of them had adopted that mode of ornament, so generally prevalent amongst the natives of this ocean, of puncturing or tattooing their bodies. Though singular in this, we had the most unequivocal proofs of their being of the same common race, and their language approached still nearer to the dialect of Otaheite than that of Watecoo or Mangeea.

On the 7th of April I steered west by south, with a fine breeze easterly. I proposed to proceed first to Middleburgh, or Eooa, thinking, if the wind continued favourable, that we had food enough on board for the cattle to last till we should reach that island; but about noon on the next day, those faint breezes that had attended and retarded us so long, again returned, and I found it necessary to haul more to the north, to get into the latitude of Palmerston and Savage Islands, discovered in 1774, during my last voyage, so that, if necessity required it, we might have recourse to them. At length, at daybreak on the 13th, we saw Palmerston Island, distant about five leagues, though we did not reach it till eight o'clock the next morning. I then sent four boats, with an officer in each to search the coast for the most convenient landing-place.

The boats first examined the south-easternmost part, and failing there, ran down to the east, where we had the satisfaction of seeing them land. About one o'clock one of the boats came on board, laden with scurvy-grass and young cocoa-nut trees, which afforded a feast for the cattle. Before evening I went ashore in a small boat, accompanied by Captain Clerke, and landing in a small creek,

found everybody hard at work. Upon the bushes that front the sea, or even farther in, we found a great number of men-of-war birds, tropic birds, and two sorts of boobies, which, at this time, were laying their eggs, and so tame that they suffered us to take them off with our hands.

At one part of the reef, which looks into or bounds the lake that is within, there was a large bed of coral, almost even with the surface, which affords, perhaps, one of the most enchanting prospects that nature has anywhere produced. Its base was fixed to the shore, but reached so far in, that it could not be seen, so that it seemed to be suspended in the water, which deepened so suddenly that, at the distance of a few yards, there might be seven or eight fathoms. The sea was, at this time, quite unruffled; and the sun shining brightly, exposed the various sorts of coral in the most beautiful order. This scene was enlivened by numerous species of fishes gliding along in apparent security. There were no traces of inhabitants having ever been here, if we except a small piece of a canoe that was found upon the beach, which might have drifted from some other island. After the boats were laden, I returned on board, leaving Mr. Gore with a party to pass the night on shore, in order to be ready to commence work early next morning. Next day was accordingly spent, as the preceding one had been, in collecting food for the cattle. Having secured a sufficient supply by sunset, I ordered everybody on board, but there being little or no wind, I determined to wait, and to employ the following day in trying to get some cocoa-nuts from the next island, where we could observe that those trees were in greater abundance than where we had already landed. With this view, I went with the boats to the west side of the island, and having landed with little difficulty, immediately set the people to gather cocoa-nuts, which we found in great abundance. Omai, who was with me, caught with a scoop net, in a very short time, as much fish as served the whole party on shore for dinner, besides sending some to both ships. Here were also great abundance of birds, particularly men-of-war and tropic birds, so that we fared sumptuously. Omai was of the greatest use in these excursions, for he not only caught the fish, but dressed them and the birds we killed in an oven with heated stones, after the fashion of his country, with a dexterity and good-humour that did him great credit. We found this islet nearly a half larger than the other, and almost entirely covered with cocoa-palms, so that we got there above twelve



hundred cocoa-nuts, which were equally divided amongst the whole crew.

The nine or ten low islets, comprehended under the name of Almerston Island, may be reckoned the heads or summits of the reef of coral rocks that connects them together, covered only with a thin coat of sand, yet clothed, as already observed, with trees and plants. The heat, which had been great for a month, became now much more disagreeable from the close and sultry weather, and, from the moisture attending it, threatened soon to be noxious. However, it is remarkable that though the only fresh provisions we had received since leaving the Cape of Good Hope was that at New Zealand, there was not a single person sick on board from the constant use of salt food, or vicissitudes of climate.

In the night of the 24th of April we passed Savage Island, which I had discovered in 1774. I steered for the south, and then hauled up for Annamooka. It was no sooner daylight than we were visited by six or seven canoes from different islands, bringing with them, besides fruits and roots, two pigs, several fowls, some large wood-pigeons, small rails, and large violet-coloured coots. All these they exchanged with us for beads, nails, hatchets, &c. They had also other articles of commerce, but I ordered that no curiosities should be purchased till the ships had been supplied with provisions, and leave had been given for that purpose. Knowing also, from experience, that if all our people traded with the natives according to their own caprice, perpetual quarrels would ensue, I ordered that particular persons should manage the traffic both on board and on shore, prohibiting others to interfere. Before mid-day, Mr. King, who had been sent to Kamango, returned with seven hogs, some fowls, a quantity of fruit and roots, and some grass for the cattle. His party was very civilly treated at Kamango, the inhabitants of which did not seem to be numerous. Their huts, which stood close to each other within a plantain walk, were but indifferent, and not far from them was a pretty large pond of fresh water, tolerably good, but there was no appearance of any stream. The chief of the island, named Tooboulangee, and another, whose name was Taipa, came on board with Mr. King. They brought with them a hog as a present to me, promising more the next day, and they kept their word.

On the 6th we were visited by a great chief from Tongataboo, whose name was Feenou, and whom Taipa introduced to us as king

of all the Friendly Isles. All the natives made their reverence to him by bowing their heads as low as his feet, the soles of which they also touched with each hand, first with the palm and then with the back part; and there would be little room to suspect that a person received with so much respect could be anything less than the king. In the afternoon I went to pay this great man a visit, having first received a present of two fish from him, brought on board by one of his servants. As soon as I landed he came up to me, and appeared to be about thirty years of age, tall, but thin, with more of the European cast of features than any I had yet seen here. After a short stay, our new visitor and five or six of his attendants accompanied me on board. I gave suitable presents to them all, and entertained them in such a manner as I thought would be most agreeable. In the evening I attended them on shore in my boat, into which the chief ordered three hogs to be put, as a return for the presents he had received from me.

The first day of our arrival at Annamooka, one of the natives had stolen out of the ship a large junk axe; I now applied to Feenou, who was my guest on the 8th, to exert his authority to get it restored to me, and so implicitly was he obeyed, that it was brought on board while we were at dinner. These people gave us very frequent opportunities of remarking what expert thieves they were, and even some of the chiefs did not refrain from stealing. On the lower class a flogging seemed to make no greater impression than it would have done upon the mainmast, and when any of them happened to be caught in the act, their superiors, far from interceding for them, would often advise us to kill them. As this was a punishment we did not choose to inflict, they generally escaped without any punishment, until Captain Clerke at length hit upon a mode of treatment which appeared to have some effect. He put them under the hands of the barber, and completely shaved their heads, thus pointing them out as objects of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabling our people to deprive them of future opportunities to repeat their rogueries, by keeping them at a distance.

Feenou, understanding that I meant to proceed directly to Tongataboo, importuned me strongly to alter this plan, to which he expressed as much aversion as if he had some particular interest to promote by diverting me from it. In preference to it, he warmly recommended an island, or rather a group of islands, called Hapace, lying to the north-east. There, he assured us, we could be supplied

plentifully with provisions, in the easiest manner ; and to add weight to his advice, he engaged to attend us thither in person. He carried his point, and Hapae was made choice of for our next station ; as it had never been visited by any European ships, the examination of it became an object with me. After some unimportant transactions, at daybreak, in the morning of the 16th, we started north-east for Hapae, which was now in sight. Next day we came to an anchor, and the ships were soon filled with the natives. They brought hogs, fowls, fruit, and roots, which they exchanged for hatchets, knives, nails, beads, and cloth. I went on shore, accompanied by Omai and Feenou, landing at the north part of Lefooga, a little to the right of the ship's station. The chief conducted me to a hut situated close to the sea-beach, which I had seen brought thither but a few moments before, for our reception ; Feenou, Omai, and I seated ourselves, while the other chiefs and the multitude formed a circle on the outside, and also sat down. I was then asked how long I intended to stay ? On my replying five days, Taipa was ordered to come and sit by me, and proclaim this to the people. He then harangued them in a speech mostly dictated by Feenou ; the purport of it, as I learned from Omai, was, that they were all, both old and young, to look upon me as a friend, who intended to remain with them a few days ; that, during my stay, they must not steal anything, or molest me in any other way ; and that it was expected that they should bring hogs, fowls, fruits, &c., to the ships, where they would receive in exchange for them such and such articles, which he enumerated. Taipa then took occasion to signify to me, that it was necessary I should make a present to the chief of the island, whose name was Earoupa. I was not unprepared for this ; and gave him some articles that far exceeded his expectations. My liberality brought on me new demands, of the same kind, from the chiefs of other isles who were present, and from Taipa himself.

After viewing the watering-place we returned to our former station, where I found a baked hog and some yams, smoking hot, ready to be carried on board for my dinner. I invited Feenou and his friends to partake of it, and we embarked for the ship, though none but himself sat down with us at the table. After dinner I conducted them on shore, and before I returned on board, the chief gave me a fine large turtle and a quantity of yams. Our supply of provisions was copious, for in the course of the day we got, by

barter, alongside the ship, about twenty small hogs, besides fruit and roots. Next morning early, Feenou and Omai, who scarcely ever quitted the chief, and now slept on shore, came on board. The object of the visit was to require my presence upon the island. I saw a large concourse of people already assembled, and guessed that something more than ordinary was in agitation, but could not tell what, nor could Omai inform me. I had not long landed before a hundred of the natives appeared in sight, and advanced laden with yams, bread-fruit, plantains, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-canes. They deposited their burthens in two piles, or heaps, on our left. Soon after a number of others arrived, bearing the same kind of articles, which were collected into two heaps on the right; to these were tied two pigs and six fowls, and to those on the left six pigs and two turtles. As soon as this munificent collection of provisions was laid down in order, and disposed to the best advantage, the bearers of it joined the multitude, who formed a large circle round the whole. Presently after a number of men entered the circle, or area, before us, armed with clubs, made with green branches of the cocoa-nut tree; they paraded about for a few minutes and then retired, one half to one side and the other half to the other side, seating themselves before the spectators. Soon after they successively entered the lists, and entertained us with single combats: one champion rising up and stepping forward from one side, challenged those of the other side, by expressive gestures more than by words, to send one of their body to oppose him. If the challenge was accepted, which was generally the case, the two combatants put themselves in proper attitude, and then began the engagement, which continued till one or other owned himself conquered, or till their weapons were broken. As soon as each combat was over the victor squatted himself down, facing the chief, and then rose up and retired. At the same time some old men, who seemed to sit as judges, applauded them in a few words, and the multitude, especially those on the side to which the victor belonged, celebrated the glory he acquired in two or three huzzas.

This entertainment was now and then suspended for a few minutes, and during these intervals there were both wrestling and boxing matches. The first were performed in the same manner as at Otaheite, and the second differed very little from the method practised in England. But what struck us most with surprise was to see a couple of lusty wenches step forth and begin boxing, with-

out the least ceremony, and with as much art as the men. This contest, however, did not last above half a minute before one of them gave in ; the conquering heroine received the same applause from the spectators which they bestowed on the successful combatants of the other sex. We expressed some dislike at this part of the entertainment, which, however, did not prevent the other females from entering the lists. They appeared to be girls of spirit, and would certainly have given each other a good drubbing if the old women had not interposed between them. All these combats were exhibited in the midst of at least 3,000 people, and were conducted with the greatest good humour on all sides.

As soon as these diversions were ended, the chief told me that the heaps of provisions on our right hand were a present to Omai, and those on our left hand, being about two-thirds of the whole quantity, were given to me. He added that I might take them on board whenever it was convenient, but that there would be no occasion to set any of our people as guards over them, as I might be assured that not a single cocoa-nut would be taken away by the natives. So it proved, for I left everything behind, and returned to the ship to dinner, carrying the chief with me ; and when the provisions were removed on board in the afternoon, not a single article was missing. There was as much as loaded two boats, and I could not but be struck with the munificence of Feenou, for this present far exceeded any I had ever received from any of the sovereigns of the various islands I had visited in the Pacific Ocean. I lost no time in convincing our friend that I was not insensible of his liberality, for, before he quitted the ship, I bestowed upon him such commodities as I guessed were most valuable in his estimation.

Feenou had expressed a desire to see the marines go through the military exercise ; and as I was desirous of gratifying his curiosity, I ordered them all ashore from both ships in the morning. After they had performed various evolutions and fired several volleys, with which the numerous body of spectators seemed well pleased, the chief entertained us, in his turn, with an exhibition which, as was acknowledged by us all, was performed with a dexterity and exactness far surpassing the specimen we had given of our different manoeuvres. It was a kind of dance so entirely different from anything I had ever seen, that I can give no description that will convey any tolerable idea of it to my readers. It was performed by men, and 105 persons took part in it. Each of them had in his

hand an instrument neatly made, shaped somewhat like a paddle, two feet and a half in length, with a small handle and a thin blade, so that they were very light. With these instruments they made many and various flourishes, each of which was accompanied with a different movement. At first the performers ranged themselves in three lines, and by various evolutions each man changed his station in such a manner, that those who had been in the rear came to the front. Nor did they remain long in the same position. At one time they extended themselves in one line; they then formed in a semicircle, and lastly in two square columns. While this last movement was executing, one of them advanced and performed an antic dance before me, with which the whole ended. The musical instruments consisted of two drums, or rather two hollow logs of wood, from which some varied notes were produced by beating on them with two sticks. It did not, however, appear to me that the dancers were much assisted by these sounds, but by a chorus of vocal music, in which all the performers joined at the same time. Their song was not destitute of pleasing melody, and all their corresponding motions were executed with so much skill, that the numerous body of dancers seemed to act as if they were one great machine. It was the opinion of every one of us, that such a performance would have met with universal applause in a European theatre; and it so far exceeded any attempt we had made to entertain them, that they seemed to pique themselves upon the superiority they had over us. As to our musical instruments, they held none of them in the least esteem, except the drum, and even that they did not think equal to their own.

In order to give them a more favourable opinion of English amusements, and to leave their minds fully impressed with the deepest sense of our superior attainments, I directed some fireworks to be got ready, and after it was dark played them off in the presence of Feenou, the other chiefs, and a vast concourse of their people. Our water and sky rockets, in particular, pleased and astonished them beyond all conception, and the scale was now turned in our favour. This, however, seemed only to furnish them with an additional motive to proceed to fresh exertions of their very singular dexterity; and our fireworks were no sooner ended, than a succession of dances began. As a prelude to them, a band of music or chorus of eighteen men seated themselves before us in the centre of the circle. Four or five of this band had pieces of large bam-

boo, from three to five or six feet long, the upper end open, but the other end closed by one of the joints. With this closed end the performers kept constantly striking the ground, though slowly, thus producing different notes, according to the different lengths of the instruments, but all of them of the hollow or bass sort ; to counteract which, a person kept striking quickly, and with two sticks, a piece of the same substance, split and laid along the ground, and by that means furnishing a tone as acute as those produced by the others were grave. The rest of the band, as well as those who performed upon the bamboo, sang a slow and soft air, which so tempered upon the harsher notes of the above instrument, that no bystander, however accustomed to hear the most perfect and varied modulation of sweet sounds, could avoid confessing the vast power and pleasing effect of this simple harmony. Soon after they had finished, nine women exhibited themselves, and sat down fronting the hut where the chief was. A man then rose and struck the first of these women on the back with both fists joined ; he proceeded in the same manner to the second and third, but when he came to the fourth, whether from accident or design, I cannot tell, instead of the back, he struck her on the breast. Upon this a person rose instantly from the crowd, who brought him to the ground with a blow on the head, and he was carried off without the least noise or disorder. But this did not save the other five women from so odd a ceremony ; for a person succeeded him, who treated them in the same manner. Their disgrace did not end here, for when they danced, they had the mortification to find their performance twice disapproved of, and were obliged to repeat it.

On the morning of the 23rd, as we were going to unmoor, in order to leave the island, Feenou, and his prime minister, Taipa, came alongside in a sailing canoe, and informed me that they were setting out for Vavaoo, an island which they said was about two days' sail to the northward of Hapae. The object of their voyage, they would have me believe, was to get for me an additional supply of hogs, and some red-feathered caps for Omai to carry to Otaheite, where they are in high esteem. Feenou assured me that he should be back in four or five days, and desired me not to sail till his return, when he promised he would accompany me to Tongataboo. I thought this a good opportunity to acquire some knowledge of Vavaoo, and proposed to him to go thither with the ships ; but he seemed not to approve of the plan, and, by way of

diverting me from it, told me that there was neither harbour nor anchorage about it. I therefore consented to wait in my present station until his return, and he immediately set out.

In my walk on the 25th I happened to step into a house, where I found a woman shaving a child's head with a shark's tooth stuck into the end of a piece of stick. I observed that she first wetted the hair with a rag dipped in water, applying her instrument to that part which she had previously soaked. The operation seemed to give no pain to the child, although the hair was taken off as close as if one of our razors had been employed. Encouraged by what I now saw, I soon after tried one of those singular instruments upon myself, and found it to be an excellent substitute. However, the men of these islands have recourse to another contrivance when they shave their beards. The operation is performed with two shells, one of which they place under a part of the beard, and with the other, applied above, they scrape that part off. In this manner they are able to shave very close. The process is indeed rather tedious, but not painful, and there are men amongst them who seem to profess the trade. It was as common, while we were here, to see our sailors go ashore to have their beards scraped off after the fashion of Hapace, as it was to see their chiefs come on board to be shaved by our barbers. Finding that little or nothing of the produce of the island was now brought to the ships, I resolved to change our station, and in the afternoon of the 26th of May, I hauled into a bay that lies between the south end of Lefooga and the north end of Hoolaiva, and there anchored.

About noon a large sailing canoe came under our stern, in which was a person named Futtafaihe, or Poolaho, or both, who, as the natives then on board told us, was king of Tongataboo and all the neighbouring islands. It being my interest, as well as my inclination, to pay court to all the great men without making inquiry into the validity of their assumed titles, I invited Poolaho on board. He brought with him, as a present, two fat hogs, though not so fat as himself. If weight of body could give weight in rank or power, he was certainly the most eminent man in that respect we had seen. I found him to be a sedate, sensible person. He viewed the ship and the several new objects with uncommon attention, and asked many pertinent questions ; one of which was, what could induce us to visit these islands ? After he had satisfied his curiosity in looking at the cattle and other novelties which he met with on deck, I



desired him to walk down into the cabin. To this his attendants objected, saying, that if he were to accept of the invitation, it must happen that people would walk over his head ; but the chief himself, less scrupulous in this respect than his attendants, waived all ceremony and walked down.

Poolaho sat down with us to dinner, but he ate little and drank less. When he arose from the table he desired me to accompany him-ashore. I attended him in my own boat, having first made presents to him of such articles as I observed he valued most, and were even beyond his expectation to receive. I was not disappointed in my view of thus securing his friendship, for the moment the boat reached the beach, he ordered two more hogs to be brought and delivered to my people. He was then carried out of the boat by some of his own people upon a board resembling a hand-barrow, and went and seated himself in a small house near the shore, which seemed to have been erected there for his accommodation. He placed me at his side, and his attendants seated themselves in a semicircle before us outside the house. Behind the chief, or rather on one side, sat an old woman with a sort of fan in her hand, whose office it was to prevent his being pestered with the flies. I stayed till several of his attendants left him, first making him obeisance by bowing the head down to the sole of his foot, and touching or tapping the same with the upper and under side of the fingers of both hands. Others, who were not in the circle, came, as it seemed, on purpose and paid him this mark of respect, and then retired without speaking a word. I was charmed with the decorum that was observed, and had nowhere seen the like, not even among more civilised nations.

Poolaho, the king, as I shall now call him, came on board betimes next morning, and brought, as a present to me, one of their caps, or rather bonnets, composed of the tail feathers of the tropic bird, with the red feathers of the paroquets wrought upon them or jointly with them. They are made so as to tie upon the forehead, without any crown, and have the form of a semicircle, whose radius is 18 or 20 inches. At daybreak the next morning I weighed with a fine breeze, and stood to the westward with a view to return to Annamooka. We were followed by several sailing canoes, in one of which was the king. He quitted us in a short time, but left his brother and five of his attendants on board. We had also the company of a chief, just then arrived from Tongataboo, whose name

was Tooboucitoa. The moment he arrived he sent his canoe away, and declared that he and five more who came with him would sleep on board ; so that I had now my cabin filled with visitors. They brought plenty of provisions with them, for which they always had suitable returns.

About noon next day, Feenou arrived from Vavaoo. He told us that several canoes, laden with hogs and other provisions, which had sailed with him from that island, had been lost, owing to the late stormy weather, and that everybody on board perished. This melancholy tale did not seem to affect any of his countrymen that heard it ; and as to ourselves, we were by this time too well acquainted with his character to give much credit to such a story. The following morning, Poolaho and the other chiefs, who had been wind-bound with him, arrived. I happened at this time to be ashore, in company with Feenou, who now seemed to be sensible of the impropriety of his conduct in assuming a character that did not belong to him. I left him to visit this greater man, whom I found sitting with a few people before him : but, as everyone hastened to pay court to him, the circle increased pretty fast. I had the most convincing proof of Feenou's inferiority, for he placed himself amongst the rest that sat before Poolaho as attendant on his majesty. Both he and Poolaho went on board with me to dinner, but only the latter sat at table. Feenou, having made his obeisance in the usual way, saluting his sovereign's foot with his head and hands, retired out of the cabin. The king had before told us that this would happen, and it now appeared that Feenou could not eat or drink in his royal presence.

Feenou had taken up his residence in our neighbourhood, but he was no longer the leading man. However, we still found him to be a person of consequence, and we had daily proofs of his opulence and liberality, by the continuance of his valuable presents. We now heard that there were other great men of the island whom we had not yet seen ; in particular they mentioned a person, considerably over sixty, named Mareewagee, and another called Toobou, who, they said, were of the first consequence. And so I found them to be when I paid them a visit on shore, which they returned—coming off to the ship accompanied by three or four inferior chiefs. When dinner was laid upon the table, not one of them would sit down or eat anything that was served up ; on expressing my surprise at this, they were all taboo, as they said, which signifies that a thing is forbidden. Dinner being over, and having gratified their

curiosity by showing to them every part of the ship, I then conducted them ashore. As soon as the boat reached the beach, Feenou and some others stepped out. Young Futtafaihe following them, was called back by Mareewagee, who now paid the heir-apparent the same obeisance, and in the same manner that I had seen it paid to the king. By this time I had acquired some certain information about the relative situations of the several great men, whose names have been so often mentioned. I now knew that Mareewagee and Toobou were brothers. Feenou was one of Mareewagee's sons, and Tooboueitoa was another.

Next day was fixed upon by Mareewagee for giving a grand *haiva*, or entertainment, to which we were all invited. For this purpose a large space had been cleared before the temporary hut of the chief, near our post, as an area where the performances were to be exhibited. In the morning great multitudes of the natives came in from the country, every one carrying upon his shoulders a pole, about six feet long, with a yam suspended at each end. These yams and poles were deposited on each side of the area, so as to form two large heaps, decorated with different sorts of small fish, and piled up to the greatest advantage: they were Mareewagee's present to Captain Clerke and me. Everything being thus prepared, about eleven o'clock they began to exhibit various dances, which they called "*mai*." The music consisted, at first, of seventy men as a chorus, who sat down; and amidst them were placed three instruments, which we called drums from their effect, and the natives "*naffa*;" these instruments produce a rude though loud and powerful sound. The first dance consisted of four ranks of twenty-four men each, holding in their hands a little thin light wooden instrument, about two feet long, and in shape not unlike a small oblong paddle. With these, which are called "*pagge*," they made a great many different motions, all which were accompanied by corresponding attitudes of the body. Their motions were at first slow, but quickened as the drums beat faster, and the whole time they recited sentences in a musical tone, which were answered by the chorus; at the end of a short space they all joined, and finished with a shout; then the rear rank, dividing, shifted themselves very slowly round each end, and meeting in the front, formed the first rank, the whole number continuing to recite the sentences as before. The other ranks did the same successively, till that which at first was the front became the rear; and their evolutions continued in

the same manner, till the last rank regained its first situation. They then began a much quicker dance, though slow at first, and sung about ten minutes, when the whole body divided into two parts, retreated a little, and then approached, forming a sort of circular figure, which finished the dance.

In a short time, seventy men sat down as a chorus to another dance. This consisted of two ranks, of sixteen persons each, with young Toobou at their head. These danced, sung, and twirled the "pagge" as before, but in general much quicker. A motion that met with particular approbation, was one in which they held the face aside, as if ashamed; the back rank closed before the front one, and that again resumed its place, as in the two former dances. At that instant two men entered very hastily, and exercised the clubs which they use in battle; they did this by first twirling them in their hands, and making circular strokes before them with great force and quickness, but so skilfully managed that, though standing quite close, they never interfered. To them succeeded a person with a spear, in the same hasty manner, looking about eagerly, as if in search of somebody to throw it at. He then ran hastily to one side of the crowd in the front, and put himself in a threatening attitude, as if he meant to strike with his spear at one of them, bending the knee a little, and trembling, as it were, with rage. He continued in this manner only a few seconds, when he moved to the other side, and having stood in the same posture there, for the same short time, retreated from the ground as fast as when he made his appearance; and various other evolutions were performed with much adroitness.

Next day I dined ashore. The king sat down with us, but he neither ate nor drank. I found that this was owing to the presence of a female, who, as we afterwards understood, had superior rank to himself. As soon as this great personage had dined, she stepped up to the king, who put his hands to her feet, and then she retired. He immediately dipped his fingers into a glass of wine, and then received the obeisance of all her followers. This was the single instance we ever observed of his paying this mark of reverence to any person. At the king's desire I ordered some fireworks to be played off in the evening; but unfortunately, being damaged, this exhibition did not answer expectation. As no more entertainments were to be expected on either side, and the curiosity of the populace was by this time pretty well satisfied, most of them left us.

We still, however, had thieves about us, and, encouraged by the negligence of our people, we had continual instances of their depredations. Some of the officers, belonging to both ships, who had made an excursion into the interior of the island without my leave or knowledge, returned this evening, after an absence of two days. They had taken with them their muskets, with the necessary ammunition, and several small articles of the favourite commodities, all of which the natives had the dexterity to steal from them in the course of their expedition. Feenou and Poolaho upon this occasion very justly observed, that if any of my people at any time wanted to go into the country, they ought to be acquainted with it, in which case they would send proper persons along with them, and then they would be answerable for their safety. Though I gave myself no trouble about the recovery of the things stolen upon this occasion, most of them, through Feenou's interposition, were recovered, except one musket and a few other articles of inferior value.

We had now recruited the ships with wood and water, and had finished the repairs of the sails. However, as an eclipse of the sun was to happen on the 5th of July, and it was now the 25th of June. I resolved to defer sailing till that time had elapsed, in order to have a chance of observing it. Having therefore some days of leisure before me, a party of us, accompanied by Poolaho, set out early next morning in a boat for Mooa, the village where he and the other great men usually reside. As we rowed up the inlet, we met fourteen canoes fishing in company, in one of which was Poolaho's sons. In each canoe was a triangular net, extended between two poles, at the lower end of which was a cod to receive and secure the fish. They had already caught some fine mullet, and they put about a dozen into our boat. I desired to see their method of fishing, which they readily complied with. A shoal of fish was supposed to be in one of the banks, which they instantly enclosed in a large net like a sieve, or set-net. This the fishers, one getting into the water out of each boat, surrounded with the triangular nets in their hands, with which they scooped the fish out of the seine, or caught them as they attempted to leap over it.

Leaving the prince and fishing party, we proceeded to the bottom of the bay. Here we observed a fiataoka, or burying-place, which was much more extensive, and seemingly of more consequence, than any we had seen at the other islands. We were told that it

belonged to the king. It consisted of three pretty large houses, situated upon a rising ground, with a small one at a distance, all ranged longitudinally. They were covered and paved with fine pebbles, and the whole was enclosed by large flat stones of hard coral rock, properly hewn, placed on their edges; one of the stones measured twelve feet in length, two in breadth, and above one in thickness. Within one of these houses were two rude wooden busts of men. On inquiring what these images were intended for, we were told they were merely memorials of some chiefs who had been buried there, and not the representations of any deity. In one of them was a carved head of an Otaheitean canoe, which had been driven ashore on their coast and deposited here.

After we had refreshed ourselves we made an excursion into the country, attended by one of the king's ministers. Our train was not great, as he would not suffer the rabble to follow us. He also obliged all those whom we met upon our progress to sit down till we had passed, which is a mark of respect due only to their sovereigns.

By far the greater part of the country was cultivated, and planted with various sorts of productions. There were many public and well-beaten roads, and abundance of foot-paths leading to every part of the island. It is remarkable that when we were on the most elevated parts, at least a hundred feet above the level of the sea, we often met with the same coral rock which is found on the shore, and yet these very spots, with hardly any soil upon them, were covered with luxuriant vegetation. We saw some springs, but the water was either stinking or brackish. When we returned from our walk, which was not till the dusk of the evening, our supper was ready, and consisted of a baked hog, some fish, and yams, all excellently well cooked after the method of these islands. As there was nothing to amuse us after supper, we followed the custom of the country, and lay down to sleep, our beds being mats spread upon the floor, and cloth to cover us. The king, who had made himself very happy with some wine and brandy which we had brought, slept in the same house, as well as several others of the natives.

On the 30th I visited Futtasaihe, and we spent the night ashore; but we were a good deal disturbed by a singular instance of luxury in which their principal men indulge themselves—that of being beaten while they are asleep. Two women sat by Futtasaihe and

performed this operation, that was called "tooge-tooge," by beating briskly on his body and legs with both fists, as on a drum, till he fell asleep, and continuing it the whole night, with some short intervals. When once the person is asleep, they abate a little in the strength and quickness of beating, but resume it if they observe any appearance of his waking. In the morning we found that Futta-faihe's women relieved each other, and went to sleep by turns. In any other country it would be supposed that such a practice would put an end to all rest; but here it certainly acts as an opiate, and is a strong proof of what habit may effect. The noise of this, however, was not the only thing that kept us awake, for the people who sed the night in the house not only conversed among each other juently, as in the day, but all got up before it was light, and de a hearty meal of fish and yams, which were brought to them by a person who seemed to know very well the appointed time for this nocturnal refreshment.

I had prolonged my stay at this island on account of the approaching eclipse; but on the 2nd of July, on looking at the micrometer belonging to the Board of Longitude, I found some of the rack-work broken, and the instrument useless till repaired, which there was not time to do before it was intended to be used. Preparing now for our departure, I got on board all the cattle, poultry, and other animals, except such as were destined to remain, and on the following day we unmoored, that we might be ready to take advantage of the first favourable wind. The king, who was one of our company this day at dinner, took particular notice of the plates, which induced me to make him an offer of one, either of pewter or of earthenware. He chose the first, and then began to tell us the several uses to which he intended to apply it, two being of so extraordinary a nature that I cannot omit mentioning them. He said that whenever he should have occasion to visit any of the other islands, he would leave this plate behind him at Tongataboo as a sort of representative in his absence, that the people might pay it the same obeisance as they did to himself in person. He was asked what had been usually employed for that purpose before he got this plate, and we had the satisfaction of learning from him that this singular honour had been hitherto conferred on a wooden bowl in which he washed his hands. The other extraordinary use to which he meant to apply this plate, in the place of the wooden bowl, was to discover a thief. He said that when anything was stolen, and the thief could not be

found out, the people were all assembled together before him, when he washed his hands in water in this vessel, after which it was cleaned, and then the whole multitude advanced one after another and touched it in the same manner that they touch his foot when they pay him obeisance; if the guilty person touched it he died immediately upon the spot, not by violence, but by the hand of Providence, and if any one refused to touch it, his refusal was a clear proof that he was the man.

On the 6th of July we were ready to sail, but the wind being unfavourable, were under the necessity of waiting two or three days. We took our final leave of Tongataboo on the 10th, and early in the morning of the second day reached Middleburgh, or Eooa. We had no sooner anchored than Taoofa, the chief, and several other natives visited us on board, and seemed to rejoice much at our arrival. This Taoofa knew me when I was here during my last voyage, and I now went ashore with him in search of fresh water, which was the chief object that brought me to Eooa. I was first conducted to a brackish spring, between low and high water mark, in the cove where we landed. Finding that we did not like this, our friends took us a little inland, where, in a deep chasm, we found very good water: but rather than undertake the tedious task of bringing it down to the shore, I resolved to rest content with the supply that the ships had got at Tongataboo. I put ashore the ram and the two ewes of the Cape of Good Hope breed, entrusting them to the care of Taoofa, who seemed proud of his charge. As we lay at anchor this island bore a very different aspect from any we had lately seen, and formed a most beautiful landscape.

In the afternoon of the 13th, a party of us made an excursion to the highest part of the island; and as the plains and meadows are adorned with tufts of trees, intermixed with plantations, they form a very beautiful landscape in every point of view. While I was surveying this delightful prospect, I could not help flattering myself with the pleasing idea, that some future navigators may, from the same station, behold these meadows stocked with cattle, brought to these islands by the ships of England: and that the completion of this single benevolent purpose, independently of all other considerations would sufficiently mark to posterity that our voyages had not been useless to the general interests of humanity. The next morning I planted a pine apple, and sowed the seeds of melons and other vegetables in the chief's plantation. I had some encouragement



indeed, to flatter myself that my endeavours of this kind would not be fruitless. On this day there was served up at my dinner a dish of turnips, being the produce of the seeds I had left during my last voyage. I had fixed on the 15th for sailing, till Taoofa pressed me to stay a day or two longer, to receive a present he had prepared for me, consisting of two small heaps of yams and some fruit, which seemed to be collected by a kind of contribution, as at the other isles. For this liberality I made an adequate return, and soon weighed.

We now took leave of the Friendly Islands, after a stay of nearly three months, during which time we lived with the natives in the most cordial friendship. Some accidental differences, it is true, now and then happened, owing to their great propensity to thieving, which was too often encouraged by the negligence of our own people. The time employed amongst them was not thrown away : and we expended very little of our sea provisions, subsisting in general upon the produce of the islands while we stayed, and carrying away with us a quantity of refreshments, sufficient to last till we arrived at another station, where we could depend upon a fresh supply. I was not sorry, besides, to have had an opportunity of bettering the condition of these good people, by leaving the useful animals before-mentioned among them ; and at the same time, those designed for Otaheite received fresh strength in the pastures of Tongataboo. But besides the immediate advantages which both the natives of the Friendly Islands and ourselves received by this visit, future navigators from Europe, if any such ever tread in our steps, will profit by the knowledge acquired of the geography of this part of the Pacific Ocean ; and the more philosophical reader, who loves to view human nature in new situations, will, perhaps, find matter of amusement, if not of instruction, in the information which I have been enabled to convey to him concerning the inhabitants of this Archipelago. According to the information that we received then this Archipelago is very extensive. About 150 islands were reckoned up to us by the natives, who made use of bits of leaves to denote their number.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th we saw the island of Maitea, and soon after Otaheite. When we first drew near the island, several canoes came off to the ship, each conducted by two or three men. But, as they were common fellows, Omai took no particular notice of them, nor they of him. At length a chief, whom

I had known before, named Ootee, and Omai's brother-in-law, and three or four more persons, all of whom knew Omai, came on board. There was nothing either tender or striking in their meeting, but, on the contrary, there seemed to be a perfect indifference on both sides, till Omai, having taken his brother-in-law down into the cabin, opened the drawer where he kept his red feathers, and gave him a few. This being presently known among the rest of the natives upon deck, the face of affairs was entirely changed, and Ootee, who would hardly speak to Omai before, now begged that they might be friends, and exchanged names. Omai accepted the honour, and confirmed it with a present of red feathers ; and Ootee, by way of return, sent ashore for a hog. It was evident to every one of us, that it was not the man, but his property, they were in love with : such was Omai's first reception among his countrymen. The important news of red feathers being on board our ships having been conveyed on shore by Omai's friends, day had no sooner begun to break next morning, than we were surrounded by a multitude of canoes, crowded with people bringing hogs and fruit to market. At first, a quantity of feathers not greater than what might be got from a tom-tit would purchase a hog of forty or fifty pounds weight, but as almost everybody in the ships was possessed of some of this precious article of trade, it fell in its value above 500 per cent. before night.

Soon after we had anchored, Omai's sister came on board to see him. I was happy to observe that, much to the honour of them both, their meeting was marked with expressions of the tenderest affection, easier to be conceived than described. This moving scene having closed, and the ship being properly moored, Omai and I went on shore. My first object was to pay a visit to a man whom my friend represented as a very extraordinary personage indeed, for he said that he was the god of Bolabola. We found him seated under one of those small awnings which they usually carry in their larger canoes. He was an elderly man, and had lost the use of his limbs, so that he was carried from place to place upon a hand-barrow. From Omai's account of this person I expected to have seen some religious adoration paid to him, but, excepting some young plantain trees that lay before him, and upon the awning under which he sat, I could observe nothing by which he might be distinguished from their other chiefs. Omai presented to him a tuft of red feathers, tied to the end of a small stick ; but

after a little conversation on indifferent matters with this Bolabola man, his attention was drawn to an old woman, the sister of his mother. She was already at his feet, and had bedewed them plentifully with tears of joy. I left him with the old lady in the midst of a number of people, who had gathered round him, and went to view a house said to be built by strangers since I was here before. By an inspection I found it was erected by some Spaniards, who had been here lately in two ships from Lima. When I returned, I found Omai holding forth to a large company; and it was with some difficulty that he could be got away to accompany me on board, where I had an important affair to settle. This was in regard to the stated allowance of spirituous liquors; and I had the satisfaction to find that the crews of both ships unanimously consented to an abridgment in the usual quantity while at this place, that they might not be under the necessity of being put to short allowance in a cold climate.

The next day we began some necessary operations: I also put on shore the bull, cows, horses, and sheep, and appointed two men to look after them while grazing, as I did not intend to leave any of them at this part of the island. During the two following days it hardly ceased raining, but the natives, nevertheless, came to us from every quarter, the news of our arrival having rapidly spread. On the 17th Omai and I went on shore, to pay a formal visit to a young chief named Waheiadooa, who had come down to the beach. On this occasion Omai, assisted by some of his friends, dressed himself, not after the English fashion, nor that of Otaheite, nor that of Tongataboo, nor in the dress of any country upon earth, but in a strange medley of all that he was possessed of.

On our landing, Etary, or the god of Bolabola, carried on a hand-barrow, attended us to a large house, where he was set down, and we seated ourselves on each side of him. I caused a piece of Tongataboo cloth to be spread out before us, on which I laid the presents I intended to make. Presently the young chief came, attended by his mother and several principal men, who all seated themselves at the other end of the cloth, facing us. Then a man, who sat by me, made a speech, consisting of short and separate sentences, part of which was dictated by those about him. He was answered by one from the opposite side, near the chief; Etary spoke next, and then Omai, both of them being answered from the same quarter. These orations were entirely about my arrival and

connections with them. The person who spoke last told me, among other things, that he was authorised to make a formal surrender of the province of Tiaraboo to me, and of everything in it, which marks very plainly that these people are no strangers to the policy of accommodating themselves to present circumstances. At length the young chief was directed by his attendants to come and embrace me: and, by way of confirming this treaty of friendship, we exchanged names. The ceremony being closed, he and his friends accompanied me on board to dinner. Having taken in a fresh supply of water, and finished all other necessary operations, on the 22nd I brought off the cattle and sheep, and made ready for sea. On the 23rd we got under sail, and steered for Matavia Bay, where the *Resolution* anchored the same evening, the *Discovery* not arriving till the next day.

About nine o'clock in the morning, Otoo, the king of the whole island, attended by a great number of canoes full of people, came from Oparre, his place of residence, and sent a messenger on board, accompanied by Omai and some of the officers. We found a prodigious number of people assembled on this occasion, and in the midst of them was the king, attended by his father, his two brothers and three sisters. I went up first and saluted them, followed by Omai, who kneeled and embraced his legs. Omai had prepared himself for this ceremony by dressing in his very best suit of clothes, and behaved with a great deal of respect and modesty; nevertheless, very little notice was taken of him. Perhaps envy had some share in producing this cold reception. He made the chief a present of a large bunch of red feathers and about two or three yards of gold cloth, and I gave him a suit of fine linen, a gold-laced hat, some tools, and, what was of more value than all the other articles, a quantity of red feathers, and one of the bonnets in use at the Friendly Islands. After the hurry of this visit was over, the king and the whole royal family accompanied me on board, followed by several canoes, laden with all kinds of provisions, in quantity sufficient to have served the companies of both ships for a week. Soon after, the king's mother, who had not been present at the first interview, came on board, bringing with her a quantity of provisions and cloth, which she divided between me and Omai, for although he was but little noticed at first by his countrymen, they no sooner gained a knowledge of his riches than they began to court his friendship. I encouraged this as much as I could, for

it was my wish to leave him with Otoo ; as I intended to land all my European animals at this island. I thought he would be able to give some instructions about the management of them and their use. Besides, I knew and saw that the further he was from his native island the more he would be respected ; unfortunately, however, poor Omai rejected my advice, and conducted himself in so imprudent a manner that he soon lost the friendship of Otoo, and of every other person of note in Otahite. As soon as we had dined, a party of us accompanied Otoo to Oparre, taking with us the poultry with which we were to stock the island. These I left at Oparre, in the possession of Otoo, and the geese and ducks began to breed before we sailed. We found there a gander, which the natives told us was the same that Captain Wallis had given to Oberea ten years before, several goats, and a Spanish bull, which they kept tied to a tree near Otoo's house. I never saw a finer animal of this kind. He was now the property of Etary, and had been brought from Oheitepeha to this place in order to be shipped for Bolabola. Next day I put ashore three cows, a horse, a mare, and a sheep.

Having thus disposed of these passengers, I found myself lightened of a very heavy burthen. The trouble and vexation that attended the bringing this living cargo thus far is hardly to be conceived ; but the satisfaction I felt in having been so fortunate as to fulfil his majesty's humane design, in sending such valuable animals to supply the wants of two worthy nations, sufficiently recompensed me for the many anxious hours I had passed, before this subordinate object of my voyage could be carried into execution. As I intended to make some stay here, we set up the two observatories on Matavia Point. Adjoining to them two tents were pitched, for the reception of a guard, and of such people as it might be necessary to leave on shore in different departments. I entrusted the command to Mr. King, who, at the same time, attended the observations for ascertaining the correctness of the timekeeper, and other purposes.

On the 26th I had a piece of ground cleared for a garden, and planted in it several articles. Some melons, potatoes, and two pine-apple plants were in a fair way of succeeding before we left the place. I had brought from the Friendly Islands several shaddock trees, which I also planted here ; and they can hardly fail of success, unless their growth should be checked

by the same premature curiosity which destroyed a vine planted by the Spaniards at Oheitepeha. A number of the natives got together to taste the first fruit it bore, but as the grapes were still sour, they considered it as little better than poison, and it was unanimously determined to tread it under foot. In that state Omai found it by chance, and was overjoyed at the discovery, for he had full confidence that, if he had but grapes, he could make wine. Accordingly he had several slips cut off from the tree to carry with him, and we pruned and put in order the remains of it.

We found there the young man whom we called Oedidee, but whose real name is Heete-heete. I had carried him from Ulietea in 1773, and brought him back in 1774, after he had visited the Friendly Islands, New Zealand, Easter Island, and the Marquesas, and been on board my ship about seven months. He was tenacious of his good breeding, and "Yes, sir," or "If you please, sir," were frequently repeated by him. Heete-heete, who is a native of Bolabola, had arrived in Otaheite three months before, with no other intention, as we could learn, than to gratify his curiosity, or perhaps some other favourite passion. It was evident, however, that he preferred the modes and even the garb of his own countrymen to ours, for though I gave him some clothes, which our Admiralty Board had been pleased to send for his use, to which I added a chest of tools and a few other articles as a present from myself, he declined wearing them after a few days. This instance may be urged as a proof of the strong propensity natural to man, of returning to habits acquired at an early age, and only interrupted by accident.

On the morning of the 27th a man came from Oheitepeha and told us that the Spanish ships had anchored in that bay the night before, and, in confirmation of this intelligence, he produced a piece of coarse blue cloth, which he said he got out of one of the ships. He added that Mateema was in one of our ships, and that they were to come down to Matavia in a day or two. Some other circumstances which he mentioned gave the story so much an air of truth, that I despatched Lieut. Williamson in a boat to look into Oheitepeha Bay; in the meantime I put the ships into a proper state of defence, for though England and Spain were in peace when I left Europe, for aught I knew hostilities might have broken out.

However, on further inquiry, the fellow imposed upon us, and this was confirmed by Williamson's report, as soon as he returned.

Hitherto the attention of Otoo and his people was confined to us; but next morning, messengers arrived from Eimeo, with intelligence that the people in the island were in arms, and that Otoo's partisans there had been worsted, and obliged to retreat to the mountains. The quarrel between the two islands, which commenced in 1774, had, it seems, partly subsisted ever since. The formidable armament which I saw at that time had sailed soon after I left Otaheite, but the malcontents of Eimeo had made so stout a resistance, that the fleet had returned without effecting much; and now another expedition was necessary. On the arrival of the messengers, all the chiefs who happened to be at Matavia assembled at Otoo's house, where I actually was at the time, and had the honour to be admitted into their council. One of the messengers opened the business in a speech of considerable length, in order to excite the assembled chiefs of Otaheite to arm on this occasion. This opinion was combated by others who were against commencing hostilities, but at length the party for war prevailed; Otoo, during the whole debate, remained silent. Those of the council who were for prosecuting the war applied to me for assistance, and all of them wanted to know what part I would take. Omai was sent to be my interpreter, but as he could not be found, I was obliged to speak for myself, and told them, as well as I could, that as the people of Eimeo had never offended me, I could not think myself at liberty to engage in hostilities against them. With this declaration they seemed satisfied.

Human sacrifices are not the only barbarous customs we find to be still prevailing amongst this unenlightened people. For, besides cutting out the jawbones of their enemies slain in battle, which they carry about as trophies, they in some measure offer their bodies as a sacrifice to the Eatooa. Soon after the battle in which they have been victors, they collect all the dead that have fallen into their hands, and bring them to the morai, where, with a great deal of ceremony, they dig a hole and bury them all in it, as so many offerings to the gods; but their skulls are never after taken up. We made no scruple in freely expressing our sentiments about their horrid ceremonies to Otoo, and those who attended him, and I could not conceal my detestation of them in a subsequent conversation with Towha. Omai was made use

of as our interpreter ; and he entered into our arguments with so much spirit that the chief seemed to be in great wrath, especially when he was told, that if he had put a man to death in England, as he did here, his rank would not protect him from being hanged for it. Upon this he exclaimed, "Maeno ! maeno !" ("Vile ! vile !") and would not hear another word.

In the evening of the 7th we played off some fireworks before a great concourse of people. Some were highly entertained with the exhibition, but by far the greater number of the spectators were terribly frightened, insomuch that it was with difficulty we could prevail upon them to keep together to see the end of the show. A table-rocket was the last. It flew off the table, and dispersed the whole crowd in a moment ; even the most resolute among them fled with precipitation.

Otoo was not more attentive to supply our wants by a succession of presents than he was to contribute to our amusement by a succession of diversions. A party of us having gone down to Oparre on the 10th, he treated us with what may be called a play. His three sisters were the actresses, and the dresses they appeared in were new and elegant—that is, more so than we had usually met with at any of these islands. In the evening we returned from Oparre, where we left Otoo and all the royal family, and I saw none of them till the 12th, when all but the chief himself paid me a visit ; he, as they told me, was gone to Attahooroo, to assist this day at another human sacrifice, which the chief of Tiarabee had sent thither to be offered up at the morai.

The following evening Otoo returned from exercising this most disagreeable of all his duties as sovereign ; and the next day, being now honoured with his company, Captain Clerke and I, mounted on horseback, took a ride round the plain of Matavia, to the very great surprise of a great train of people, who attended on the occasion, gazing upon us with as much astonishment as if we had been centaurs : Omai, indeed, had once or twice before this attempted to get on horseback, but he had been as often thrown off before he could contrive to seat himself, so that this was the first time they had seen anybody ride a horse. Though this performance was repeated every day while we stayed, by one or other of our people, the curiosity of the natives continued still unabated. They were exceedingly delighted with these animals, after they had seen the use that was made of them ; and, as far as I could



judge, they conveyed to them a better idea of the greatness of other nations than all other European novelties put together.

On the morning of the 18th, Mr. Anderson, myself, and Omai went again, with Otoo, to Oparre, and took with us the sheep which I intended to leave upon the island, consisting of an English ram and ewe and three Cape ewes, all of which I gave to Otoo. After dining with Otoo we returned to Matavia, leaving him at Oparre. This day, and also the 19th, we were very sparingly supplied with fruit. Otoo hearing of this, he and his brother, who had attached himself to Captain Clerke, came from Oparre, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, with a large supply for both ships. The next day all the royal family came with presents, so that our wants were not only relieved, but we had more provisions than we could consume.

Having got all our water on board, the ships being caulked, the rigging overhauled, and everything put in order, I began to think of leaving the island, that I might have sufficient time for visiting the others in this neighbourhood. With this view we removed from the shore our observatories and instruments, and bent our sails. Early in the morning of the 22nd, Otoo and his father came on board to know when I proposed sailing; for, having been informed that there was a good harbour at Eimeo, I told them that I should visit that island on my way to Huaheine, and they were desirous of taking a passage with me, and of their fleet sailing at the same time to reinforce Towha. As I was ready to take my departure, I left it to them to name the day; and the Wednesday following was fixed upon, when I was to take on board Otoo, his father, mother, and, in short, the whole family. These points being settled, I proposed setting out immediately for Oparre, where all the fleet fitted out for the expedition was to assemble that day, and to be reviewed. I had just time to get into my boat when news was brought that Towha had concluded a treaty with Maheine, and had returned with his fleet to Attahooroo. This unexpected event made all further proceedings in a military way quite unnecessary; and the war-canoes, instead of rendezvousing at Oparre, were ordered home to their respective districts. I now returned on board my ship, attended by Otoo's mother, his three sisters, and eight more women. At first I thought this numerous train of females came into my boat with no other intention than to

get a passage to Matavia ; but when we arrived at the ship they told me that they intended to pass the night on board for the express purpose of undertaking the cure of a disorder I had complained of, which was a pain of the rheumatic kind. I accepted the friendly offer, had a bed spread for them on the cabin floor, and submitted myself to their directions. They began to squeeze me with both hands from head to foot, but particularly on the parts where the pain was lodged, till they made my bones crack, and my flesh became a perfect mummy. In short, after undergoing this discipline for about a quarter of an hour, I was glad to get away from them. However, the operation gave me immediate relief, which encouraged me to submit to another rubbing down before I went to bed ; and it was so effectual that I found myself pretty easy all the night after. My female physicians repeated their prescription the next morning before they went ashore, and again in the evening, when they returned on board, after which I found the pains entirely removed, and the cure being perfected, they took their leave of me the following morning. This operation is universally practised amongst these islanders, being sometimes performed by the men, but more generally by the women.

The war with Eimeo being finally closed, all our friends paid us a visit on the 26th ; and as they knew that we were on the point of sailing, brought with them more hogs than we could take off their hands, for, having no salt left to preserve any, we wanted no more than for present use.

When the Spanish ships, which had some time before touched here, left the island, four Spaniards remained behind. Two were priests, one a servant, and the fourth made himself very popular among the natives, who distinguished him by the name of Matema. He seems to have been a person who had studied their language, or, at least, to have spoken it so as to be understood, and to have taken uncommon pains to impress the minds of the islanders with the most exalted ideas of the greatness of the Spanish nation, and to make them think meanly of the English. He even went so far as to assure them, that we no longer existed as an independent nation ; that Pretane was only a small island, which they, the Spaniards, had entirely destroyed ; and that they had met with me at sea, and, with a few shot, had sent my ship, and every soul in her, to the bottom, so that my visiting Otaheite at this time was of course very unexpected. With what design the priests stayed, we

cannot guess. If it was to convert the people to the Catholic faith, they had not succeeded in any one instance. When they had stayed ten months, two ships came to Oheitepeha, took them on board, and sailed again in five days.

Otoo said, if the Spaniards should return, he would not let them come to Matavia Fort, which, he said, was ours. It was easy to see that the idea pleased him, little thinking that the completion of it would at once deprive him of his kingdom and the people of their liberties. This shows with what facility a settlement might be obtained at Otaheite, which, grateful as I am for repeated good offices, I hope will never happen.

We had no sooner anchored in the neighbouring island of Eimeo than the ships were crowded with the inhabitants, whom curiosity alone brought on board, for they had nothing with them for the purpose of barter; but the next morning several canoes arrived, from more distant parts, bringing with them abundance of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and a few hogs. These they exchanged for hatchets, nails, and beads; for red feathers were not so much sought for here as at Otaheite. In the morning of the 2nd of October, Maheine, the chief of the island, paid me a visit. He approached the ship with great caution, and it required some persuasion to get him on board. This chief, who, with a few followers, had made himself independent of Otaheite, is between forty and fifty years old. He is bald-headed, which is rather uncommon in these islands at that age, and wore a kind of turban, as he seemed ashamed to show his head. They had seen us shave the head of one of their people, whom we had caught stealing, and therefore concluded that this was the punishment usually inflicted by us upon all thieves; and one or two of our gentlemen, whose heads were not overburthened with hair, we could observe, lay under violent suspicions of being tetos, or thieves.

We hauled the ship off into the stream on the 6th of October, intending to put to sea the next day, but an accident happened which prevented it. We had sent our goats ashore to graze, with two men to look after them; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the natives had contrived to steal one of them in the evening. The loss of this goat would have been of little consequence if it had not interfered with my views of stocking other islands with these animals; but this being the case, it became

necessary to recover it, if possible, and after much trouble we succeeded.

At Eimeo we abundantly supplied the ships with firewood. We had not taken any in at Otaheite, there not being a tree at Matavia but what is useful to the inhabitants. There is a very striking difference in the women of this island and those of Otaheite. Those of Eimeo are of low stature, are of a dark hue, and, in general, forbidding features. If we met with a fine woman among them, we were sure to find, upon inquiry, that she had come from some other island.

We left Eimeo on the 12th of October, 1777, and the next morning saw Huaheine. At noon we anchored at the north entrance of Owharre harbour, which is on the west side of the island. Our arrival brought all the principal people to our ships, which was what I wished, as it was high time to think of settling Omai; and the presence of these chiefs, I thought, would enable me to do it in the most satisfactory manner. After the hurry of the morning was over, we got ready to pay a formal visit to Taireetareea, the sovereign, meaning then to introduce this business. Omai dressed himself very properly on this occasion, and prepared a handsome present for the chief himself, and another for his Eatooa; indeed, after he got clear of the gang that surrounded him at Otaheite, he behaved with such prudence as to gain respect. We waited some time for Taireetareea, but when he appeared I found that his presence might have been dispensed with, as he was not above eight or ten years of age. Omai, who stood at a little distance from this circle of great men, began with making his offerings to the gods, consisting of red feathers, cloth, and other articles, which were each laid before one of the company, who, I understood, was a priest, and delivered with a set speech or prayer, spoken by one of Omai's friends, who sat by him, but mostly dictated by himself. In these prayers he did not forget his friends in England, nor those who had brought him safe back; the "Earee rahie no Pretane" (King George), Lord Sandwich, Toote, and Tatee (Cook and Clerke), were mentioned in every one of them. When Omai's offerings and prayers were finished, the priest took each article, in the same order in which it had been laid before him, and after repeating a prayer, sent it to the morai, which as Omai told us, was at a great distance, otherwise the offerings would have been made there. Omai sat

down by me and we entered upon business. Omai's establishment was then proposed to the assembled chiefs : he acquainted them "that he had been carried by us into our country, where he was well received by the great king and his earees, and treated with every mark of regard and affection while he stayed amongst us ; that he had been brought back again, enriched by our liberality with a number of articles, which would prove very useful to his countrymen ; and that, besides the two horses, which were to remain with him, several new and valuable animals had been left at Otaheite, which would soon multiply, and furnish a sufficient number for the use of all the islands in the neighbourhood. He then signified to them that it was my earnest request, in return for all my friendly offices, that they would give him a piece of land to build a house upon, and to raise provisions for himself and servants ; adding, that if this could not be obtained for him in Huaheine, either by gift or by purchase, I was determined to carry him to Ulietea, and fix him there."

One of the chiefs immediately expressed himself to this effect : "that the whole island of Huaheine, and everything in it, were mine, and that, therefore, I might give what portion of it I pleased to my friend." Omai was greatly pleased to hear this ; thinking, no doubt, that I should be very liberal, and give him enough. But to offer what it would have been improper to accept, I considered as offering nothing at all, and, therefore, I now desired that they would not only assign the particular spot, but also the exact quantity of land which they would allot for the settlement. After a short consultation among themselves my request was granted, and the ground immediately pitched upon, adjoining to the house where our meeting was held. The extent along the shore of the harbour was about 200 yards, and its depth, to the foot of the hill, somewhat more, but a proportional part of the hill was included in the grant. This business being settled, to the satisfaction of all parties, I set up a tent ashore, established a post, and erected the observatories. The carpenters of both ships were also set to work to build a small house for Omai, in which he might secure the European commodities that were his property. At the same time some hands were employed in making a garden for his use.

While we lay in this harbour, we carried ashore the bread remaining in the bread-room, to clear it of vermin. The number

of cockroaches that infested the ship at this time was incredible ; the damage they did us was very considerable, and every method devised by us to destroy them proved ineffectual. According to Mr. Anderson's observations, they were of two sorts, the *Blatta orientalis* and *germanica*. The first of these had been carried home in the ship from her former voyage, where they withstood the severity of the hard winter in 1766, though she was in dock all the time. The others had only made their appearance since our leaving New Zealand, but had increased so fast, that when a sail was loosened, thousands of them fell upon the decks. The *orientalis*, though in infinite numbers, scarcely came out but in the night, when they made everything in the cabin seem as if in motion, from the particular noise in crawling about.

The intercourse of trade and friendly offices was carried on between us and the natives, without being disturbed by any one accident, till the evening of the 22nd, when a man found means to get into Mr. Bayley's observatory, and to carry off the sextant unobserved. As soon as I was made acquainted with this, I went ashore, and got Omai to apply to the chiefs to procure restitution. He did so, but they took no steps towards it, being more attentive to a heeva that was then acting, till I ordered the performers of the exhibition to desist. They were now convinced that I was in earnest, and began to make some inquiry after the thief, who was sitting in the midst of them, quite unconcerned, insomuch that I was in great doubt of his being the guilty person, especially as he denied it. Omai, however, assuring me that he was the man, I sent him on board the ship, and there confined him. This raised a general ferment amongst the assembled natives, and the whole body fled, in spite of all my endeavours to stop them. Having employed Omai to examine the prisoner, with some difficulty he was brought to confess where he had hid the sextant ; but, as it was now dark, we could not find it till daylight the next morning, when it was brought back uninjured. After this, the natives recovered from their fright, and began to gather about us as usual. As the thief seemed to be a very hardened fellow, I punished him with some severity. This, however, did not deter him, for in the night of the 24th a general alarm was spread, occasioned, as was said, by one of our goats being stolen by this very man. On examination, we found that all was safe in that quarter ; probably, the goats were so well guarded, that he could

not put his design into execution, but it appeared that he had destroyed and carried off several vines and cabbage plants in Omai's grounds, and he publicly threatened to kill him and to burn his house as soon as we should leave the island. To prevent the fellow's doing me and Omai any more mischief, I had him seized and confined again on board the ship, with a view of carrying him off the island; and it seemed to give general satisfaction to the chiefs that I meant thus to dispose of him.

Omai's house being nearly finished, many of his movables were carried ashore on the 26th. Amongst a variety of other useless articles was a box of toys, which, when exposed to public view, seemed greatly to please the gazing multitude. But as to his pots, kettles, dishes, plates, drinking mugs, glasses, and the whole train of our domestic accommodation, hardly any one of his countrymen would so much as look at them. Omai himself now began to think that they were of no manner of use to him; that a baked hog was more savoury food than a boiled one; that a plantain-leaf made as good a dish or plate as pewter; and that a cocoa-nut shell was as convenient a goblet as a black jack; and therefore he very wisely disposed of as many of these articles of English furniture for the kitchen and pantry as he could find purchasers for amongst the people of the ships, receiving from them in return hatchets and other iron tools, which had a more intrinsic value in this part of the world, and added more to his distinguishing superiority over those with whom he was to pass the remainder of his days.

Before I sailed I had the following inscription cut upon the outside of his house:—

Georgius Tertius, Rex, 2 November, 1777.

Naves { *Resolution*, Jac. Cook, Pr.  
           { *Discovery*, Car. Clerke, Pr.

On the 2nd of November, at four in the afternoon, I took advantage of a breeze which then sprung up from the east, and sailed out of the harbour. Most of our friends remained on board till the ships were under weigh, when, to gratify their curiosity, I ordered five guns to be fired. They then took their leave, except Omai, who remained till we were at sea; an hour or two later he went ashore, taking a very affectionate farewell of all the officers. He sustained himself with a manly resolution

till he came to me, when his utmost efforts to conceal his tears failed ; and Mr. King, who went in the boat, told me that he wept all the time in going ashore.

Omai's return, and the substantial proofs he brought back with him of our liberality, encouraged many to offer themselves as volunteers to attend me to Pretane. I took every opportunity of expressing my determination to reject all such applications. If there had been the most distant probability of any ship being again sent to New Zealand, I would have brought home with me two youths of that country, who were very desirous of continuing with us. Tiarooa, the elder, was an exceedingly well-disposed young man, with strong natural sense, and capable of receiving any instruction. He seemed to be fully sensible of the inferiority of his own country to these islands, and resigned himself, though perhaps with reluctance, to end his days in ease and plenty in Huaheine. But the other was so strongly attached to us that he was taken out of the ship and carried ashore by force. He was a witty, smart boy, and on that account much noticed on board. But notwithstanding this, Omai, who was very ambitious of remaining the only great traveller, frequently reminded me that Lord Sandwich had told him no others of his countrymen were to come to England.

Nothing worthy of note happened till the night of the 12th, when John Harrison, a marine, who was sentinel at the observatory, deserted, carrying with him his musket and accoutrements. Having in the morning got intelligence which way he had moved off, a party was sent after him, but they returned in the evening, after an ineffectual inquiry and search. The next day I applied to the chief to interest himself in the matter. He promised to send a party of his men after him, but I had reason to suspect that no steps had been taken by him. We had at this time a great number of natives about the ships, and some thefts were committed ; dreading the consequences, very few visitors came near us the next morning, and the chief himself with his whole family fled. I thought this a good opportunity to oblige them to deliver up the deserter, and having heard that he was at a place called Hamoa, on the other side of the island, I went thither with two armed boats, accompanied by one of the natives, on our way embarking the chief. I landed about a mile and a half from the place, with a few people, and marched briskly up to it,



lest the sight of the boats should give the alarm, and allow the man time to escape to the mountains. But this precaution was unnecessary, for the natives there had got information of my coming, and were prepared to deliver him up.

I found Harrison with his musket lying before him, sitting between two women, who, the moment I entered the house, rose up to plead in his behalf. As it was highly proper to discourage such proceedings, I frowned upon them, and bid them begone, upon which they burst into tears and walked off. Paha, the chief of the district, now came with a plantain-tree and a sucking pig, which he would have presented to me as a peace-offering. I rejected it, and ordered him out of my sight, and having embarked with the deserter on board the first boat that arrived, returned to the ship. After this, harmony was again restored. The fellow had nothing to say in his defence, but that the natives had enticed him away, and this might in part be true, as it was certain Paha, and also the two women above mentioned, had been at the ship the day before he deserted. As it appeared that he remained at his post till within a few minutes of the time when he was to have been relieved, the punishment I inflicted upon him was not very severe.

On the morning of the 24th I was informed that a midshipman and a seaman, both belonging to the *Discovery*, were missing. Soon after, we learnt from the natives that they went away in a canoe the preceding evening, and were at this time at the other end of the island. As the midshipman was known to have expressed a desire to remain at these islands, it seemed pretty certain that he and his companion had gone off with this intention; and Captain Clerke set out in quest of them with two armed boats and a party of marines. His expedition proved fruitless, for he returned in the evening without having got any certain intelligence where they were. From the conduct of the natives, Captain Clerke seemed to think that they intended to conceal the deserters, and with that view had given him false information the whole day, which turned out to be correct, for the next morning we were told that our runaways were at Otaha. As these two were not the only persons in the ships who wished to end their days at these favourite islands, in order to put a stop to any further desertion, it was necessary to get them back at all hazards; and that the natives might be convinced that I

was in earnest, I resolved to go after them myself, having observed, from repeated instances, that they seldom offered to deceive me with false information. Accordingly, I set out the next morning with two armed boats, being accompanied by the chief himself. I proceeded as he directed, without stopping anywhere, till we came to the middle of the east side of Otaba. Then we put ashore, and Oreo despatched a man before us with orders to seize the deserters, and keep them till we should arrive with the boats. But when we got to the place where we expected to find them, we were told that they had quitted this island, and gone over to Bolabola the day before. I did not think proper to follow them thither, but returned to the ships, fully determined, however, to have recourse to a measure which I guessed would oblige the natives to bring them back.

Soon after daybreak the chief, his son, daughter, and son-in-law, came on board the *Resolution*. The three last I resolved to detain till the two deserters should be brought back. With this view Captain Clerke invited them to go on board his ship, and, as soon as they arrived there, confined them in his cabin. The chief was with me when the news reached him, and he immediately acquainted me with it, supposing that this step had been taken without my knowledge, and, consequently, without my approbation. I instantly undeceived him, when he began to have apprehensions as to his own situation, and his looks expressed the utmost perturbation of mind; but I soon made him easy as to this, by telling him that he was at liberty to leave the ship whenever he pleased, and to take such measures as he should judge best calculated to get our two men back; that if he succeeded, his friends on board the *Discovery* should be delivered up; if not, that I was determined to carry them with me. I added, that his own conduct, as well as that of many of his people, in not only assisting these two men to escape, but in being, even at this very time, assiduous in enticing others to follow them, would justify any step I could take to put a stop to such proceedings. This explanation of the motives upon which I acted, and which we found means to make Oreo, and those of his people who were present, fully comprehend, seemed to reassure them in a great measure. But, if relieved from apprehension about their own safety, they continued under the deepest concern for those who were prisoners. Many of them went

under the *Discovery's* stern in canoes to bewail their captivity, which they did with long and loud exclamations. "Poedooa!" (for so the chief's daughter was called) resounded from every quarter; and the women seemed to vie with each other in mourning her fate with more significant expressions of their grief than tears and cries, for there were many bloody heads upon the occasion.

Oreo himself did not give way to unavailing lamentations, but instantly began his exertions to recover our deserters by despatching a canoe to Bolabola, with a message to Opoony, the sovereign of that island, acquainting him with what had happened, and requesting him to seize the two fugitives and send them back. The messenger, who was no less a man than the father of Pootoe, Oreo's son-in-law, before he set out came to receive my commands. I strictly enjoined him not to return without the deserters, and to tell Opoony from me, that if they had left Bolabola he must send canoes to bring them back, for I suspected that they would not long remain in one place. Urged by a regard for the high rank of the prisoners, the natives did not think proper to trust to the return of our people for their release; or at least their impatience was so great, that it hurried them to meditate an attempt which might have involved them in still greater distress, had it not been fortunately prevented. Between five and six o'clock in the evening I observed that all their canoes, in and about the harbour, began to move off, as if some sudden panic had seized them. I was ashore, abreast of the ship at the time, and inquired in vain to find out the cause, till our people called to us from the *Discovery*, and told us that a party of the natives had seized Captain Clerke and Mr. Gore, who had walked out a little way from the ships. Struck with the boldness of this plan of retaliation, which seemed to counteract me so effectually in my own way, there was no time to deliberate; I instantly ordered the people to arm, and in less than five minutes a strong party, under the command of Mr. King, was sent to rescue our two gentlemen; at the same time two armed boats, and a party under Mr. Williamson, went after the flying canoes, to cut off their retreat to the shore. These several detachments were hardly out of sight before an account arrived that we had been misinformed, upon which I sent and called them all in.

It was evident, however, from several corroborating circumstances, that the design of seizing Captain Clerke had really been in agitation amongst the natives, nay, they made no secret in speaking of it the next day; but their first and great plan of operation was to have laid hold of me. It was my custom, every evening, to bathe in the fresh water. Very often I went alone, and always without arms. Expecting me to go as usual this evening, they had determined to seize me, and Captain Clerke, too, if he had accompanied me; but I had, after confining Oreo's family, thought it prudent to avoid putting myself in their power, and had cautioned Captain Clerke and the officers not to go far from the ships. In the course of the afternoon the chief asked me three several times if I would not go to the bathing-place, and when he found, at last, that I could not be prevailed upon to do so, he went off, with the rest of his people, in spite of all that I could do or say to stop him. But as I had no suspicion at this time of their design, I imagined that some sudden fright had seized them, which would, as usual, soon be over. Finding themselves disappointed as to me, they fixed on those who were more in their power. It was fortunate for all parties that they did not succeed, and not less fortunate that no mischief was done on the occasion, for not a musket was fired, except two or three to stop the canoes. To that firing, perhaps, Messrs. Clerke and Gore owed their safety,\* for, at that very instant, a party of the natives, armed with clubs, were advancing towards them, and on hearing the reports of the muskets they dispersed. The conspiracy, as it may be called, was first discovered by a girl whom one of the officers had brought from Huaheine. She, overhearing some of the Ulieteans say that they would seize Captain Clerke and Mr. Gore, ran to acquaint the first of our people that she met with. Those who were charged with the execution of the design threatened to kill her, as soon as we should leave the island, for disappointing them. Being aware of this, we contrived that her friends should come, some days after, and take her out of the ship, to convey her to a place of safety till they could have an opportunity of sending her back to Huaheine.

\* Perhaps they owed their safety principally to Captain Clerke's walking with a pistol in his hand, which he once fired. The circumstance is omitted both in Captain Cook's and Mr. Anderson's journal, but it is here mentioned on the authority of Captain King.

On the 27th our observatories were taken down, and everything we had ashore carried on board; the moorings of the ship were cast off, and we transported them a little way down the harbour, where they were brought to an anchor again. Towards the afternoon, the natives began to shake off their fears, gathering round and on board the ships as usual, and the awkward transactions of the day before seemed to be forgotten on both sides. The following night the wind blew in hard squalls from south to east, attended with heavy showers of rain. In one of the squalls, the cable by which the *Resolution* was riding, parted just without the hawse. We had another ready to let go, so that the ship was presently brought up again. In the afternoon, the wind became moderate, and we hooked the end of the best small bower cable, and got it again into the hawse. Oreo, the chief, being uneasy as well as myself that no account had been received from Bolabola, set out this evening for that island, and desired me to follow him the next day with the ships. This was my intention, but the wind would not admit of our getting to sea, though the same wind which kept us in the harbour brought Oreo back from Bolabola with the two deserters. They had reached Otaha the same night they deserted, but finding it impossible to get to any of the islands to the eastward, for want of wind, they had proceeded to Bolabola, and from thence to the small island Toobaee, where they were taken by the father of Pootoe, in consequence of the first message sent to Opoony. As soon as they were on board, the three prisoners were released, and thus ended the affair, which had given me much trouble and vexation; nor would I have exerted myself so resolutely on the occasion, but for the reasons before mentioned, and to save the son of a brother officer from being lost to his country.

The wind continued between the north and west, and confined us in the harbour till eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th of December, when we took advantage of a light breeze which then sprang from the north-east, and, with the assistance of all the boats, got out to sea, with the *Discovery* in company. During the last week we had been visited by people from all parts of the island, who furnished us with a large stock of hogs and green plantains. So that the time we lay wind-bound in the harbour was not entirely lost, green plantains being an excellent substitute for bread, as they will keep for a fortnight or three weeks.

Besides this supply of provisions, we also completed our wood and water.

Ulietea, before its conquest by Bolabola, was, as we were told, the most important of that cluster of islands, and probably the first seat of government, for they say that the present royal family of Otaheite is descended from that which reigned here before the late revolution. Ooroo, the dethroned monarch of Ulietea, was still alive when we were at Huaheine, where he resides, preserving all the emblems which they appropriate to majesty, though he has lost his dominions. We saw a similar instance of this while we were at Ulietea. One of the occasional visitors I now had was my old friend Oree, the late chief of Huaheine, who still preserved his consequence, and came always at the head of a numerous body of attendants.

As soon as we got clear of the harbour, we took our leave of Ulietea, and steered for Bolabola. The chief, if not the sole object I had in view in visiting that island was to procure from its monarch, Opoony, one of the anchors which Monsieur de Bougainville had lost at Otaheite. This, having afterwards been taken up by the natives there, had, as they informed me, been sent by them as a present to that chief. My desire to get possession of it did not arise from our being in want of anchors, but, having expended all the hatchets and other iron tools which we had brought from England in purchasing fresh provisions, we were now reduced to the necessity of creating a fresh assortment of trading articles by fabricating them out of the spare iron we had on board; and in such conversions, and in the occasional uses of the ships, great part of that had been already expended. I thought that M. de Bougainville's anchor would supply our want of this useful material, and I made no doubt that I should be able to tempt Opoony to part with it. Oreo, who is a sort of deputy of the king of Bolabola, and six or eight men from Ulietea, took a passage with us to Bolabola; indeed, most of the natives, except the chief himself, would have gladly taken a passage with us to England. At sunset, being near the south point of Bolabola, we shortened sail, and spent the night making short boards. At daybreak on the 8th we made sail for the harbour, which is on the west side of the island; but the tide and wind being against us, I gave up the design of carrying the ships into the harbour; and having ordered the boats to be got ready, I embarked in one

of them, accompanied by Oreo and his companions, and was rowed in for the island. We landed where the natives directed us, and soon after I was introduced to Opoony, in the midst of a great concourse of people. Having no time to lose, as soon as the necessary formalities were over, I asked the chief to give me the anchor, and produced the present I had prepared for him, consisting of a linen night-gown, a shirt, some gauze handkerchiefs, a looking-glass, some beads and other toys, and six axes. At the sight of these last there was a general outcry, but I could only guess the cause by Opoony's absolutely refusing to receive my present till I should get the anchor. He ordered three men to go and deliver it to me; and as I understood, I was to send by them what I thought proper in return. With these messengers we set out in our boat for an island, lying at the north side of the entrance into the harbour, where the anchor had been deposited. I found it to be neither so large nor so perfect as I expected. It had originally weighed 700 pounds, according to the mark that was upon it; but the ring, with part of the shank and two palms, were wanting. I was no longer at a loss to guess the reason of Opoony's refusing my present. He doubtless thought that it so much exceeded the value of the anchor in its present state, that I should be displeased when I saw it. Be this as it may, I took the anchor as I found it, and sent him every article of the present that I at first intended. Having thus completed my negotiation, I returned on board, and having hauled in the boats, made sail from the island to the north.

While the boats were hoisting in, some of the natives came off in three or four canoes to see the ship, as they said. They brought with them a few cocoa-nuts and one pig, which was the only one we got at the island. I make no doubt, however, that if we had stayed till the next day, we should have been plentifully supplied with provisions; but as we had already a very good stock, both of hogs and of fruit, on board, and very little of anything left to purchase more, I could have no inducement to defer any longer the prosecution of our voyage.

After leaving Bolabola, I steered to the northward, close-hauled, with the wind between north-east and east, hardly ever having it to the southward of east till after we had crossed the line, and had got into north latitudes.

Though seventeen months had now elapsed since our departure

from England, during which we had not, upon the whole, been unprofitably employed, I was sensible that, with regard to the principal object of my instructions, our voyage was, at this time, only beginning; and therefore my attention to every circumstance that might contribute towards our safety and our ultimate success was now to be called forth anew. With this view I had examined into the state of our provisions at the last islands; and as soon as I had left them, and got beyond the extent of my former discoveries, I ordered a survey to be taken of all the boatswain's and carpenter's stores that were in the ships, that I might be fully informed of the quantity, state, and condition of every article, and by that means know how to use them to the greatest advantage.

In the night of the 22nd we crossed the line in the longitude of 203° 15' East, and on the 24th, about half an hour after daybreak, land was discovered bearing north-east. Upon a nearer approach, it was found to be one of those low islands so common in this ocean, that is, a narrow bank of land enclosing the sea within; a few cocoa-nut trees were seen in two or three places, but in general the land had a very barren appearance. Having dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, a boat was despatched to examine whether it was practicable to land, of which I had some doubt, as the sea broke in a dreadful surf all along the shore. When the boat returned, the officer whom I had entrusted with this examination reported to me that he could see no place where a boat could land, but that there was a great abundance of fish in the shoal water without the breakers.

At daybreak the next morning I sent two boats, one from each ship, to search more accurately for a landing-place, and at the same time two others to fish near the shore. These last returned about eight o'clock, with upwards of two hundred-weight of fish. Encouraged by this success, they were despatched again after breakfast, and I then went in another boat to take a view of the coast and attempt landing, which, however, I found to be wholly impracticable. Towards noon, the two boats sent on the same search returned. In consequence of the report of the master, that about a league and a half to the north was a break in the land, and a channel into the lagoon, the ships weighed anchor and came to again in twenty fathoms of water, before a small island that lies at the entrance of the lagoon, and on each side of which



there is a channel suitable for boats leading into it. The water in the lagoon itself is very shallow.

On the 28th I landed, in company with Mr. Bayley, on the island which lies between the two channels in the lagoon, to prepare the telescopes for observing an approaching eclipse of the sun, which was one great inducement to my anchoring here.

On the morning of the 30th, the day when the eclipse was to happen, Mr. King, Mr. Bayley, and myself, went ashore on the small island above mentioned, to attend the observation. The sky was overcast till past nine o'clock, when the clouds about the sun dispersed long enough to take its altitude to rectify the time by the watch we made use of. After this, it was again obscured till about thirty minutes past nine, and then we found that the eclipse had begun. We now fixed the micrometers to the telescopes, and observed or measured the uneclipsed part of the sun's disc. At these observations I continued about three-quarters of an hour before the end, when I left off, being, in fact, unable to continue them any longer, on account of the great heat of the sun, increased by the reflection from the sand.

In the afternoon, the boats and turtling party at the south-east part of the island all returned on board, except a seaman belonging to the *Discovery*, who had been missing two days. There were two of them at first who had lost their way, but disagreeing about the most probable track to bring them back to their companions, they had separated; one of them joined the party after having been absent twenty-four hours and been in great distress. Not a drop of fresh water could be had, for there is none upon the whole island, nor was there a single cocoa-nut tree on that part of it. In order to allay his thirst he had recourse to a singular expedient of killing turtles and drinking their blood. His mode of refreshing himself, when weary, of which he said he felt the good effects, was equally whimsical; he undressed himself and lay down for some time in the shallow water upon the beach. It was a matter of surprise to every one how these men could contrive to lose themselves. The land over which they had to travel, from the sea-coast to the lagoon, where the boats lay, was not more than three miles across, nor was there anything to obstruct their view, for the country was flat, with a few shrubs scattered upon it, and from many parts of it the masts of the vessels could easily be seen.

As soon as Captain Clerke knew that one of the stragglers was still in this awkward situation, he sent a party in search of him; but neither the man nor the party having come back the next morning, I ordered two boats into the lagoon, to go different ways, in prosecution of the search. Not long after, Captain Clerke's party returned with their lost companion, and my boats having now no object left, I called them back by signal. This poor fellow must have suffered far greater distress than the other straggler, not only as having been lost a longer time, but because he had been too squeamish to drink turtle's blood.

Having some cocoa-nuts and yams on board in a state of vegetation, I ordered them to be planted on the spot where we had observed the eclipse, and some melon seeds were sown in another place. I also left on the little island a bottle, containing the following inscription:

Georgius Tertius, Rex, 31 December 1777.

Naves { *Resolution*, Jac. Cook, Pr.  
           { *Discovery*, Car. Clerke, Pr.

On the 1st of January, 1778, I sent boats to bring on board all our parties from the island, and the turtles they had caught. Before this was completed, it was too late in the afternoon, so that I did not think proper to sail till the next morning. We got at this island, for both ships, about 300 turtles, weighing, one with another, about ninety or a hundred pounds. This island has been produced by accessions from the sea, and is in a state of increase, for not only the broken pieces of coral, but many of the shells, are too heavy and large to have been brought by any birds from the beach to the places where they now lie. Not a drop of fresh water was anywhere found, though frequently dug for, and there were not the smallest traces of any human being having ever been here before us. On the few cocoa-trees upon the island, the number of which did not exceed thirty, very little fruit was found, and, in general, what was found was either not fully grown or had the juice salt or brackish. A ship touching here must expect nothing but fish and turtles, but of these an abundant supply may be depended upon.

As we kept our Christmas here, I called this discovery Christmas Island. I took it to be about fifteen or twenty leagues in circumference, and of a semicircular form—or like the moon in the last quarter, the two horns being the north and south points.

On the 2nd of January, at daybreak, we weighed anchor and resumed our course to the north; and on the morning of the 18th\* discovered an island; and soon after, more land, bearing north, and entirely sheltered from the former. Both had the appearance of being high land.

At nine o'clock, being pretty near the shore, I sent three armed boats, under the command of Lieutenant Williamson, to look for a landing-place and for fresh water, with orders that if he should find it necessary to land in search of the latter, not to suffer more than one man to go with him out of the boats. Just as they were pulling off from the ship one of the natives, who had come on board, having stolen the butcher's cleaver, leaped overboard, got into his canoe, the boats pursuing him in vain.

While the boats were occupied in examining the coast we stood on and off with the ships, waiting for their return. About noon Mr. Williamson came back, and reported that he had seen a large pond behind a beach, near one of the villages, which the natives told him contained fresh water, and that there was anchoring ground before it. He also reported that he had attempted to land in another place, but was prevented by the natives, who, coming down to the boats in great numbers, attempted to take away the oars, muskets, and in short everything that they could lay hold of, and pressed so thick upon him that he was obliged to fire, by which one man was killed. This unhappy circumstance I did not know till after we had left the island, so that all my measures were directed as if nothing of the kind had happened. Mr. Williamson told me, that after the man fell his countrymen took him up, carried him off, and then retired from the boat, but still made signals for our people to land, which he declined.

The ships being stationed, between three and four o'clock, I went ashore with three armed boats and twelve marines, to examine the water, and to try the disposition of the inhabitants, several hundreds of whom were assembled on a sandy beach before the villages, behind which was a narrow valley, having at the bottom the piece of water. The very instant I leaped on shore, the natives all fell flat upon their faces, and remained in that

\* This date, the 18th of January, 1778, will be ever memorable in the annals of geographical discovery as the day on which the group known as the Sandwich Islands was given to civilisation by the enterprise of Captain Cook.

humble position till, by expressive signs, I prevailed upon them to rise; they then brought a great many small pigs, which they presented to me, with a plantain tree, using much the same ceremonies that we had seen practised on such occasions at the Society and other islands, a long prayer being also spoken by a single person, in which others of the assembly sometimes joined. I expressed my acceptance of their proffered friendship, by giving them in return such presents as I had brought with me from the ship for that purpose. When this introductory business was finished, I stationed a guard upon the beach, and got some of the natives to conduct me to the water, which proved to be very good, and in a proper situation for our purpose; it was so considerable that it may be called a lake, and it extended farther up the country than we could see. Having satisfied myself about this point, and about the peaceable disposition of the natives, I returned on board; and having given orders that everything should be in readiness for landing and filling our water-casks in the morning, I returned with the people employed in that service, and a guard of marines, who were stationed on the beach. As soon as we landed, a trade was set on foot for hogs and potatoes, which the people of this island gave us in exchange for nails and pieces of iron formed into something like chisels. We met with no obstruction in watering; on the contrary, the natives assisted our men in rolling the casks to and from the pool, and readily performed whatever we required.

Everything going on thus to my satisfaction, and considering my presence on the spot as unnecessary, I left the command to Mr. Williamson, who had landed with me, and made an excursion into the country, up the valley, accompanied by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Webber, the former of whom was as well qualified to describe with the pen as the latter was to represent with his pencil everything we might meet with worthy of observation. A numerous train of natives followed us, and one of them, whom I had distinguished for his activity in keeping the rest in order, I made choice of as our guide; this man, from time to time, proclaimed our approach, when everyone we met fell prostrate on the ground, and remained in that position till we had passed. This, as I afterwards understood, is the mode of paying their respect to their own great chiefs. As the ships worked down the coast, we had observed at every village one or more elevated white objects,

like pyramids, or rather obelisks; and one of these, which I guessed to be at least fifty feet high, was very conspicuous from the *Resolution's* deck at anchor, and seemed to be at no great distance up this valley. To have a nearer inspection of it was the principal object of my walk. Our guide perfectly understood what we wished, but as it was separated from us by the pool of water, and another of the same kind lay within our reach, about half a mile off, we set out to visit that. On our arrival we saw that it stood in a burying-ground, or morai, the resemblance of which, in many respects, to those we were so well acquainted with at other islands in this ocean, and particularly Otaheite, could not but strike us; and we also soon found that the several parts that compose it were called by the same names. It was an oblong space, of considerable extent, surrounded by a wall of stone, about four feet high. The space enclosed was loosely paved with smaller stones; and at one end of it stood what I call the pyramid, which appeared to be an exact model of the larger one, observed by us from the ships. It was about four feet square at the base, and about twenty feet high: the four sides were composed of small poles, interwoven with twigs and branches, thus forming an indifferent wicker-work, hollow or open within, from bottom to top. It seemed to be in a rather ruinous state, but there were sufficient remaining marks to show that it had originally been covered with a thin, light grey cloth, which these people appear to consecrate to religious purposes. On each side of the pyramid were long pieces of wicker-work, in the same ruinous condition, with two slender poles inclining to each other, at one corner, where some plantains were laid upon a board, fixed at a height of five or six feet; this fruit was an offering to their gods. Before the pyramid were a few pieces of wood, carved into something like human figures, which, with a stone, near two feet high, covered with pieces of cloth, called "hoho," and consecrated to Tongarooa, who is the god of these people, completed the resemblance to the morais of the islands we had lately left.

On the farther side of the area of the morai stood a house, or shed, about forty feet long, ten broad in the middle, each end being narrower, and about ten feet high: on the farther side of this house, opposite the entrance, stood two wooden images, cut out of one piece, with pedestals, in all about three feet high, neither very indifferently designed or executed, which were said

to be representations of goddesses. On the head of one of them was a carved helmet, not unlike those worn by the ancient warriors; and on that of the other a cylindrical cap, resembling the head-dress at Otaheite, called tomou; and both of them had pieces of cloth tied about the loins, and hanging a considerable way down. At the side of each was also a piece of carved wood, with bits of the cloth hung on them in the same manner; and between or before the pedestals lay a quantity of fern, in a heap, which it was obvious had been deposited there piece by piece, and at different times.

In the middle of the house, and before the two images, was an oblong space, enclosed by a low edging of stones, and covered with shreds of the cloth so often mentioned; this, on inquiry, we found was the grave of seven chiefs, whose names were enumerated. Our guide informed us that the horrid practice of offering human sacrifices prevailed in the island, and we found direct evidence of the truth of his statement.

After we had examined carefully everything that was to be seen about the morai, and Mr. Webber had taken drawings of it and of the adjoining country, we returned by a different route. I found a great crowd assembled at the beach, and a brisk trade for pigs, fowls, and roots going on there with the greatest good order, though I did not observe any particular person who took the lead amongst the rest of his countrymen. At noon I went on board to dinner, and then sent Mr. King to command the party ashore. He was to have gone upon that service in the morning, but was detained in the ship, making lunar observations. In the afternoon I landed again, accompanied by Captain Clerke, and at sunset brought everybody on board, having procured, in the course of the day, nine tons of water, and by exchanges, chiefly for nails and pieces of iron, about seventy or eighty pigs, a few fowls, a quantity of potatoes, and a few plantains and taro roots.

Among the articles which they brought to barter this day, we noticed a particular sort of cloak and cap, which, even in countries where dress is more particularly attended to, might be reckoned elegant. The first are nearly of the size and shape of the short cloaks worn by the women in England, and by the men in Spain, reaching to the middle of the back, and tied loosely before; the ground is a network, upon which the most beautiful red and yellow feathers are so closely fixed, that the surface

might be compared to the thickest and richest velvet, which they resemble, both as to feel and glossy appearance. The manner of varying the mixture is very different; some having triangular spaces of red and yellow alternately, others a kind of crescent, and some that were entirely red, had a broad yellow border, which made them appear at some distance exactly like a scarlet cloak edged with gold lace. The brilliant colours of the feathers, in those that happened to be new, added not a little to their fine appearance; and we found that they were in high estimation with their owners, for they would not at first part with one of them for anything that we offered, asking no less a price than a musket. However, some were afterwards purchased for very large nails.

The cap is made almost exactly like a helmet, with the middle part or crest sometimes of a hand's breadth, and it sits very close upon the head, having notches to admit the ears. It is a frame of twigs and osiers, covered with a net-work, into which are wrought feathers, in the same manner as upon the cloaks, though rather closer, and less diversified; the greater part being red, with some black, yellow, or green stripes on the side, following in a curve the direction of the crest. These, probably, complete the dress, with the cloaks; for the natives sometimes appeared in both together.\*

On the 22nd the surf broke so high upon the shore that we could not land in our boats; but the natives ventured in their canoes, and bartered some hogs and roots. One of our visitors, on this occasion, who offered some fish-hooks for sale, was observed to have a very small parcel tied to the string of one of them, which he separated with great care, and reserved for himself when he parted with the hook. On seeing him so anxious to conceal the contents of this parcel, he was requested to open it, which he did with great reluctance and some difficulty, as it was wrapped up in many folds of cloth. We found that it contained a thin piece of human flesh, and that these people eat their enemies, using a small wooden instrument set with sharks' teeth for the purpose of dissecting the bodies; indeed, one old man, upon being questioned as to whether they eat human flesh, answered in the affirmative, and laughed, seemingly, at the simplicity of such a question.

\* These articles may be seen in the British Museum, and irrespective of their intrinsic worth, are interesting relics of the great navigator.

He also said it was excellent food, or, as he expressed it, "savoury eating."

At seven o'clock in the evening the boats returned with two tons of water, a few hogs, a quantity of plantains, and some roots. Mr. King informed me that a great number of the inhabitants were at the watering or landing place, having come, as he supposed, from all parts of the island for the purpose of barter.

The ships quitted Atooi, as the natives called the island, on the 23rd of January, but owing to the prevalence of light airs and calms, were forced on the 29th to anchor off a village on the neighbouring island of Oneehow, where Captain Cook hoped to lay in a supply of fresh water. Six or seven canoes (says Captain Cook) came off to us before we anchored, bringing some small pigs and potatoes, and many yams and mats. The people in them resembled those of Atooi, and seemed to be equally well acquainted with the use of iron, which they asked for by the names of "hamaite" and "toe," parting eagerly with all their commodities for pieces of this precious metal. Several more canoes soon reached the ships after they had anchored; but the natives in these seemed to have no other object than to pay us a formal visit. Many of them came readily on board, crouching down upon the deck, and not quitting that humble posture till they were desired to get up. They had brought several females with them, who remained alongside in the canoes, behaving with less modesty than their countrywomen of Atooi, and at times all joining in a song, not remarkable for its melody, though performed in very exact concert, by beating time upon their breasts with their hands. The men who had come on board did not stay long, and they lay down on the deck locks of their hair.

On the 30th I sent Mr. Gore ashore with a guard of marines and a party to trade with the natives for provisions. I intended to have followed soon after, and went from the ship with that design. But the surf had increased so much by this time, that I was fearful, if I got ashore, I should not be able to get off again. This really happened to our people who had landed with Mr. Gore, the communication between them and the ships to our own boats being stopped. In the evening they made a signal for the boats, which were sent accordingly, and not long after they returned with a few yams and some salt.

The violence of the surf, which our own boats could not act



against, did not hinder the natives from coming off to the ships in their canoes with provisions, which were purchased in exchange for nails and pieces of iron hoops ; and I distributed many pieces of ribbon and some buttons, as bracelets, among the women in their canoes.

About ten or eleven o'clock at night the wind veered to the south, and the sky seemed to forbode a storm. With such appearances, thinking we were rather too near the shore, I ordered the anchors to be hove up, and having moved the ships into forty-two fathoms, came to again in this safer station. The precaution, however, proved to be unnecessary ; for the wind, soon after, veered to north-east, from which quarter it blew a fresh gale, with squalls, attended with heavy showers of rain. This weather continued all the next day, and the sea ran so high that we had no communication with our party on shore, and even the natives themselves durst not venture out to the ships in their canoes. In the evening I sent the master in a boat up to the south-east head or point of the island to try if he could land under it. He returned with a favourable report ; but it was too late now to send for our party till the next morning ; and thus they had another night to improve their intercourse with the natives. Encouraged by the master's report, I sent a boat to the south-east point as soon as daylight returned, with an order to Mr. Gore that, if he could not embark his people from the spot where they now were, to march them up to the point. As the boat could not get to the beach, one of the crew swam ashore and carried the order. On the return of the boat, I went myself with the pinnace and launch up to the point, to bring the party on board ; and being very desirous of benefiting these poor people by furnishing them with additional articles of food, took with me a ram and two ewes, a boar and a sow of the English breed, and the seeds of melons, pumpkins, and onions. I landed with the greatest ease under the west side of the point, and found my party already there, with some of the natives in company. To one of them, whom Mr. Gore had observed assuming some command over the rest, I gave the goats, pigs, and seeds.

While the people were engaged in filling the water-casks from a small stream occasioned by the late rain, I walked a little way up the country, attended by the man above mentioned, and followed by two others, carrying the two pigs. As soon as we got

on a rising ground, I stopped to look round me, and observed a woman, on the opposite side of the valley where I landed, calling to her countrymen who attended me. Upon this the chief began to mutter something, which I supposed was a prayer, and the two men who carried the pigs continued to walk round me all the time, making at least a dozen circuits before the other had finished his oration.

It is worthy of observation that the islands in the Pacific Ocean which these voyages have added to the geography of the globe, have been generally found in groups or clusters, the single intermediate islands as yet discovered being few in proportion to the others, though, probably, there are many more of them still unknown, which serve as steps between the several clusters. Of what number this newly discovered archipelago consists, must be left to future investigation. We saw five of them, whose names, as given to us by the natives, are Woahoo, Atooi, Oneeheow, Oreehoua, and Tahoorā. I named the group the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the Earl of Sandwich. Atooi, which is the largest of these islands, is at least ten leagues in length from east to west.

The inhabitants are vigorous, active, and most expert swimmers; leaving their canoes upon the most trifling occasion, they dive under them and swim to others, though at a great distance. It was very amusing to see women with infants at the breast, when the surf was so high that they could not land in the canoes, leap overboard and, without endangering their little ones, swim to the shore, through a heavy sea.

They seem to be blessed with a frank, cheerful disposition, and to live very sociably in their intercourse with one another, and, except the propensity to thieving, which seems innate in most of the people we have visited in this ocean, they were exceedingly friendly to us, and on all occasions appeared deeply impressed with a consciousness of their own inferiority. It was a pleasure to see with how much affection the women managed their infants, and how readily the men lent their assistance to such a tender office; thus sufficiently distinguishing themselves from those savages who esteem a wife and child as things rather necessary than desirable, or worthy of their notice.

The hair in both sexes is cut in different forms, and the general fashion, especially among the women, is to have it long before,

and short behind. The men often had it cut or shaved on each side, in such a manner that the remaining part in some measure resembled the crest of their caps or helmets, formerly described. Both sexes, however, seem very careless about their hair, and have nothing like combs to dress it with. Instances of wearing it in a singular manner were sometimes met with among the men, who twist it into a number of separate parcels, like the tails of a wig, each about the thickness of a finger, though the greater part of these, which are so long that they reach far down the back, were artificially fixed upon the head over their own hair. Both sexes adorn themselves with necklaces made of bunches of small black cord, or many strings of very small shells, or of the dried flowers of the Indian mallow; and sometimes a small human image of bone, about three inches long, neatly polished, is hung round the neck. The women also wear bracelets of a single shell, pieces of black wood, with bits of ivory interspersed, well polished, and fixed by a string drawn very closely through them; or others, of hogs' teeth laid parallel to each other, with the concave side outward and the points cut off, fastened together as the former, some of which, made only of large boars' tusks, being very elegant. The men sometimes wear plumes of the tropic-bird's feathers stuck in their heads; or those of cocks, fastened round neat polished sticks two feet long, commonly decorated at the lower part with oora; and for the same purpose the skin of a white dog's tail is sewed over a stick with its tuft at the end. They also frequently wear on the head a kind of ornament of a finger's thickness or more, covered with red and yellow feathers, curiously varied and tied behind, and on the arm above the elbow, a kind of broad shell-work grounded upon net-work.

Though they seem to have adopted the mode of living in villages, there is no proportion as to the size of their houses, some being large and commodious, from forty to fifty feet long, and from twenty to thirty broad, while others of them are mere hovels. The entrance is made indifferently at the end or side, and is an oblong hole, so low that one must rather creep than walk in, and is often shut up by a board of planks fastened together, which serves as a door; no light enters the house but at this opening, and though such close habitations may afford a comfortable retreat in bad weather, they seem but ill-adapted to the warmth of the climate. They are, however, kept remarkably clean, and their floors are covered

with a large quantity of dried grass, over which they spread mats to sit and sleep upon. At one end stands a bench about three feet high, on which their household utensils are placed. These consist of gourd-shells, which they convert into vessels that serve as bottles to hold water, and as baskets to contain their victuals and other things, with covers of the same, and a few wooden bowls and trenchers of different sizes.

The only musical instruments which we observed here were of an exceedingly rude kind. One of them does not produce a more melodious sound than a child's rattle; it consists of what may be called a conic cap inverted, but scarcely hollowed at the base, above a foot high, made of a coarse sedge-like plant, the upper part of which, and the edges, are ornamented with beautiful red feathers, and to the point or lower part is fixed a gourd-shell larger than the fist. Into this is put something to rattle, which is done by holding the instrument by the small part, and shaking or rather moving it from place to place briskly, either to different sides or backward or forward just before the face, striking the breast with the other hand at the same time. The other musical instrument (if either of them deserve the name) was a hollow vessel of wood, like a platter, combined with the use of the sticks, on which one of our gentlemen saw a man performing. He held one of the sticks, about two feet long, as we do a fiddle, with one hand, and struck it with the other, which was smaller, and resembled a drum-stick, in a quicker or slower measure; at the same time beating with his foot upon the hollow vessel that lay inverted upon the ground, and thus producing a tune that was by no means disagreeable. The music was accompanied by the vocal performance of some women, whose song had a pleasing and tender effect.

In everything manufactured by these people there appears to be an uncommon degree of neatness and ingenuity. Cloth is the principal manufacture, and they fabricate a great many white mats, with red stripes and other figures interwoven on one side.

Their canoes in general are about twenty-four feet long, and have the bottom, for the most part, formed of a single piece or log of wood, hollowed out to the thickness of an inch, or an inch and a half, and brought to a point at each end. The sides consist of three boards, each about an inch thick, and neatly fitted and lashed to the bottom part. The extremities, both at head and

stern, are a little raised, and both are made sharp, somewhat like a wedge, but they flatten more abruptly, so that the two side-boards join each other, side by side, for more than a foot. As they are not more than fifteen or eighteen inches broad, those that go single (for they sometimes join them as at the other islands), have outriggers, which are shaped and fitted with more judgment than any I had before seen. They are rowed by paddles, such as we had generally met with, and some of them have a light triangular sail, like those of the Friendly Islands, extended to a mast and boom. The ropes used for their boats, and the smaller cord for their fishing-tackle, are strong and well made.

Besides their spears or lances, made of a fine chestnut-coloured wood, beautifully polished—some of which are barbed at one end and flattened to a point at the other—they had a sort of weapon which we had never seen before, and not mentioned by any navigator as used by the natives of the South Sea. It is somewhat like a dagger, in general about a foot and a half long, sharpened at one or both ends, and secured to the hand by a string. Its use is to stab in close fight, and it seems well adapted to the purpose. Some of these may be called double daggers, having a handle in the middle, with which they are better enabled to strike different ways. They have also bows and arrows, but, both from their apparent security and their slender make, it may almost be presumed that they never use them in battle. The knife or saw formerly mentioned, with which they dissect the dead bodies, may also be ranked amongst their weapons, as they both strike and cut with it when closely engaged. It is a small flat wooden instrument, of an oblong shape, about a foot long, rounded at the corners, with a handle almost like one sort of the patoos of New Zealand, but its edges are entirely surrounded with sharks' teeth, strongly fixed to it, and pointing outward, having commonly a hole in the handle, through which passes a long string, which is wrapped several times round the wrist.

The people of Tongataboo inter their dead in a very decent manner; and they also inter their human sacrifices; but they do not offer or expose any other animal, or even vegetables, to their gods, as far as we know. Those of Otaheite do not inter their dead, but expose them to waste by time and putrefaction, though the bones are afterwards buried. The people of Atooi, again, inter both their common dead and human sacrifices, as at Tonga-

taboo, but they resemble those at Otaheite in the slovenly state of their religious places, and in offering vegetables and animals to their gods.

If the Sandwich Islands had been discovered at an early period by the Spaniards, there is little doubt that they would have taken advantage of so excellent a situation, and have made use of Atool, or some other of the islands, as a refreshing place to the ships that sail annually from Acapulco to Manilla, as they lie almost midway between the first place and Guam, one of the Ladrões, which is, at present, their only port in traversing this vast ocean. An acquaintance with the Sandwich Islands would have been equally favourable to our buccaneers, who used sometimes to pass from the coast of America to the Ladrões, with a stock of food and water scarcely sufficient to preserve life. Here they might have found plenty, and have been within a month's sail of the very port of California which the Manilla ship is obliged to make, or else have returned to the coast of America, thoroughly refitted, after an absence of two months. How happy would Lord Anson have been, and what hardships would he have avoided, had he known that there was a group of islands half-way between America and Tinian, where all his wants could have been effectually supplied.

On the 2nd of February we stood away to the northward, and without meeting with anything memorable, on the 7th of March the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was seen, extending from north-east to south-east, distance ten or twelve leagues. The land appeared to be of moderate height, diversified with hills and valleys, and almost everywhere covered with wood.

After coasting along, and combating contrary winds, on the 29th we anchored in eighty-five fathoms of water, so near the shore as to reach it with a hawser. We no sooner drew near the inlet than we found the coast to be inhabited, and three canoes came off to the ship. In one of these were two men, in another six, and in the third ten. Having come pretty near us, a person in one of the two last stood up and made a long harangue, inviting us to land, as we guessed by his gestures: at the same time he kept strewing handfuls of feathers towards us, and some of his companions threw handfuls of a red dust powder in the same manner. The person who played the orator wore the skin of some animal, and held in each hand, something which rattled as

he kept shaking it. After tiring himself with his repeated exhortations, of which we did not understand a word, he was quiet; and then others took it up, by turns, to say something; though they acted their part neither so long nor with so much vehemence as the other. We observed that two or three had their hair quite strewed over with small white feathers, and others had large ones stuck in different parts of the head. After the tumultuous noise had ceased, they lay at a little distance from the ship, and conversed with each other in a very easy manner; nor did they seem to show the least surprise or distrust. Some of them now and then got up, and said something after the manner of their first harangues; and one sang a very agreeable air, with a degree of softness and melody that we could not have expected. The breeze, which soon after sprang up, bringing us nearer the shore, the canoes began to come off in greater numbers, and we had at one time thirty-two of them near the ship, carrying from three to seven or eight persons each, both men and women. Several of these stood up in their canoes, haranguing and making gestures, after the manner of our first visitors. One canoe was remarkable for a singular head, which had a bird's eye and bill of an enormous size painted on it; and a person in it, who seemed to be a chief, was no less remarkable for his uncommon appearance, having many feathers hanging from his head, and being painted in an extraordinary manner. He held in his hand a carved bird, of wood, as large as a pigeon, with which he rattled, as the person first mentioned had done; and was no less vociferous in his harangue, which was attended with some expressive gestures.

The fame of our arrival brought a great concourse of the natives to our ships in the course of this day. We counted above a hundred canoes at one time, which might be supposed to contain on an average five persons in each, for few of them had less than three on board, great numbers had seven, eight, or nine, and one was manned with no less than seventeen. Among these visitors many now favoured us with their company for the first time, which we could guess from their approaching the ships with their orations and other ceremonies. If they had any distrust or fear of us at first, they now appeared to have laid it aside, for they came on board and mixed with our people with the greatest freedom. We soon discovered by this nearer intercourse that they were as light-

fingered as any of our friends in the islands we had visited in the course of the voyage ; and they were far more dangerous thieves, for, possessing sharp iron instruments, they could cut a hook from a tackle, or any other piece of iron from a rope, as soon as our backs were turned. In this manner we lost a large hook weighing between twenty and thirty pounds, several smaller ones, and other articles of iron. As to our boats, they stripped them of every bit of iron that was worth carrying away, though we had always men left in them as a guard. They were dexterous enough in effecting their purpose, for one fellow would contrive to amuse the boat-keeper at one end of a boat while another was pulling out the iron-work at the other. If we missed a thing immediately after it had been stolen, we found little difficulty in detecting the thief, as they were ready enough to impeach one another ; but the guilty person generally relinquished his prize with reluctance, and sometimes we found it necessary to have recourse to force.

A considerable number of the natives visited us daily, and occasionally we saw new faces. On their first coming they generally went through a singular mode of introducing themselves. They would paddle, with all their strength, quite round both ships, a chief, or other principal person in the canoe, standing up with a spear or some other weapon in his hand, and speaking or hallooing all the time. Sometimes the orator of the canoe would have his face covered with a mask, representing either a human visage or that of some animal, and, instead of a weapon, would hold a rattle in his hand, as before described. After making this circuit round the ships, they would come alongside and begin to trade without further ceremony. Very often, indeed, they would first give us a song, in which all in the canoes joined, with a very pleasing harmony.

During these visits they gave us no other trouble than to guard against their thievish tricks. In the morning of the 4th we had a serious alarm. Our party on shore, who were employed in cutting wood and getting water, observed that the natives all around them were arming themselves in the best manner they could, those who were not possessed of proper weapons preparing sticks and collecting stones. On hearing this I thought it prudent to arm also, but, being determined to act upon the defensive, I ordered our workmen to retreat to the rock upon which we had placed our observatories, leaving the natives in quiet possession



of the ground. These hostile preparations were not directed against us, but against a body of their own countrymen, who were coming to fight them, and our friends of the Sound, on observing our apprehensions, used their best endeavours to convince us that this was the case. We could see that they had people looking out on each point of the cove, and canoes frequently passed between them and the main body assembled near the ships. At length the adverse party, in about a dozen large canoes, appeared off the south point of the cove, when they stopped, and lay drawn up in a line of battle, a negotiation having commenced. Some people in canoes, in conducting the treaty, passed between the two parties, and there was some speaking on both sides. At length the difference, whatever it was, seemed to be compromised, but the strangers were not allowed to come alongside the ships, nor to have any trade or intercourse with us.

On the morning of the 7th we got the fore-mast out, and hauled it ashore, and the carpenters of the ships were set to work upon it. Some parts of the lower standing rigging having been found to be very much decayed, as we had time now to put them in order, while the carpenters were repairing the fore-mast, I ordered a new set of main-rigging to be fitted, and a more perfect set of fore-rigging to be selected out of the best parts of the old.

From the time of our putting into the Sound till now, the weather had been exceedingly fine, without either wind or rain, but on the morning of the 8th the wind freshened at south-east, attended with thick hazy weather and rain; and, according to the old proverb, misfortunes seldom come singly. The mizzen was now the only mast on board the *Resolution* that remained rigged, with its top-mast up; but the former was so defective that it could not support the latter during the violence of the squalls, but gave way at the head under the rigging. About eight o'clock the gale abated, but the rain continued, with very little intermission, for several days; and that the carpenters might be enabled to proceed in their labours while it prevailed, a tent was erected over the fore-mast, where they could work with some degree of convenience. The bad weather which now came on did not, however, hinder the natives from visiting us daily; and they frequently brought us a tolerable supply of fish—either sardines, or what resembled them much, a small kind of bream, and sometimes small cod.

On the 11th, notwithstanding the rainy weather, the main rigging was fixed and got overhead; and on the following day we were employed taking down the mizzen-mast, the head of which proved to be so rotten that it dropped off while in the slings. In the evening we were visited by a tribe of natives, whom we had never seen before, and who, in general, were better-looking people than most of our old friends, some of whom attended them. I prevailed upon these visitors to go down into the cabin for the first time, and observed that there was not a single object that fixed their attention for a moment, their countenances marking that they looked upon all our novelties with the utmost indifference; a few of them, however, showed a certain degree of curiosity.

In the afternoon of the next day I went into the woods with a party of our men, and cut down a tree for a mizzen-mast, which on the day following was brought to the place where the carpenters were employed upon the fore-mast. In the evening the wind increased to a very hard gale, with rain, which continued till eight o'clock the next morning, when it abated.

The fore-mast being by this time finished, we hauled it alongside, but the bad weather prevented our fitting it in till the afternoon. We set about rigging it with the greatest expedition, while the carpenters were going on with the mizzen-mast on shore. They had made very considerable progress in it on the 16th, when they discovered that it was sprung, or wounded, owing, probably, to some accident in cutting it down; so that all their labour was thrown away, and it became necessary to get another tree out of the woods, which employed all hands above half a day. During these various operations several of the natives, who were about the ship, looked on with an expressive silent surprise, which we did not expect from their general indifference and inattention.

On the 18th a party of strangers, in six or eight canoes, came into the cove, where they remained looking at us for some time, and then retired without coming alongside either ship. We supposed that our old friends, who were more numerous at this time about us than these new visitors, would not permit them to have any intercourse with us.

Nothing would go down with our visitors but metal, and brass had by this time supplanted iron, being so eagerly sought after

that, before we left this place, hardly a bit of it was left in the ships, except what belonged to our necessary instruments. Whole suits of clothes were stripped of every button, bureaus of their furniture, and copper kettles, tin canisters, candlesticks, and the like, all went to wreck, so that our American friends here got a greater medley and variety of things from us than any other nation we had visited in the course of our voyage.

After a fortnight's bad weather, the 19<sup>th</sup> proving a fair day, we availed ourselves of it to get up the top-masts and yards, and to fix the rigging. Having now finished most of our heavy work, I set out the next morning to take a view of the Sound. I first went to the west point, where I found a large village, and before it a very snug harbour, in which was from four to nine fathoms of water over a bottom of fine sand. The people of this village, who were numerous, and to most of whom I was well known, received me very courteously, every one pressing me to go into his house, or rather his apartment, for several families live under the same roof. I did not decline the invitations; and my hospitable friends whom I visited spread a mat for me to sit down upon, and showed me every other mark of civility. In most of the houses were women at work, making dresses of the plant or bark before mentioned, which they executed exactly in the same manner that the New Zealanders manufacture their cloth. Others were occupied in opening sardines, a large quantity of which I had seen brought on shore from canoes, and divided, by measure, amongst several people, who carried them up to their houses, where the operation of curing by smoke-drying is performed. They hang them on small rods, at first about a foot from the fire; afterwards they remove them higher and higher, to make room for others, till the rods, on which the fish hang, reach the top of the house. When they are completely dried they are taken down and packed close in bales, which they cover with mats. Thus they are kept till wanted, and are not a disagreeable article of food. Cod and other large fish are also cured in the same manner by them, though they sometimes dry them in the open air without fire.

From this village I proceeded up the west side of the Sound, and found the remains of a deserted village. The logs or framings of the houses were standing, but the boards that had composed their sides and roofs did not exist. Before this village were some

large fishing weirs, composed of pieces of wicker-work, made of small rods, some closer than others, according to the fish intended to be caught in them. These pieces of wicker-work, some of whose superficies are at least twenty feet by twelve, are fixed up edgewise in the water, by strong poles or pickets that stand firm in the ground.

From this place I crossed over to the other, or east side of the Sound, and found, what I had before conjectured, that the land under which the ships lay was an island, and that there were many smaller ones lying scattered in the Sound, on the west side of it. Opposite the north end of our large island, upon the mainland, I observed a village, and there I landed. The inhabitants of it were not so polite as those of the other I had just visited, especially one surly chief, who would not let me enter their houses, following me wherever I went and several times, by expressive signs, marking his impatience that I should be gone. I attempted in vain to soothe him by presents, but though he did not refuse them, they did not alter his behaviour. Some of the young women, better pleased with us than our inhospitable chief, dressed themselves expeditiously in their best apparel, and assembling in a body, welcomed us to their village by joining in a song, which was far from harsh or disagreeable.

The day being now far spent, I proceeded to the ships, and on my arrival was informed that, while I was absent, the ships had been visited by some strangers, in two or three large canoes, who, by signs, made our people to understand that they came from the south-east, beyond the bay. They brought several skins, garments, and other articles, which they bartered; but what was most singular, two silver table-spoons were purchased from them, which, from their peculiar shape, were judged to be of Spanish manufacture. One of these strangers wore them round his neck, by way of ornament. These visitors also appeared to be more plentifully supplied with iron than the inhabitants of the Sound.

On the 22nd, about eight o'clock, we were visited by a number of strangers, in twelve or fourteen canoes. They drew up in a body, and stopped above half an hour, about 200 or 300 yards from the ships, and after this introductory ceremony, advanced towards the ships standing up in their canoes and singing; some of the songs, in which the whole body joined, were in a slow, and others in quicker time, and they accompanied their notes with

the most regular motions of their hands, or beating in concert with their paddles on the sides of the canoes, and making other very expressive gestures. At the end of each song, they remained silent a few seconds, and then began again, and at length, after entertaining us with this specimen of their music, which we listened to with admiration for above half an hour, they came alongside the ships, and bartered what they had to dispose of.

The inhabitants received us with the same demonstration of friendship which I had experienced before; and the moment we landed I ordered some of our people to begin their operations of cutting grass for our few remaining sheep and goats.

When we had completed all our operations at this village, the natives and we parted very good friends, and we got back to the ships in the afternoon. The three following days we were employed in getting ready to put to sea; the sails were bent, the observatories and instruments, brewing vessels, and other things, were moved from the shore; some small spars for different uses, and pieces of timber, which might be occasionally sawn into boards, were prepared and taken on board, and both ships were cleared and put into a sailing condition.

Everything being now ready, at noon of the 26th we cast off the moorings, and with our boats towed the ships out of the cove; after this, we had variable light airs and calms, till four in the afternoon, when a breeze sprung up northerly, with very thick, hazy weather. The mercury in the barometer fell unusually low, and we had every other forerunner of an approaching storm, which we had reason to expect would be from the southward. This made me hesitate a little, as night was at hand, whether I should venture to sail, or wait till the next morning. But my anxious impatience to proceed upon the voyage, and the fear of losing this opportunity of getting out of the Sound, making a greater impression on my mind than any apprehension of immediate danger, I determined to put to sea at all events.

Our friends the natives attended us till we were almost out of the Sound, some on board the ships, and others in their canoes. One of the chiefs, who had some time before attached himself to me, was among the last who left us; and, having received from him a handsome beaver-skin cloak which he then wore, in return for some presents, I gave him a new broadsword with a brass hilt, the possession of which made him completely happy.

The common dress of the inhabitants of Nootka is a flaxen garment, or mantle, ornamented on the upper edge by a narrow strip of fur, and at the lower edge by fringes or tassels. It passes under the left arm, and is tied over the right shoulder by a string before and one behind near its middle, by which means both arms are left free; and it hangs evenly, covering the left side, but leaving the right open, unless when the mantle is fastened by a girdle of coarse matting or wool round the waist, which is often done. Over this, which reaches below the knees, is worn a small cloak of the same substance, likewise fringed at the lower part. In shape this resembles a round dish-cover, being quite close, except in the middle, where there is a hole just large enough to admit the head; and then, resting upon the shoulders, it covers the arms to the elbows, and the body as far as the waist. Their head is covered with a cap, of the figure of a truncated cone, or like a flower-pot, made of fine matting, having the top frequently ornamented with a round or pointed knob, or bunch of leathern tassels; and there is a string that passes under the chin, to prevent its blowing off. Besides the above dress, which is common to both sexes, the men frequently throw over their other garments the skin of a bear, wolf, or sea-otter, with the hair outward, and tie it as a cloak near the upper part, wearing it sometimes before and sometimes behind. In rainy weather they throw a coarse mat about their shoulders. They have also woollen garments, which, however, are little in use. The hair is commonly worn hanging down loose; but some, when they have no cap, tie it in a bunch on the crown of the head. Their dress, upon the whole, is convenient, and would not be inelegant were it kept clean. But as they rub their bodies constantly over with a red paint, mixed with oil, their garments by this means contract a rancid, offensive smell and a greasy nastiness, so that they make a very wretched, dirty appearance.

The ears of many of them are perforated in the lobe, where they make a pretty large hole, and two others higher up on the outer edge. In these holes they hang bits of bone, quills fixed upon a leathern thong, small shells, bunches of woollen tassels, or pieces of thin copper, which our beads could never supplant. The septum of the nose on many is also perforated, through which they draw a piece of soft cord; and some wear at the same place small thin pieces of iron,

brass, or copper, shaped almost like a horse-shoe, the narrow opening of which receives the septum, so that the two points may gently pinch it and the ornament that hangs over the upper lip. The rings of our brass buttons, which they eagerly purchased, were appropriated to this use. About their wrists they wear bracelets or bunches of white bugle beads, made of a conic shelly substance, bunches of thongs, with tassels, or a black, shiny, horny substance, of one piece; and about their ankles they frequently wear many folds of leathern thongs, or the sinews of animals twisted to a considerable thickness. On extraordinary occasions they wear carved wooden masks or visors, applied on the face or on the upper part of the head or forehead. Some of these resemble human faces, furnished with hair, beards, and eyebrows; the others the heads of birds, particularly of eagles; and many the heads of land and sea animals, such as deer, wolves, porpoises, and others. But, in general, these representations much exceed the natural size, and they are painted and often strewed with pieces of the foliaceous mica, which makes them glitter and serves to augment their enormous deformity. They even fix in the same part of the head large pieces of carved work, resembling the prow of a canoe, painted in the same manner, and projecting to a considerable distance. So fond are they of these disguises, that I have seen one of them put his head into a tin kettle he had got from us, for want of another sort of mask. Whether they use these extravagant masquerade ornaments on any particular religious occasion or diversions, or whether they are put on to intimidate their enemies when they go to battle, by their monstrous appearance, or as decoys when they go to hunt animals, is uncertain.

The only dress amongst the people of Nootka observed by us that seemed peculiarly adapted to war, is a thick leathern mantle, doubled, which from its size appears to be the tanned skin of an elk or buffalo. This they fasten on in the common manner, and it is so contrived that it may reach up and cover the breast quite to the throat, falling at the same time almost to the heels. It is sometimes ingeniously painted in different compartments, and is not only sufficiently strong to resist arrows, but, as they informed us by signs, even spears cannot pierce it. Upon the same occasions they sometimes wear a kind of leathern cloak,

covered with rows of dried hoofs of deer, disposed horizontally, appended by leathern thongs, covered with quills, which, when they move, make a loud rattling noise, almost equal to that of many small bells.

The only instruments of music, if such they may be called, which I saw amongst them, were a rattle and a small whistle, about an inch long, incapable of variation from having but one hole. The rattles are, for the most part, made in the shape of a bird, with a few pebbles in the belly, and the tail is the handle. They have others, however, which bear more resemblance to a child's rattle.

The houses are built of very long and broad planks, resting upon the edges of each other, fastened or tied with withes of pine-bark here and there, and have only slender posts, or rather poles, at considerable distances, on the outside, to which they are also tied, but within are some larger poles placed aslant. The height of the sides and ends of these habitations is seven or eight feet, but the back part is a little higher, by which means the planks that compose the roof slant forward, and are laid on loose, so as to be moved about either to let in the light or carry out the smoke. They are, however, upon the whole, miserable dwellings, and constructed with little care or ingenuity. There are no regular doors into them, the only way of entrance being either by a hole, or, in some cases, the planks are made to overlap about two feet asunder, and the entrance is in this space. There are also holes or windows in the sides of the houses to look out at, but without any regularity of shape or disposition. On the inside, one may frequently see from one end to the other of these ranges of building without interruption. Close to the sides is a little bench of boards, raised five or six inches higher than the rest of the floor, and covered with mats, on which the family sit and sleep. These benches are commonly seven or eight feet long, and four or five broad. In the middle of the floor, between them, is the fireplace, which has neither hearth nor chimney. In one house, which was in the end of a middle range, almost quite separated from the rest by a high, close partition, and the most regular as to design of any that I saw there, were four of these benches, each of which held a single family at a corner, but without any separation by boards, and the middle part of the house appeared common to them all.



Their furniture consists chiefly of a great number of chests and boxes of all sizes, which are generally piled upon each other, close to the sides or ends of the house, and contain their spare garments, skins, masks, and other things which they set a value upon. Their other domestic utensils are mostly square and oblong pails or baskets to hold water or other things; round wooden cups or bowls, small shallow wooden troughs, about two feet long, out of which they eat their food, baskets of twigs, and bags of matting. Their fishing implements, and other things, also lie or hang up in different parts of the house, but without the least order, so that the whole is a complete scene of confusion; and the only places that do not partake of this confusion are the sleeping benches, which have nothing on them but the mats. Their houses are as filthy as hog-sties, everything in and about them stinking of fish, train-oil, and smoke. But, amidst all the filth and confusion, many of them are decorated with images. These are nothing more than the trunks of very large trees, four or five feet high, set up singly or by pairs, at the upper end of the apartment, with the front carved into a human face, and the arms and hands cut out upon the sides, and variously painted, so that the whole is a truly monstrous figure. The general name of these images is *Klumma*, and the names of two particular ones, which stood abreast of each other, three or four feet asunder in one of the houses, were *Natchkoa* and *Matseeta*. A mat, by way of curtain, for the most part hung before them, which the natives were not willing at all times to remove, and when they did unveil them, they seemed to speak of them in a very mysterious manner.

Naturally we thought they were representatives of their gods, or symbols of some religious or superstitious object, and yet we had proofs of the little estimation they were held in, for with a small quantity of iron or brass I could have purchased all the gods (if their images were such) in the place. I did not see one that was not offered to me, and I actually got two or three of the very smallest sort.

The chief employment of the men seems to be that of fishing and killing land or sea animals, for the sustenance of their families, for we saw few of them doing anything in the houses, whereas the women were occupied in manufacturing their flaxen or woollen garments, and in preparing the sardines for drying.

The women are also sent in the small canoes to gather mussels, and other shell-fish, and perhaps on some other occasions, for they manage these with as much dexterity as the men.

Their weapons are bows and arrows, slings, spears, short truncheons of bone, something like the patoo-patoo of New Zealand, and a small pickaxe, not unlike the common American tomahawk. The spear has generally a long point made of bone; some of the arrows are pointed with iron, but most commonly these points were of indented bone. The tomahawk is a stone, six or eight inches long, pointed at one end, and the other end fixed into a handle of wood. This handle resembles the head and neck of the human figure, and the stone is fixed in the mouth, so as to represent an enormously large tongue. To make the resemblance still stronger, human hair is also fixed to it. They have another stone weapon, nine inches or a foot long, with a square point. From the number of these and other weapons, we might almost conclude that it is their custom to engage in close fight; and we had, too, convincing proofs that their wars were both frequent and bloody, from the vast number of human skulls which they brought to sell.

Their canoes are of a simple structure, but to appearance well calculated for every useful purpose. Even the largest, which carry twenty people or more, are formed of one tree, and many of them are forty feet long, seven broad, and three deep. From the middle, towards each end, they become gradually narrower, the after-part or stern ending abruptly or perpendicularly, with a small knob on the top; but the fore-part is lengthened out, stretching forward and upward, ending in a notched point or prow considerably higher than the sides of the canoe, which run nearly in a straight line. For the most part they are without any ornament, but some have a little carving and are decorated by setting seals' teeth on the surface like studs, as is the practice on their masks and weapons. They have no seats, but only several round sticks, little thicker than a cane, placed across at mid-depth. They are very light, and their breadth and flatness enable them to swim firmly, without an outrigger—a remarkable distinction between the craft of all the American nations and that of the Southern Pacific Ocean. Their paddles are small and light, the shape in some measure resembling that of a large leaf, pointed at the bottom, broadest in the

middle, and gradually losing itself in the shaft ; the whole being about five feet long.

Their implements for fishing and hunting, which are both ingeniously contrived and well made, are nets, hooks, lines, harpoons, and an instrument like an oar. This last is about twenty feet long, four or five inches broad, and about half an inch thick. Each edge, for about two-thirds of its length—the other third being its handle—is set with sharp bone teeth about two inches long. Herrings and sardines, and such other small fish as come in shoals, are attacked with this instrument, which is struck into the shoal, and the fish are caught either upon or between the teeth. Their hooks are made of bone and wood, and rather inartistically ; but the harpoon, with which they strike the whale and lesser sea animals, shows much contrivance. It is composed of a piece of bone, cut into two barbs, in which is fixed the oval blade of a large mussel-shell, having the point of the instrument, to which is fastened about two or three fathoms of rope. To throw this harpoon they use a shaft of about twelve or fifteen feet long, to which the harpoon is fixed, so as to separate from the shaft and leave it floating on the water as a buoy when the animal darts away with the harpoon.

They sometimes decoy animals by covering themselves with a skin, and running about on all-fours, which they do very nimbly, as appeared from the specimens of their skill which they exhibited to us—making a kind of noise or neighing at the same time ; and on these occasions the masks, or carved heads, as well as the real dried heads of the different animals, are put on. As to the materials of which they make their various articles, it is to be observed that everything of the rope kind is formed either from thongs of skins and sinews of animals, or from the same flaxen substance of which their mantles are manufactured. The sinews often appeared to be of such a length that it might be presumed they could be of no other animal than the whale ; and the same may be said of the bones of which they made their weapons, already mentioned, such as their bark-beating instruments, the points of their spears, and barbs of their harpoons.

The chisel and the knife are the only forms, as far as we saw, that iron assumes amongst them. The chisel is a long flat piece, fitted into a handle of wood ; a stone serves for a mallet, and a piece of fish-skin for a polisher. I have seen some of these

chisels that were eight or ten inches long, and three or four inches broad ; but, in general, they were smaller. The knives are of various sizes, and their blades are crooked, somewhat like our pruning-knife, but the edge is on the back or convex part. Most of them that we saw were about the breadth and thickness of an iron hoop. They sharpen these tools upon a coarse slate whetstone, and likewise keep the whole instrument constantly bright.

They expressed no marks of surprise at seeing our ships ; nor were they even startled at the report of a musket, till one day, upon their endeavouring to make us sensible that their arrows and spears could not penetrate the hide dresses, one of our gentlemen shot a musket-ball through one of them, folded six times, which greatly staggered them.

We were hardly out of the Sound, on the evening of the 26th, before the wind suddenly shifted, and increased to a strong gale, with squalls and rain, with so dark a sky that we could not see the length of the ship. Being apprehensive, from the experience I had since our arrival on this coast, of the wind veering more to the south, which would put us in danger of a lee-shore, we got the tacks on board, and stretched off to the south-west under all the sail the ships would bear. At daylight the next morning we were quite clear of the coast, and the *Discovery* being at some distance astern, I brought to till she came up, and then bore away, steering north-west, in which direction I supposed the coast to lie. At half-past one in the afternoon it blew a perfect hurricane, so that I judged it highly dangerous to run any longer before it, and therefore brought the ships to, with their heads to the southward, under the foresails and mizzen-staysails. At this time the *Resolution* sprung a leak, which at first alarmed us not a little, as from the bread-room we could both hear and see the water rush in, and, as we then thought, it was two feet under water. But in this we were happily mistaken, for it was afterwards found to be even with the water-line, if not above it, when the ship was upright. It was no sooner discovered than the fish-room was also found to be full of water, and the casks in it afloat, but this was in a great measure owing to the water not finding its way to the pumps through the coals that lay in the bottom of the room ; for, after the water was baled out (which employed us till midnight), and had found its way directly from

the leaks to the pumps, it appeared that one pump kept it under, which gave us no small satisfaction. In the evening, the wind veered to the south, and its fury in some degree ceased; on this, we set the mainsail and two topsails, close-reefed, and stretched to the westward. But at eleven o'clock the gale again increased, and obliged us to take in the topsails, till five o'clock the next morning, when the storm began to abate, so that we could bear to set them again.

At seven in the evening, on the 1st of May, we got sight of land, which abounds with hills, but one considerably outtops the rest; this I called Mount Edgecumbe. On the 3rd we saw a large inlet, distant six leagues, and the most advanced point of the land lying under a very high peaked mountain, which obtained the name of Mount Fair Weather. The inlet was named Cross Sound, being first seen on the day so marked in our calendar. From the 4th to the 10th nothing very interesting occurred. On the 10th we found ourselves no more than three leagues from the coast of the continent, which extended as far as the eye could reach. To the westward of this last direction was an island that extended from north to south, distant six leagues. A point shoots out from the main toward the north-east end of the island, about five or six leagues distant; this point I named Cape Suckling.

On the 11th I bore up for the island. At ten o'clock in the morning I went in a boat, and landed upon it, with a view of seeing what lay on the other side, but finding it farther to the hills than I expected, and the way being steep and woody, I was obliged to drop the design. At the foot of a tree, on a little eminence not far from the shore, I left a bottle with a paper in it, on which were inscribed the names of the ships and the date of our discovery; and along with it I enclosed two silver twopenny pieces of his Majesty's coin of the date of 1772. These, with many others, were furnished me by the Rev. Dr. Kaye (now Dean of Lincoln), and as a mark of my esteem and regard for that gentleman, I named the island after him, Kaye's Island; it is eleven or twelve leagues in length, but its breadth is not above a league and a half in any part of it. On this island there are a considerable number of pines, and the whole seems covered with a broad girdle of wood.

On the 28th, having but very little wind, I dropped a kedge-

anchor with an eight-inch hawser bent to it ; but in bringing the ship up, the hawser parted near the inner end, and although we brought the ship up with one of the bowers, and spent most of the day in sweeping for the kedge, it was to no effect.

The weather being fair and tolerably clear, we saw land on each side, with a ridge of mountains rising one behind another, without the least separation. On the eastern shore we now saw two columns of smoke, a sure sign that there were inhabitants. Between one and two in the morning of the 30th we weighed, and worked up till near seven o'clock, when, the tide being done, we anchored in nineteen fathoms, under the same shore as before. About noon, two canoes, with a man in each, came off to the ship, from near the place where we had seen the smoke the preceding day. They laboured very hard in paddling across the stormy tide, and hesitated a little before they would come quite close ; but upon signs being made to them, they approached. One of them talked a great deal, but we did not understand a word he said. He kept pointing to the shore, which we interpreted to be an invitation to go thither. They accepted a few trifles from me, which I conveyed to them from the quarter gallery. These men in every respect resembled the people we had met with in Prince William's Sound, as to their person and dress. Their canoes were also of the same construction. One of our visitors had his face painted jet black, and seemed to have no beard, but the other, who was more elderly, had no paint and a considerable beard.

When the flood made we weighed, and then the canoes left us. I stood over to the western shore, with a fresh gale at north-north-east, and fetched under the point above mentioned ; this, with the other on the opposite shore, contracted the channel to the breadth of four leagues. Through this channel ran a prodigious tide.

At eight in the evening we anchored under a point of land which bore north-east, three leagues distant, in fifteen fathoms of water. Here we lay during the ebb, which ran near five knots to the hour. We weighed with the next flood, in the morning of the 31st, and about eight o'clock were visited by several of the natives, in one large and several small canoes. The latter carried only one person each, and some had a paddle with a blade at each end, after the manner of the Esquimaux ;

in the large canoes were men, women, and children. Before they reached the ship, they displayed a leathern frock upon a long pole, as a sign apparently of their peaceable intentions. This frock they conveyed into the ship, in return for some trifles which I gave them. We procured from them some of their fur dresses, made of the skins of sea-otters, martens, hares, and other animals, a few of their darts, and a small supply of salmon and halibut. In exchange for these they took old clothes, beads, and pieces of iron. We found that they were in possession of large iron knives and sky-blue glass beads, which they seemed to value much, and consequently those which we now gave them. After spending about two hours between the one ship and the other, they all retired to the western shore.

At nine o'clock we came to an anchor in sixteen fathoms of water, about two leagues from the west shore; the weather was misty, with drizzling rain, and clear by turns. At the clear intervals we saw an opening between the mountains in the eastern shore, bearing east from the station of the ships, with low land, which we supposed to be islands, lying between us and the mainland. Low land was also seen to the northward, which seemed to extend from the foot of the mountains on the one side to those on the other, and at low water we perceived large shoals stretching out from this low land, some of which were at no great distance from us. From these appearances we were in some doubts whether the inlet did not take an easterly direction, through the above opening, or whether that opening was only a branch of it, and the main channel continued its northern direction through the low land now in sight.

To determine this point and to examine the shoals I despatched the boats, under the command of the master, and, as soon as the flood-tide made, followed with the ships; but as it was a dead calm and the tide strong, I anchored, after driving about ten miles in an easterly direction. In the afternoon the natives, in several canoes, paid us a visit, and trafficked with our people for some time, without ever giving us reason to accuse them of any act of dishonesty.

At two o'clock on the following morning, the 1st of June, the master returned, and reported that he found the inlet, or rather river, contracted to the breadth of one league by low land on each side, through which it took a northerly direction. He

proceeded three leagues through this narrow part, which he found navigable for the largest ships, being from seventeen to twenty fathoms deep. While the ebb or stream ran down, the water was perfectly fresh, but after the flood made it was brackish.

All hopes of finding a passage were now given up; but, as the ebb was almost spent, and we could not return against the flood, I thought I might as well take advantage of the latter to get a nearer view of the eastern branch, and by that means finally to determine whether the low land on the east side of the river was an island, as we had supposed, or not. With this purpose in view we weighed with the first of the flood, and stood over for the eastern shore, with boats ahead sounding; but, a contrary wind springing up, I despatched two boats, under the command of Lieutenant King, to examine the tides and to make such other observations as might give us some insight into the nature of the river.

At ten o'clock, finding the ebb begun, I anchored in nine fathoms of water, but, observing the tide to be too strong for the boats to make head against it, I made a signal for them to return on board before they had got half-way to the entrance of the river they were sent to examine, which was three leagues distant. The principal information gained by this tide's work was the determining that all the low land, which we had supposed to be an island or islands, was one track, from the banks of the great river to the foot of the mountains, which it joined, and that it terminated at the south entrance of this eastern branch, which I shall distinguish by the name of river Turnagain. On the north side of this river the low land again begins, and stretches out from the foot of the mountains down to the banks of the great river, so that before the river Turnagain it forms a large bay, on the south side of which we were now at anchor.

We had traced this river seventy leagues or more from its entrance without seeing the least appearance of its source.

If the discovery of this great river,\* which promises to vie

\* Captain Cook having here left a blank, which he had not filled up with any particular name, Lord Sandwich directed, with the greatest propriety, that it should be called Cook's River. This arm of the sea is now known as Cook's Inlet, and was further explored, in 1794, by Captain Vancouver.



with the most considerable ones already known to be capable of extensive inland navigation, should prove of use either to the present or to any future age, the time we spent in it ought to be the less regretted; but to us, who had a much greater object in view, the delay thus occasioned was an essential loss. The season was advancing apace, we knew not how far we might have to proceed to the south, and we were now convinced that the continent of North America extended farther to the west than from the modern most reputable charts we had reason to expect. This made the existence of a passage into Baffin's or Hudson's Bay less probable, or at least showed it to be of greater extent. It was a satisfaction to me, however, to reflect that if I had not examined this very considerable inlet it would have been assumed by speculative fabricators of geography as a fact that it communicated with the sea to the north, or with Baffin's or Hudson's Bay to the east.

In the afternoon I sent Mr. King again with two armed boats, with orders to land on the northern point of the low land on the north-east side of the river; thence to display the flag and take possession of the country and river in his Majesty's name; and also to bury in the ground a bottle containing some pieces of English coin of the year 1772, and a paper, on which was inscribed the names of our ships and the date of our discovery. In the meantime, the ships were got under sail, in order to proceed down the river. The wind blew fresh easterly, but a calm ensued not long after we were under way, and the flood-tide meeting us off the point where Mr. King landed (and which thence got the name of Point Possession), we were obliged to drop anchor in six fathoms of water, with the point bearing south, two miles distant.

When Mr. King returned, he informed me that, as he approached the shore, about twenty of the natives made their appearance with their arms extended, probably to express their peaceable disposition and to show that they were without weapons. On Mr. King and the gentlemen with him landing with muskets in their hands, they seemed alarmed, and made signs expressive of their request to lay them down; this was accordingly done, and then they suffered the gentlemen to walk up to them, and appeared to be cheerful and sociable. They had with them a few pieces of fresh salmon and several

dogs. Mr. Law, surgeon of the *Discovery*, who was one of the party, having bought one of the latter, took it down towards the boat, and shot it dead in their sight. This seemed to surprise them exceedingly, and, as if they did not think themselves safe in such company, they walked away; but it was soon after discovered that their spears and other weapons were hid in the bushes close behind them. We weighed anchor as soon as it was high water, and stood over to the west shore, where the return of the flood obliged us to anchor early next morning. Soon after several large and some small canoes with natives came off, who first bartered their skins, and then sold their garments, till many of them were quite naked; amongst others, they brought a number of white hare or rabbit skins, and very beautiful reddish ones of foxes; but there were only two or three skins of otters. They also sold us some pieces of salmon and halibut, and preferred iron to everything else offered to them in exchange.

At half-past ten we weighed with the first of the ebb, and while working down the river, owing to the inattention and neglect of the man at the lead, the *Resolution* struck and stuck fast on a bank that lies nearly in the middle of the river, and about two miles above the two projecting bluff points before mentioned. As soon as the ship got aground I made a signal for the *Discovery* to anchor; she, as I afterwards understood, had been near ashore on the west side of the bank. As the flood-tide came in, the ship floated off soon after five o'clock in the afternoon, without receiving the least damage, or giving us any trouble, and after standing over to the west shore into deep water, we anchored to wait for the ebb, as the wind was still contrary. We weighed again with the ebb, at ten o'clock at night, and between four and five the next morning. When the tide was finished, we once more cast anchor about two miles below the bluff point on the west shore. Many of the natives came off, and attended upon us all the morning. Their company was very acceptable, for they brought with them a quantity of fine salmon, which they exchanged for such trifles as we had to give them. Most of it was split ready for drying, and several hundred-weight of it was procured for the two ships.

The wind remaining southerly, we continued to tide it down the river, and on the morning of the 5th, coming to the place where

we had lost our kedge-anchor, made an attempt to recover it, but without success. Before we left this place, six canoes came off from the east shore, some conducted by one, and others by two men. They remained at a little distance from the ships, viewing them with a kind of silent surprise, at least half an hour, without exchanging a single word with us, or with one another. At length they took courage and came alongside, when they began to barter with our people, and did not leave us till they had parted with everything they brought with them, consisting of a few skins and some salmon.

Early on the morning of the 20th some breakers were seen two miles distant, which forced us so far from the continent that we had but a distant view of the coast. Over some adjoining islands we could see the main land covered with snow, but particularly some hills, whose elevated tops were seen towering above the clouds to a most stupendous height. The most south-westerly of these hills was discovered to have a volcano, which continually threw up vast columns of black smoke. It stands not far from the coast, and is also remarkable from its figure, which is a complete cone, having the volcano at the very summit. In the afternoon, having three hours' calm, our people caught upwards of a hundred halibuts, some of which weighed a hundred pounds; this was a very seasonable refreshment to us. While thus engaged, a small canoe, conducted by one man, came to us from the large island; on approaching the ship, he took off his cap and bowed. It was evident that the Russians must have communication and traffic with these people, not only from their acquired politeness, but from their possessing certain articles only used among civilized nations; thus our present visitor wore a pair of green cloth breeches, and a jacket of black cloth or stuff, under the gut-shirt of his own country. He had nothing to barter except a grey seal-skin and some fishing implements or harpoons, the heads of the shafts of which were neatly made of bone.

The weather was cloudy and hazy, with now and then sunshine, till the afternoon of the 22nd, when the wind came round to the south-east, and, as usual, brought thick rainy weather. Before the fog came on, no part of the mainland was in sight, except the volcano and another mountain close by it. We made but little progress for some days, having the wind variable, and but little of it.

On the morning of the 25th we got an easterly breeze and, what was uncommon with this wind, clear weather, so that we not only saw the volcano, but other mountains, both to the east and west of it, and all the coast of the mainland under them, much plainer than at any time before. The weather in the afternoon became gloomy, and at length turned to a mist, so thick that we could not see a hundred yards before us. We were now alarmed at hearing the sound of breakers on our larboard bow, and on heaving the lead found twenty-eight fathoms of water. I immediately anchored, and a few hours after, the fog having cleared a little, it appeared that we had escaped very imminent danger. We found ourselves three-quarters of a mile from the north-east side of an island, and the elevated rocks were about half a league each from us, and about the same distance from each other. There were several breakers about them, and yet Providence had, in the dark, guided the ships between these rocks, which I should not have ventured on a clear day, and to such an anchoring-place that I could not have chosen a better.

On a point which bore west from the ship three-quarters of a mile distant, were several natives and their habitations. In this place we saw them tow in two whales, which we supposed they had just killed. A few of them now and then came off to the ships and bartered a few trifling things with our people, but never remained above a quarter of an hour at a time; they rather seemed shy, and yet we could judge that they were no strangers to vessels something like ours.

At daybreak on the 28th we weighed with a light breeze at south, which was succeeded by variable light airs from all directions. But as there ran a rapid tide in our favour, we got through before the ebb made, and came to an anchor in twenty-eight fathoms of water near the southern shore. While we lay here, several of the natives came off to us and bartered a few fishing implements for tobacco. One of them, a young man, having upset his canoe while alongside one of our boats, our people caught hold of him, but the canoe went adrift. The youth, by this accident, was obliged to come into the ship, and he went down into my cabin upon the first invitation, without expressing the least reluctance or uneasiness. His own clothes being wet, I gave him others, in which he dressed himself with as

much ease as I could have done. From his behaviour, and that of some others, we were 'convinced that these people were no strangers to Europeans, and to some of their customs. But there was something in our ships that greatly excited their curiosity, for such as could not come off in their canoes assembled on the neighbouring hills to look at them.

Soon after we anchored, a native of the island brought on board a note, which he presented to me; but it was written in the Russian language, which none of us could read. As it could be of no use to me, and might be of consequence to others, I returned it to the bearer, and dismissed him with a few presents, for which he expressed his thanks by making several low bows as he retired. In walking next day along the shore, I met a group of natives of both sexes, seated on the grass at a repast consisting of raw fish, which they seemed to eat with as much relish as we should a turbot served up with the richest sauce. By the evening we had completed our water, and made such observations as the time and weather would permit.

Thick fogs and a contrary wind detained us till the 2nd of July, which afforded an opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the country and of its inhabitants.

Having now put to sea, we steered to the north, meeting with nothing to obstruct us in this course, but made very little progress for many successive days, nor met with anything remarkable. On the morning of the 16th we found ourselves nearer the land than we expected. Here, between two points, the coast forms a bay, in some parts of which the land was hardly visible from the mast-head. I sent Lieutenant Williamson with orders to land, and see what direction the coast took, and what the country produced, for it had but a barren appearance. Soon after, Mr. Williamson returned and reported that he had landed on the point, and having climbed the highest hill, found that the farthest part of the coast in sight bore nearly north. He took possession of the country in his Majesty's name, and left on the hill a bottle in which was inscribed on a piece of paper the names of the ships, and the date of the discovery. The promontory, to which he gave the name of Cape Newenham, is a rocky point of tolerable height; the hills are naked, but on the lower grounds grew grass and other plants. He saw no other animal but a doe and her fawn, and a dead sea-horse or cow upon the beach.

From the 16th to the 21st nothing material occurred.

On the 21st we were obliged to anchor, to avoid running upon a shoal, which had only a depth of five feet. While we lay here, twenty-seven men of the country, each in a canoe, came off to the ship, which they approached with great caution, hallooing and opening their arms as they advanced, which we understood was to express their pacific intentions. At length some approached near enough to receive a few trifles that were thrown to them. This encouraged the rest to venture alongside, and traffic presently commenced between them and our people, who got dresses of skins, bows, arrows, darts, and wooden vessels, our visitors taking in exchange whatever was offered them. They seemed to be the same sort of people that we had of late met with all along this coast, wore the same kind of ornaments in their lips and noses, but were far more dirty and not so well clothed. They appeared to be wholly unacquainted with people like us, knew not the use of tobacco, nor was any foreign article seen in their possession, unless a knife made of a piece of common iron, fitted in a wooden handle, may be looked upon as such.

The canoes were made of skins, like all the others we had lately seen, but were broader, and the hole in which the man sits was wider than in any I had before met with. Our boats returning from sounding seemed to alarm them, so that they all left us sooner than probably they would otherwise have done.

Variable winds with rain prevailed till the 3rd of August. Mr. Anderson, my surgeon, who had been lingering under a consumption for more than twelve months, expired between three and four this afternoon. He was a sensible young man, an agreeable companion, well skilled in his own profession, and had acquired considerable knowledge in other branches of science.

Soon after he had breathed his last, land was seen to the westward, twelve leagues distant. It was supposed to be an island; and to perpetuate the memory of the deceased, for whom I had a very great regard, I named it Anderson's Island. The next day I removed Mr. Law, the surgeon of the *Discovery*, into the *Resolution*, and appointed Mr. Samuel, the surgeon's first mate of the *Resolution*, to be surgeon of the *Discovery*.

At ten in the morning of the 5th, with the wind at south-west, we ran down and anchored between the continent and an island four leagues in extent, which was named Sledge Island. I landed here, but saw neither shrub nor tree either upon the island or on the continent. That people had lately been on the island was evident from the marks of feet. We found, near where we landed, a sledge, which occasioned this name being given by me to the island. It seemed to be such an one as the Russians in Kamtschatka make use of over the ice or snow, and was ten feet long, twenty inches broad, and had a kind of rail-work on each side, and was shod with bone. The construction of it was admirable, and all the parts neatly put together. After several observations, from the 6th to the 9th, I was satisfied that the whole was a continued coast. I tacked and stood away for its north-west part, and came to anchor near a point of land, which I named Cape Prince of Wales. It is the western extremity of all America hitherto known.

At daybreak in the morning of the 10th we resumed our course to the west, and about ten o'clock anchored in a large bay two miles from the shore. As we were standing into this bay we perceived on the north shore a village and some people, whom the sight of the ships seemed to have thrown into confusion or fear, as we could plainly see persons running up the country with burdens upon their backs. At these habitations I proposed to land, and accordingly went with three armed boats, accompanied by some of the officers. About thirty or forty men, each armed with a spontoon and bow and arrows, stood drawn up on a rising ground close by the village. As we drew near, three of them came down towards the shore, and were so polite as to take off their caps and to make us low bows. We returned the civility; but this did not inspire them with sufficient confidence to wait for our landing, for the moment we put the boats ashore they retired. I followed them alone, without anything in my hand, and by signs and gestures prevailed on them to stop and receive some trifling presents. In return for these they gave me two fox-skins and a couple of sea-horse teeth.

They seemed very fearful and cautious, expressing their desire by signs that no more of our people should be permitted to come up. On my laying my hand on the shoulder of one of them, he

started back several paces. In proportion as I advanced, they retreated backward, always in the attitude of being ready to make use of their spears, while those on the rising ground stood ready to support them with their arrows. Insensibly, myself and two or three of my companions got in amongst them. A few beads distributed to those about us soon caused a kind of confidence, so that they were not alarmed when a few more of our people joined us, and by degrees a sort of traffic between us commenced. In exchange for knives, beads, tobacco, and other articles, they gave us some of their clothing and a few arrows. But nothing that we had to offer could induce them to part with a spear or a bow. These they held in constant readiness, never once quitting them, except at one time when four or five persons laid theirs down while they gave us a song and a dance. And even then they placed them in such a manner that they could lay hold of them in an instant, and, for their security, they desired us to sit down.

The arrows were pointed either with bone or stone, but very few of them had barbs, and some had a round blunt point. What use these may be applied to I cannot say, unless it be to kill small animals without damaging the skin. The bows were such as we had seen on the American coast, and like those used by the Esquimaux. The spears or pontoons were of iron or steel, and of European or Asiatic workmanship, in which no little pains had been taken to ornament them with carving and inlayings of brass, and of a white metal. Those who stood ready with bows and arrows in their hands, had the spear slung over their right shoulder by a leathern strap; a leathern quiver, slung over their left shoulder, contained arrows; and some of the quivers were extremely beautiful, being made of red leather, on which was very neat embroidery and other ornaments.

Several other things, and in particular their clothing, showed that they were possessed of a degree of ingenuity far surpassing what one could expect to find among so northern a people. All the Americans we had seen, since our arrival on that coast, were rather low of stature, with round chubby faces and high cheek-bones. The people we now were amongst were far from resembling them; in short, they appeared to be quite a different nation. We saw neither women or children of either sex, nor any aged, except



one man, who was bald-headed, and he was the only one who carried no arms; the others seemed to be picked men, and rather under than above the middle age.

Their clothing consisted of a cap, a frock, a pair of boots, and a pair of gloves, all made of leather, or of the skins of deer, dogs, or seals, &c., and extremely well dressed, some with the hair or fur on. The caps were made to fit the head very close, and they also had hoods, made of the skin of dogs, that were large enough to cover both head and shoulders. Their hair seemed to be black, but their heads were either shaved, or the hair cut close off, and none of them wore any beard.

We found the village composed both of their summer and their winter habitations. The latter are exactly like a vault, the floor of which is sunk a little below the surface of the earth. One of them which I examined was of an oval form, about twenty feet long and twelve or more high; the framing was of wood and the ribs of whales, disposed in a judicious manner, and bound together with smaller materials of the same sort; over this framing is laid a covering of strong coarse grass; and that again is covered with earth, so that on the outside the house looks like a little hillock, supported by a wall of stone, three or four feet high, which is built round the two sides and one end. At the other end the earth is raised and sloping, to form a walk up to the entrance, which is by a hole in the top of the roof over that end. The floor was boarded, and under it a kind of cellar, in which I saw nothing but water, and at the end of each house was a vaulted room, which I took to be a store-room. These store-rooms communicated with the house by a dark passage and with the open air by a hole in the roof, which was even with the ground one walked upon; but they cannot be said to be wholly underground, for one end leads to the edge of the hill along which they were made, and which was built up with stone. Over it stood a kind of sentry-box, or tower, composed of the bones of large fish. The summer huts were pretty large and circular, being brought to a point at the top; the framing was of slight poles and bones, covered with the skins of sea animals. I examined the inside of one; there was a fireplace just within the door, where lay a few wooden vessels, all very dirty. Their bed-places were close to the side, and took up about half the circuit; some privacy seemed to be

observed, for there were several partitions made with skins; the bed and bedding were of deer-skins, and most of them were dry and clean.

Above the habitations were erected several stages, ten or twelve feet high, such as we had observed in some parts of the American coast. They were wholly composed of bones, and seemed intended for drying their fish and skins, which were thus placed beyond the reach of their dogs, of which they had a great many. These dogs are of the fox kind, rather large and of different colours, with long soft hair like wool. They are probably used in drawing their sledges in winter, of which I saw a great many laid up in one of the winter huts. It is also not improbable that dogs may constitute a part of their food, as several lay dead that had been killed that morning.

The canoes of these people are of the same sort as those of the North Americans, some, both of the large and small sizes, being seen lying in a creek under the village.

By the large bones of fish, and of other sea animals, it appeared that the sea supplied them with the greater part of their subsistence. The country appeared to be exceedingly barren, yielding neither tree nor shrub, that we could see. At some distance westward we observed a ridge of mountains covered with snow that had lately fallen.

At first we supposed this land to be a part of the island of Alaschka, laid down in Mr. Stæhlin's map; but, from the figure of the coast, the situation of the opposite shore of America, and from the longitude, we soon began to think that it was more probably the eastern extremity of Asia explored by Behring in 1728. But to have admitted this, without further examination, I must have pronounced Mr. Stæhlin's map and his account of the New Northern Archipelago to be either exceedingly erroneous, even in latitude, or else to be a mere fiction—a judgment which I had no right to pass upon a publication so respectably vouched, without producing the clearest proofs.

After a stay of between two and three hours with these people, we returned to our ships; and soon after, the wind veering to the south, we weighed anchor, stood out of the bay, and steered to the north-east, between the coast and the two islands. From this station we steered east, in order to

get nearer the American coast. In this course the water shoaled gradually, and, there being but little wind, and all our endeavours to increase our depth failing, I was obliged at last to drop anchor in six fathoms; the only remedy we had left to prevent the ships driving into land.

A breeze of wind springing up from the north, we weighed at nine in the evening, and stood to the westward, which course soon brought us into deep water; and during the 12th we worked up to the north, both coasts being in sight, but we kept nearest to that of America.

We now stood to the southward, and, after running six leagues, shoaled the water to seven fathoms, but it soon deepened to nine fathoms. At this time the weather, which had been hazy, clearing up a little, we saw land, extending from south to south-east by east, about three or four miles distant. The eastern extreme forms a point, which was much encumbered with ice, for which reason it obtained the name of Icy Cape. Its latitude is  $70^{\circ} 29'$ , and its longitude  $198^{\circ} 20'$ . The other extreme of the land was lost in the horizon, so that there can be no doubt of its being a continuation of the American continent. The *Discovery*, being about a mile astern and to leeward, found less water than we did, and tacking on that account, I was obliged to tack also, to prevent separation.

Our situation was now more and more critical. We were in shoal water, upon a lee shore, and the main body of the ice to windward, driving down upon us. It was evident that, if we remained much longer between it and the land, it would force us ashore, unless it should happen to take ground before us. It seemed nearly to join the land to leeward, and the only direction that was open was to the south-west. After making a short board to the northward, I made the signal for the *Discovery* to tack, and tacked myself at the same time. The wind proved rather favourable, so that we lay up south-west, and south-west by west.

At eight in the morning of the 19th, the wind veering back to the west, I tacked to the northward, when we had a good deal of drift ice about us, the main ice being about two leagues to the north. At half-past one we got in with the edges of it, but it was too close and in too large pieces to attempt forcing the ships through it. On the ice lay a prodigious number of sea-horses,

and as we were in want of fresh provisions, a boat from each ship was sent to get some. By seven o'clock in the evening we had received on board the *Resolution* nine of these animals. Some of the crew who had been in Greenland declared that no one ever eat them, but notwithstanding this we lived upon them as long as they lasted, and there were few on board who did not prefer them to our salt meat. The fat at first is as sweet as marrow, but in a few days it grows rancid unless it is salted, in which state it will keep much longer; when melted it yields a great deal of oil, which burns very well in lamps. The lean flesh is coarse, black, and has rather a strong taste; the heart is nearly as well tasted as that of a bullock, and the hide, which is very thick, was useful about our rigging. The teeth or tusks of most of them were at this time very small; even, those of some of the largest and oldest of these animals did not exceed six inches in length, from which we concluded that they had lately shed their old teeth.

They lie in herds of many hundreds upon the ice, huddling one over the other like swine, and roar or bray very loud, so that in the night, or in foggy weather, they gave us notice of the vicinity of the ice before we could see it. We never found the whole herd asleep, some being always upon the watch; these, on the approach of the boat, would awake those next to them, and the alarm being thus gradually communicated, the whole herd would be awake presently. But they were seldom in a hurry to get away, till after they had been once fired at, when they would tumble one over the other into the sea in the utmost confusion; and if we did not at the first discharge kill those we fired at, we generally lost them, though mortally wounded. They did not appear to us to be as savage as some authors have represented, not even when attacked. Vast numbers of them would follow and come close up to the boats, but the flash of a musket in the pan, or even the bare pointing of one at them, would send them down in an instant. The female will defend her young to the very last and at the expense of her own life, whether in the water or upon the ice; nor will the young one quit the dam, though she be dead, so that if you kill one you are sure of the other. The dam, when in the water, holds the young one between her fore-fins.

It is worth observing that, for some days before this date, we had frequently seen flocks of ducks flying to the southward, and

some said they saw geese also. Does not this indicate that there must be land to the north, where these birds find shelter in the proper season to breed, and from whence they were now returning to a warmer climate?

By the time we had got our sea-horses on board we were in a manner surrounded with the ice, and had no way to clear it but by standing to the southward, which was done till three o'clock next morning, when we tacked, and stood to the north till ten o'clock, when, the wind veering to the northward, we directed our course to the west-south-west and west. At two in the afternoon we fell in with the main ice, along the edge of which we kept, being partly directed by the roaring of the sea-horses, for we had a very thick fog. Thus we continued sailing till near midnight. I now hauled to the southward, and at ten o'clock the next morning, the fog clearing away, we saw the continent of America. I continued to steer in for the American land until eight o'clock, in order to get a nearer view of it, and to look for a harbour, but seeing nothing like one, I stood again to the north, with a light breeze westerly. The southern extremity of the coast seemed to form a point, which was named Cape Lisburne, and appeared to be high land, even down to the sea.

A thick fog, which came on while I was thus employed with the boats, hastened me aboard rather sooner than I could have wished, with one sea-horse to each ship. We had killed more, but could not wait to bring them with us. The number of these animals on all the ice we had seen is almost incredible. We spent the night standing off and on amongst the drift-ice, and at nine o'clock the next morning, the fog having partly dispersed, boats from each ship were sent for sea-horses, for by this time our people began to relish them, and those we had procured before were all consumed.

On the morning of the 29th we saw the main ice to the northward, and not long after, land bearing south-west by west. Presently after this, more land showed itself, bearing west, in two hills, like islands, but afterwards the whole appeared connected. As we approached the coast, it appeared to lie low, next the sea, with elevated land farther back. It was perfectly destitute of wood, and even snow. In the low ground, lying between the high land and the sea, was a lake extending to the south-east farther than we could see. As we stood off, the westernmost of the

two hills before mentioned came in sight off the bluff point, which was named Cape North. Its situation is nearly in the latitude of  $68^{\circ} 56'$ , and in the longitude of  $180^{\circ} 51'$ . Being desirous of seeing more of the coast to the westward, we tacked again, at two o'clock in the afternoon, thinking we could weather Cape North, but, finding we could not, the wind freshening, a thick fog coming on, with much snow, and being fearful of the ice coming down upon us, I gave up the design I had formed of working to the westward, and stood off shore again.

The season was now so far advanced, and the time when the frost is expected to set in so near at hand, that I did not think it consistent with prudence to make any farther attempts to find a passage into the Atlantic this year in any direction, so little prospect was there of succeeding. My attention was now directed towards finding out some place where we might supply ourselves with wood and water, and the object uppermost in my thoughts was how I should spend the winter, so as to make some improvements in geography and navigation, and at the same time be in a condition to return to the north in farther search of a passage the ensuing summer.

After standing off till we got into eighteen fathoms of water, I bore up to the eastward along the coast of Asia. At daybreak on the 30th we made sail, and steered such a course as I thought would bring us in with the land, for the weather was as thick as ever, and it snowed incessantly. At ten we got sight of the coast, bearing south-west, four miles distant. The inland country hereabout is full of hills, some of which are of a considerable height; and the land was covered with snow.

On the 2nd of September we had fair weather and sunshine and as we ranged along the coast, at the distance of four miles, saw several of the inhabitants and some of their habitations, which looked like little hillocks of earth. None of them, however, attempted to come off to us, which seemed a little extraordinary, as the weather was favourable.

The more I was convinced of my being now upon the coast of Asia, the more I was at a loss to reconcile Mr. Stæhlin's map of the New Northern Archipelago with my observations; and I had no way to account for the great difference but by supposing that I had mistaken some part of what he calls the island of Alaschka for the American continent, and had missed the

channel that separates them. Admitting even this, there would still have been a considerable difference. It was with me a matter of some consequence to clear up this point the present season, that I might have but one object in view the next; and as these northern isles are represented by him as abounding with wood, I was in hopes, if I should find them, of getting a supply of that article, which we now began to be in great want of on board. With these views I steered over for the American coast, and on the 6th we got sight of it. Pursuing our course, on the 9th we found ourselves upon a coast covered with wood, an agreeable sight, to which of late we had not been accustomed. Next morning, being about a league from the west shore, I took two boats and landed, attended by Mr. King, to seek wood and water. Here we observed tracks of deer and foxes on the beach, on which also lay a great quantity of drift-wood; and there was no want of fresh water. I returned on board with an intention to bring the ships to an anchor here, but, the wind veering to north-east, I stretched over to the opposite shore, in hopes of finding wood there also, and anchored at eight o'clock in the evening; but next morning we found it to be a peninsula, united to the continent by a low neck of land, on each side of which the coast forms a bay, which obtained the name of Cape Denbigh.

Several people were seen upon the peninsula, and one man came off in a small canoe. I gave him a knife and a few beads, with which he seemed well pleased. Having made signs to bring us something to eat, he immediately left us, and paddled towards the shore; but meeting another man coming off who happened to have two dried salmon, he got them, and would give them to nobody but me.

Lieutenant Gore being now sent to the peninsula, reported that there was but little fresh water, and that wood was difficult to be got at, by reason of the boats grounding at some distance from the beach. This being the case, I stood back to the other shore, and at eight o'clock the next morning I sent all the boats and a party of men with an officer to get wood from the place where I had landed two days before.

Next day a family of the natives came near to our wooding party. I know not how many there were at first, but I saw only the husband, the wife, and their child, and a fourth person who

bore the human shape, and that was all, for he was the most deformed cripple I had ever seen.

Iron was their favourite article ; for four knives, which we had made out of an old iron'hoop, I got from them near 400 lbs. of fish which they had caught on this or the preceding day. I gave the child, who was a girl, a few beads, on which the mother burst into tears, then the father, then the cripple, and at last, to complete the concert, the girl herself.

Before night we had the ship amply supplied with wood, and had carried on board above twelve tons of water to each. Some doubts being still entertained whether the coast we were now upon belonged to an island or the American continent, and the shallowness of the water putting it out of our power to determine this with our ships, I sent Lieutenant King with two boats under his command to make such searches as might leave no room for a variety of opinions on the subject. This officer returned from his expedition on the 16th, and reported that he proceeded with the boats about three or four leagues farther than the ships had been able to go ; that he then landed on the west side ; that from the heights he could see the two coasts join, and the inlet terminate in a small river or creek, before which were banks of sand or mud, and everywhere shoal water. From the elevated spot on which Mr. King surveyed the sound, he could distinguish many extensive valleys, with rivers running through them, well wooded and bounded by hills of a gentle ascent and moderate height. In honour of Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mr. King's near relative, I named this inlet Norton's Sound.

Having now fully satisfied myself that Mr. Stæhlin's map must be erroneous, and having restored the American continent to that space which he had occupied with his imaginary island of Alaschka, it was high time to think of leaving these northern regions, and to retire to some place during the winter, where I might procure some refreshments for my people and a small supply of provisions. Petropaulowska, or the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, did not appear likely to furnish the one or the other for so large a number of men. I had, besides, other reasons for not repairing thither at this time ; the first, and on which all the others depended, was the great dislike I had to lie inactive for six or seven months, which would have been the necessary consequence of wintering in any of these northern parts. No place was so con-



veniently within our reach, where we could expect to have our wants relieved as the Sandwich Islands; to them, therefore, I determined to proceed.

On the 2nd of October, at daybreak, we saw the island of Oonashka, bearing south-east; and as all harbours were alike to me, provided they were equally safe and convenient, I hauled into a bay, but, finding very deep water, we were glad to get out again. The natives, many of whom lived here, visited us at different times, bringing with them dried salmon and other fish, which they exchanged with the seamen for tobacco. A few days before, every ounce of tobacco that was in the ships had been distributed among the crew, and the quantity was not half sufficient to answer their demands; notwithstanding this, so improvident a creature is an English sailor, that they were as profuse in making their bargains as if they were in a port of Virginia, so that in less than eight-and-forty hours the value of this article of barter was lowered above 1000 per cent.

On the 14th, in the evening, while Mr. Webber and I were at a village a small distance from Samganoodha, a Russian landed there, who I found was the principal person among his countrymen in this and the neighbouring islands. Ismyloff, as he was called, arrived in a canoe carrying three persons, attended by twenty or thirty other canoes, each conducted by one man. I took notice that the first thing they did after landing was to make a small tent for Ismyloff of materials which they brought with them, and then they made others for themselves of their canoes and paddles, which they covered with grass, so that the people of the village were at no trouble to find them lodgings. Ismyloff, having invited us into his tent, set before us some dried salmon and berries, which I was satisfied was the best cheer he had. He appeared to be a sensible, intelligent man, and I felt no small mortification in not being able to converse with him, unless by signs, assisted by figures and other characters, which, however, were a very great help. I desired to see him on board the next day, and accordingly he came, with all his attendants; indeed, he had moved into our neighbourhood for the express purpose of waiting upon us.

I found that he was very well acquainted with the geography of these parts, and with all the recent discoveries of the Russians. On seeing the modern maps, he at once pointed out their errors.

Both Ismyloff and the others affirmed that they knew nothing of the continent of America to the northward, and they called it by

the same name which Mr. Stahlin gives to his great island—that is, Alaschka. From what we could gather from Ismayloff and his countrymen, the Russians have made several attempts to get a footing upon that part of this continent that lies contiguous to Oonalashka and the adjoining islands, but have always been repelled by the natives, whom they describe as a very treacherous people. They mentioned two or three captains or chief men who had been murdered by them, and some of the Russians showed us wounds which they said they had received there.

In the following afternoon, M. Ismayloff, after dining with Captain Clerke, left us, with all his retinue, promising to return in a few days. Accordingly, on the 19th he paid us another visit, and brought with him the charts, which he allowed me to copy. He remained with us till the evening of the 21st, when he took his final leave. To his care I entrusted a letter\* to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in which was enclosed a chart of all the northern coasts I had visited. He said there would be an opportunity of sending it to Kamtschatka or to Okotsk the ensuing spring, and that it would be at St. Petersburg the following winter. He gave me a letter to Major Behm, governor of Kamtschatka, and another to the commanding officer at Petropaulowska.

There are Russians settled upon all the principal islands between Oonalashka and Kamtschatka, for the sole purpose of collecting furs. Their great object is the sea-beaver, or otter. I never heard them inquire after any other animal, though those whose skins are of superior value also form part of their cargoes.

To all appearances the natives are the most peaceable, inoffensive people I ever met with, and as to honesty, they might serve as a pattern to the most civilised nation upon earth. The natives have their own chiefs in each island, and seem to enjoy liberty and property unmolested, but whether or not they are tributaries to the Russians we could never find out. These people are rather low of stature, but plump and well shaped, with rather short necks, swarthy, chubby faces, black eyes, small beards, and long straight black hair, which the men wear loose behind and cut before, but the women tie it up in a bunch. Both sexes wear the same dresses in fashion, the only difference is in the materials. The women's frock is made of seal-skin, and that of the men of the skins of birds,

\* This letter reached its destination in safety, and may be found in the Admiralty archives, among the other papers of the great navigator.

both reaching below the knee. This is the whole dress of the women, but the men wear over the frock another made of gut, which resists water, and has a hood to it, which draws over the head. Some of them wear boots, and all of them have a kind of cap made of wood, with a rim to admit the head. These caps are dyed with green and other colours, and round the upper part of the rim are stuck the long bristles of some sea animal, on which are strung glass beads, and on the front is a small image or two made of bone.

They make use of no paint, but the women puncture their faces slightly, and both men and women bore the under lips, to which they fix pieces of bone. Their food consists of flesh, sea animals, birds, roots, and berries, and even of seaweed. They dry large quantities of fish in summer, which they lay up in small huts for winter use. They eat everything raw. Boiling and broiling were the only methods of cookery that I saw them make use of, and the first was probably learnt from the Russians. Some have got little brass kettles, and those who have not make one of a flat stone, with sides of clay. I was once present when the chief of Oona-lashka made his dinner of the raw head of a large halibut, just caught. Before any was given to the chief, two of his servants ate the gills, without any other dressing than squeezing out the slime. This done, one of them cut off the head of the fish, took it to the sea and washed it, then came with it and sat down by the chief, first pulling up some grass, upon a part of which the head was laid, and the rest was strewed before the chief. He then cut large pieces off the cheeks, and laid them within the reach of the great man, who swallowed them with as much satisfaction as we should do raw oysters. When he had done, the remains of the head were cut in pieces and given to the attendants, who tore off the meat with their teeth, gnawing the bones like so many dogs.

They produce fire both by collision and by attrition. The former by striking two stones, one against another, on one of which a good deal of brimstone is first rubbed; the latter method is with two pieces of wood, one of which is a stick about eighteen inches in length, and the other a flat piece. The pointed end of the stick they press upon the other, whirling it nimbly round as a drill, thus producing fire in a few minutes. This method is common in many parts of the world. It is practised by the Kamtschadales, by these people, by the Greenlanders, by the Brazilians, by the Otahiteans, by the New Hollanders, and probably by many other nations.

The canoes made use of by the natives are the smallest we had anywhere seen upon the American coast, though built after the same manner, with some little difference in the construction. The stern of these terminates a little abruptly, the head is forked, the upper point of the fork projecting without the under one, which is even with the surface of the water; the framing is of slender laths, and the covering of seal-skins. They are about twelve feet long, a foot and a half broad in the middle, and twelve or fourteen inches deep. Upon occasion, they can carry two persons, one of whom is stretched at full length in the canoe, and the other sits in the seat or round hole, which is nearly in the middle. Round this hole is a rim or hoop of wood, about which is sewed gut skin, that can be drawn together, or opened like a purse with leathern thongs fitted to the outer edge. The man seats himself in this place, draws the skin tight round his body over his gut-pouch, and brings the end of the thongs or purse-string over the shoulder to keep it in its place. The sleeves of his frock are tied tight round his wrists, and it being close round his neck, and the hood drawn over his head, where it is confined by his cap, water can scarcely penetrate either to his body or into the canoe. If any should, however, insinuate itself, the boatman carries a piece of sponge, with which he dries it up. He uses the double-bladed paddle, which is held by both hands in the middle, striking the water with a quick regular motion, first on one side and then on the other. By this means the canoe is impelled at a great rate, and in a direction as straight as a line can be drawn.

The fishing and hunting implements lie ready upon the canoes, under straps fixed for the purpose. They are all made in great perfection, of wood and bone, and differ very little from those used by the Greenlanders, as they are described by Crantz. These people are very expert in striking fish both in the sea and in rivers. They also make use of hooks and lines, nets, and spears; the hooks are composed of bone, and the lines of sinews.

The people of Oonalashka bury their dead on summits of hills, and raise a little hillock over the grave. In a walk into the country, one of the natives who attended me pointed out several of these receptacles of the dead. There was one of them by the side of the road leading from the harbour to the village, over which was raised a heap of stones. It was observed that every one who passed it added one to it. I saw in the country several stone hillocks, that

seemed to have been raised by art. Many of them were apparently of great antiquity.

In the morning of Monday, the 26th of October, we put to sea from Samganoodha harbour. My intention was now to proceed to the Sandwich Islands, there to spend a few of the winter months, in case we should meet with the necessary supplies, and then to direct our course to Kamtschatka, so as to endeavour to be there by the middle of May in the ensuing summer. In consequence of this resolution I gave Captain Clerke orders how to proceed in case of separation, appointing the Sandwich Islands for the first place of rendezvous, and the harbour of Petropaulowska, in Kamtschatka, for the second. Nothing remarkable happened during our voyage, and at daybreak on the 26th of November land was sighted, extending from south-south-east to west. We were now satisfied that the group of the Sandwich Islands had been only imperfectly discovered, as those which we had visited in our progress northward all lie to the leeward of our present station. I bore up and ranged along the coast to the westward, and it was not long before we saw people on several parts of the shore, and some houses and plantations. The country seemed to be both well wooded and watered.

We got from our visitors a quantity of cuttle-fish in exchange for nails and pieces of iron. They brought very little fruit and roots, but told us that they had plenty of them on their island, as also hogs and fowls. In the evening, the horizon being clear to the westward, we judged the westernmost land in sight to be an island, separated from that off which we now were. Having no doubt that the people would return to the ships next day with the produce of their country, I kept tacking all night, and, in the morning, stood close in shore. At first only a few of the natives visited us, but towards noon we had the company of a good many, who brought bread-fruit, potatoes, taro, or eddy-roots, a few plantains and small pigs, all of which they exchanged for nails and iron tools; indeed, we had nothing else to give them. We continued trading with them till four o'clock in the afternoon, when, having disposed of all their cargoes, and not seeming inclined to fetch more, we made sail and stood off shore.

In the afternoon of the 30th, being off the north-east end of the island, several canoes came off to the ships. Most of these belonged to a chief named Terreeboo, who came in one of them.

He made me a present of two or three small pigs, and we got by barter from the people a little fruit. After a stay of about two hours, they all left us, except six or eight of their company, who chose to remain on board; a double sailing canoe came soon after to attend upon them, which we towed astern all night. In the evening we discovered another island to windward, which the natives call Owhyhee.\* The name of that off which we had been for some days, we were also told, is Mowee.

On the 1st of December, at eight in the morning, finding that we could fetch Owhyhee, I stood for it, and our visitors from Mowee, not choosing to accompany us, embarked in their canoe and went ashore. At seven in the evening we were close up with the north side of Owhyhee, where we spent the night, standing off and on. In the morning of the 2nd we were surprised to see the summits of the mountains on Owhyhee covered with snow. As we drew near the shore, some of the natives came off to us; they were a little shy at first, but we soon enticed some of them on board, and at last prevailed upon them to return to the island and bring off what we wanted. Soon after they had reached the shore, we had company enough, and few coming empty-handed, we got a tolerable supply of small pigs, fruit, and roots; we continued trading with them till the evening, when we made sail and stood off. We resumed trading with the natives on the 6th and 7th, and procured pork, fruit, and roots, sufficient for four or five days. We then made sail, and continued to work up to windward. Having procured a quantity of sugar-cane, and finding that a strong decoction of it produced a very palatable beer, I ordered some more to be brewed for our general use; but when the cask was now broached, not one of my crew would even so much as taste it. As I had no motive in preparing this beverage but to save our spirits for a colder climate, I gave myself no further trouble, either by exerting authority, or by having recourse to persuasion to prevail upon them to drink it, knowing that there was no danger of the scurvy, so long as we could get a plentiful supply of other vegetables. But, that I might not be thwarted in my views, I gave orders that no grog should be served in either ship. I myself, and the officers, continued to make use of

\* The Sandwich Islands, of which Owhyhee, or Hawaii, is the chief, consist of eight inhabited islands, and two or three rocky and desolate islets. The former are called Woonoo or Oahu, Mowee, Kawai or Atooi, which Cook had already visited, Molokas, Lanai, Niihaw, and Kahoolawe. Their whole superficial area is 6,000 square miles, 4,000 of which are comprised in Owhyhee alone.

the sugar-cane beer whenever we could get materials for brewing it. A few hops, of which we had some on board, improved it much. It has the taste of new malt beer, and I believe no one will doubt of its being very wholesome, yet my inconsiderate crew alleged that it was injurious to their health. They had no better reason to support a resolution which they took on our first arrival in King George's Sound, not to drink the spruce beer made there; but, whether from consideration that it was not the first time of their being required to use that liquor, or from some other reason, they did not attempt to carry their purpose into actual execution, and I had never heard of it until now, when they renewed their ignorant opposition to my best endeavours to serve them. Every innovation whatever on board a ship, though ever so much to the advantage of seamen, is sure to meet with their highest disapprobation. Both portable soup and sour krout were at first condemned as stuff unfit for human beings. Few commanders have introduced into their ships more novelties, as useful varieties of food and drink, than I have done; indeed, few commanders have had the same opportunities of trying such experiments.

I kept at some distance from the coast till the 13th, when I stood in again six leagues farther to windward than we had as yet reached, and, after having some trade with the natives who visited us, stood out to sea. I now determined to get round, or at least to get a sight of the south-east end of the island, but the wind was variable between the 14th and 18th, blowing sometimes in hard squalls, and at other times calm, with thunder, lightning, and rain. In the evening it shifted to east by south, and we stood to the southward, close-hauled under easy sail, as the *Discovery* was at some distance astern. At this time the south-east point of the island bore south-west by south, about five leagues distant, and I made no doubt that I should be able to weather it. But at one o'clock next morning it fell calm, and we were left to the mercy of a north-easterly swell, which impelled us fast towards the land, so that, long before daybreak, we saw lights and the shore, which was not more than a league distant. The night was dark, with thunder, lightning, and rain.

At three o'clock the calm was succeeded by a breeze, blowing in squalls, with rain, and at daybreak the coast was seen extending from north to south-west, a dreadful surf breaking upon the shore, which was not more than half a league distant. It was evident

that we had been in the most imminent danger ; nor were we yet in safety, the wind veering more easterly, so that for some time we did but just keep our distance from the coast. What made our situation more alarming was the leech-rope\* of the maintopsail giving way, which was the occasion of the sail being rent in two ; and the two topgallant sails gave way in the same manner, though not half worn out. By taking a favourable opportunity we soon bent others, and then we left the land astern. The *Discovery*, by being at some distance to the north, was never near the land, nor did we see her till eight o'clock.

As soon as daylight appeared, the natives ashore displayed a white flag, which we conceived to be a signal of peace and friendship. Some of them ventured out after us, but the wind freshening, and it not being safe to wait, they were soon left astern. In the afternoon, after making an attempt to weather the eastern extreme, which failed, I gave it up, and ran down to the *Discovery*. Indeed, it was of no consequence to get round the island, for we had seen its extent to the south-east, which was what I wanted ; and according to the information we had gained from the natives, there is no other island to the windward of this. However, as we were so near the south-east end of it, and as the least shift of wind in our favour would serve to carry us round, I did not wholly give up the idea of weathering it, and therefore continued tacking the ship.

On the 20th, in the afternoon, some of the natives came off in their canoes, bringing with them a few pigs and plantains ; but the supply being barely sufficient for one day, I stood in again the next morning, till within three or four miles of the land, where we were met by a number of canoes, laden with provisions. We brought to, and continued trading with the people till four in the afternoon, when, having got a pretty good supply, we made sail, and stretched off to the northward.

I had never met with a behaviour so free from reserve and suspicion, in my intercourse with any tribes of savages, as we experienced in the people of this island. It was very common for them to send up into the ship the several articles they brought off for barter, after which they would come in themselves, and make their bargains on the quarter-deck. The people of Otaheite, even

\* The leech-rope is that vertical part of the bolt-rope to which the edge of the sail is sewed.



after our repeated visits, do not care to put so much confidence in us, whence I infer that those of Owhyhee must be more faithful in their dealings with one another than the inhabitants of Otaheite are ; for, if little faith were observed amongst themselves, they would not be so ready to trust strangers. It is also to be observed, to their honour, that they had never once attempted to cheat us in exchanges, nor to commit a theft.

On the 22nd, at four in the afternoon, after purchasing everything that the natives had brought off, we made sail, and stretched to the north ; and at midnight we tacked and stood to the south-east. Supposing that the *Discovery* would see us tack, the signal was omitted, but she did not see us, as we afterwards found, and continued standing to the north, so that, at daylight next morning, she was not in sight. At this time, the weather being hazy, we could not see far, so that it was possible the *Discovery* might be following us ; and being past the north-east part of the island I was tempted to stand on, till, by the wind veering to north-east, we could not weather the land upon the other tack ; consequently we could not stand to the north, to join or look for the *Discovery*. At six in the evening we had succeeded in getting to windward of the island, which we had aimed at with so much perseverance. The *Discovery*, however, was not yet to be seen ; but the wind, as we had it, being very favourable for her to follow us, I concluded that it would not be long before she joined us ; I therefore kept cruising off this south-east point of the island till I was satisfied that Captain Clerke would not join me here. I now conjectured that he had not been able to weather the north-east part of the island, and had gone to leeward, in order to meet me that way.

As I generally kept from five to ten leagues from the land, no canoes, except one, came off to us till the 28th, when we were visited by a dozen or fourteen.

On the morning of the 5th of January, 1779, we passed the south point of the island, on which stands a pretty large village, the inhabitants of which thronged off to the ship with hogs. As I had now got a quantity of salt, I purchased no hogs but such as were fit for salting, refusing all that were under size ; however, we could seldom get any above fifty or sixty pounds weight. It was fortunate for us that we had still some vegetables on board, for we now received few such productions ; indeed, this part of the country, from its ap-

pearance; did not seem capable of affording them. Marks of its having been laid waste by the explosion of a volcano everywhere presented themselves, and though we had as yet seen nothing like one upon the island, the devastation that it had made in this neighbourhood was visible to the naked eye.

The next morning the natives visited us again, bringing with them the same articles of commerce as before. Being now near the shore, I sent Mr. Bligh, the master, in a boat to sound the coast, with orders to land and to look for fresh water. Upon his return, he reported that he found no running stream, but only rain water, deposited in holes upon the rocks, and even that was brackish from the spray of the sea, and that the surface of the country was entirely composed of slags and ashes, with a few plants interspersed. Between ten and eleven we saw with pleasure the *Discovery* coming round the south point of the island, and at one in the afternoon she joined us. Captain Clerke coming on board, informed me that he had cruised four or five days where we were separated, and then worked round the east side of the island, but that, meeting with unfavourable winds, he had been carried to some distance from the coast. He had one of the islanders on board all this time, who had remained there from choice, and had refused to quit the ship, though opportunities offered.

Having spent the night standing off and on, we stood in again the next morning, and when we were about a league from the shore, many of the natives visited us. At daybreak on the 8th we found that the currents had carried us back considerably to windward, so that we were now off the south-west point of the island. There we brought to, in order to give the natives an opportunity of trading with us. We spent the night as usual, standing off and on, and, at four in the morning of the 11th, the wind being at west, I stood in for the land, in order to get some supplies. We lay to or stood on and off during the next few days, trading with the natives, but got a very scanty supply.

At daybreak on the 16th, seeing the appearance of a bay, I sent Mr. Bligh with a boat from each ship to examine it, being at this time three leagues off. Canoes now began to arrive from all parts, so that before ten o'clock there were not fewer than a thousand about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well-laden with hogs and other productions of the island. We had the most satisfying proof of their friendly intentions, for we did not see

a single person who had with him a weapon of any sort ; trade and curiosity alone had brought them off. Among such numbers as we had at that time on board, it is no wonder that some should betray a thievish disposition. One of our visitors took out of the ship a boat's rudder, and was discovered, but too late to recover it. I thought this a good opportunity to show these people the use of firearms, and two or three muskets, and as many 4-pounders, were fired over the canoe which carried off the rudder ; as it was not intended that any of the shot should take effect, the surrounding multitude of natives seemed rather more surprised than frightened. In the evening Mr. Bligh returned, and reported that he had found a bay in which was good anchorage and fresh water in a situation tolerably easy of access. Into this bay I resolved to carry the ships, there to refit and supply ourselves with every refreshment that the place could afford. As night approached, the greater part of our visitors retired to the shore, but numbers of them requested our permission to sleep on board. Curiosity was not the only motive, at least with some, for the next morning several things were missing, which determined me not to entertain so many another night. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon we anchored in a bay which is called by the natives Karakakooa, in thirteen fathoms of water, and about a quarter of a mile from the north-east shore. The ships continued to be much crowded with natives, and were surrounded by a multitude of canoes. I had nowhere in the course of my voyages seen so numerous a body of people assembled at one place, for, besides those who had come off to us in canoes, all the shore of the bay was covered with spectators, and many hundreds were swimming round the ships like shoals of fish. We could not but be struck with the singularity of this scene, and perhaps there were few on board who now lamented our having failed in our endeavours to find a northern passage homeward last summer. To this disappointment we owed our having it in our power to revisit the Sandwich Islands, and to enrich our voyage with a discovery which, though the last, seemed in many respects to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Cook had now come to the end of his labours, and owing to his murder in Karakakooa Bay within a few weeks of his arrival, his journal ceases at this point. The remaining transactions of the voyage are related by Captain King.

Karakakooa Bay is situated on the west side of the island of Owhyhee, in a district called Akona. It is about a mile in depth, and bounded by the low points of land distant half a league from each other. On the north point, which is flat and barren, stands the village of Kowrowa, and in the bottom of the bay, near a grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, there is another village of a more considerable size, called Kakooa; between them runs a high rocky cliff, inaccessible from the sea-shore. On the south side the coast, for about a mile inland, has a rugged appearance, beyond which the country rises with a gradual ascent, and is overspread with cultivated enclosures and groves of cocoa-nut trees, where the habitations of the natives are scattered in great numbers. The shore all round the bay is covered with a black coral rock, which makes the landing very dangerous in rough weather, except at the village of Kakooa, where there is a fine sandy beach with a morai, or burying-place, at one extremity, and a small well of fresh water at the other. This bay appearing to Captain Cook a proper place to refit the ships and lay in an additional supply of water and provisions, we moored on the north side, about a quarter of a mile from the shore.

As soon as the inhabitants perceived our intention of anchoring in the bay they came off from the shore in astonishing numbers, and expressed their joy by singing and shouting, and exhibiting a variety of wild and extravagant gestures. The sides of the decks and rigging of both ships were soon completely covered with them, and a multitude of women and boys, who had not been able to get canoes, came swimming round us in shoals; many of them not finding room on board, remained the whole day playing in the water.

Among the chiefs who came on board the *Resolution* was a young man called Pareea, whom we soon perceived to be a person of great authority. On presenting himself to Captain Cook, he told him that he was a jackance to the king of the island, who was at that time engaged in a military expedition at Mowee, and was expected to return within three or four days. A few presents from Captain Cook attached him entirely to our interests, and he became exceedingly useful to us in the management of his countrymen, as we had soon occasion to experience; for we had not been long at anchor when it was observed that the *Discovery* had such a number of people hanging on one side, as occasioned her to heel considerably, and that the men were unable to keep off the crowds

which continued pressing into her. Captain Cook being apprehensive that she might suffer some injury, pointed out the danger to Pareca, who immediately sent to their assistance, cleared the ship of its encumbrance, and drove away the canoes that surrounded her. The authority of the chief over the inferior people appeared from this incident to be of the most despotic kind. A similar instance of it happened the same day on board the *Resolution*, when the crowd being so great as to impede the necessary duties of the ship, we were obliged to have recourse to the assistance of Kaneena, another of their chiefs, who had likewise attached himself to Captain Cook. The inconvenience we laboured under being made known, he immediately ordered his countrymen to quit the vessel, and we were not a little surprised to see them jump overboard, without a moment's hesitation, all except one man, who, loitering behind and showing some unwillingness to obey, Kaneena took him up in his arms and threw him into the sea. Both these chiefs were men of strong and well-proportioned bodies, and of countenances remarkably pleasing. Kaneena especially, whose portrait was drawn by Mr. Webber, was one of the finest men I ever saw. He was about six feet high, had regular and expressive features, with lively, dark eyes, and his carriage was easy, firm, and graceful.

It has been already mentioned, that during our long cruise near this island the inhabitants had always behaved with fairness and honesty in their dealings, and had not shown the slightest propensity to theft, which appeared to us the more extraordinary because those with whom we had hitherto held any intercourse were of the lowest rank, either servants or fishermen. We now found the case exceedingly altered; the immense crowd of islanders, which blocked up every part of the ships, not only afforded frequent opportunity of pilfering, without risk of discovery, but our numerical inferiority held forth a prospect of escaping with impunity, in case of detection. Another circumstance, to which we attributed this alteration in their behaviour, was the presence and encouragement of their chiefs; for, generally tracing the booty into the possession of some men of consequence, we had the strongest reason to suspect that these depredations were committed at their instigation.

Soon after the *Resolution* had got into her station, our two friends, Pareca and Kaneena, brought on board a third chief, named Koah, who, we were told, was a priest, and had been in his youth a distinguished warrior. He was a little old man, of an

emaciated figure, his eyes exceedingly sore and red, and his body covered with a white leprous scurf, the effects of an immoderate use of the ava. Being led into the cabin, he approached Captain Cook with great veneration, and threw over his shoulders a piece of red cloth, which he had brought along with him; then, stepping a few paces back, he made an offering of a small pig, which he held in his hand whilst he pronounced a discourse, that lasted for a considerable time. This ceremony was frequently repeated during our stay at Owhyhee, and appeared to us, from many circumstances, to be a sort of religious adoration. Their idols we found always arrayed with red cloth, in the same manner as was done to Captain Cook, and a small pig was their usual offering to the Eatooas. Their speeches, or prayers, were muttered, too, with a readiness and volubility that indicated them to be according to some formula. When this ceremony was over, Koah dined with Captain Cook, eating plentifully of what was set before him, but, like the rest of the inhabitants of the islands in these seas, could scarcely be prevailed on to taste, a second time, our wine or spirits. In the evening, Captain Cook, attended by Mr. Bayley and myself, accompanied him on shore. We landed at the beach, and were received by four men, who carried wands tipped with dogs' hair, and marched before us, pronouncing, with a loud voice, a short sentence, in which we could only distinguish the word "Orono."\* Captain Cook generally went by this name amongst the natives of Owhyhee, but we could never learn its precise meaning; sometimes they applied it to an invisible being, who, they said, lived in the heavens; and we also found that it was a title belonging to a personage of great rank or power in the island. The crowd which had been collected on the shore retired at our approach, and not a person was to be seen, except a few lying prostrate on the ground, near the huts of the adjoining village.

Before I proceed to relate the adoration that was paid to

\* Mr. S. S. Hill, in his "Travels in the Sandwich and Society Islands," says that the natives call Captain Cook "Lono," and entertain the greatest veneration for his memory. It appears that, at the time of Cook's visit, there were traditions among the people concerning the life and actions of some wonderful person named Lono, who had long since suddenly disappeared—supposed to be blown off the coast in his canoe—but who, it was believed, would one day reappear. Though several generations had passed away, Captain Cook was supposed to be this Lono; and, though their god or hero was transformed to a white man, accompanied by men of another race as his subjects, and without any recollection of his former language, yet the supernatural resuscitation and return of their hero gave rise to no inquiry or surprise.

Captain Cook, and the peculiar ceremonies with which he was received on this fatal island, it will be necessary to describe the morai, situated as I have already mentioned, at the south side of the beach at Kakooa. It was a square, solid pile of stones, about forty yards long, twenty broad, and fourteen in height; the top was flat and well paved, and surrounded by a wooden rail, on which were fixed the skulls of the captive, sacrificed on the death of their chiefs. In the centre of the area stood a ruinous old building of wood, connected with the rail on each side by a stone wall, which divided the whole space into two parts. On the side next the country were five poles, upwards of twenty feet high, supporting an irregular kind of scaffold; and on the opposite side, towards the sea, stood two small houses with a covered communication. We were conducted by Koah to the top of this pile by an easy ascent, leading from the beach to the north-west corner of the area. At the entrance we saw two large wooden images, with features violently distorted, and a long piece of carved wood, of a conical form inverted, rising from the top of their heads; the rest was without form, and wrapped round with red cloth. We were here met by a tall young man with a long beard, who presented Captain Cook to the images, and, after chanting a kind of hymn, in which he was joined by Koah, they led us to that end of the morai where the five poles were fixed. At the foot of them were twelve images ranged in a semicircular form, and before the middle figure stood a high stand or table, exactly resembling the "whatta" of Otaheite, on which lay a putrid hog, and under it pieces of sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, plantains, and sweet potatoes. Koah having placed the captain under this stand, took down the hog, and held it towards him; and after having a second time addressed him in a long speech, pronounced with much vehemence and rapidity, he let it fall to the ground, and led him to the scaffolding, which they began to climb together, not without great risk of falling. At this time we saw coming in solemn procession, at the entrance of the top of the morai, two men carrying a live hog and a large piece of red cloth; having advanced a few paces, they stopped and prostrated themselves, and Kaireekaea, the young man above mentioned, went to them and received the cloth, carried it to Koah, who wrapped it round the captain, and afterwards offered him the hog, which was brought by Kaireekaea with the same ceremony.

Whilst Captain Cook was aloft in this awkward situation, swathed round with red cloth, and with difficulty keeping his hold amongst the pieces of rotten scaffolding, Kaireekkea and Koah began their office, chanting sometimes in concert, and sometimes alternately. This lasted a considerable time, until at length Koah let the hog drop, when he and the captain descended together. He then led him to the images before mentioned, and having said something to each in a sneering tone, snapping his fingers at them as he passed, he brought him to that in the centre, which, from its being covered with red cloth, appeared to be held in greater estimation than the rest. Before this figure he prostrated himself and kissed it, desiring Captain Cook to do the same, who suffered himself to be directed by Koah throughout the whole of this ceremony. We were now led back into the other division of the morai, where there was a space, ten or twelve feet square, sunk about three feet below the level of the area ; into this we descended, and Captain Cook was seated between the wooden idols, Koah supporting one of his arms, whilst I was desired to support the other. At this time arrived a second procession of natives, carrying a baked hog and a pudding, some bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and other vegetables. When they approached us, Kaireekkea put himself at their head, and presenting the pig to Captain Cook in the usual manner, began the kind of chant as before, his companions making regular responses. We observed that, after every response, their parts became gradually shorter, till, toward the close, Kaireekkea's consisted of only two or three words, which the rest answered by the word *Orono*.

When this offering was concluded, which lasted a quarter of an hour, the natives sat down fronting us, and began to cut up the baked hog, to peel the vegetables, and break the cocoa-nuts ; whilst others employed themselves in brewing the *ava*, which is done by chewing it, in the same manner as at the Friendly Islands. Kaireekkea then took part of the kernel of a cocoa-nut, which he chewed, and wrapping it in a piece of cloth, rubbed with it the captain's face, head, hands, arms, and shoulders. The *ava* was then handed round, and after we had tasted it, Koah and Pareea began to pull the flesh of the hog in pieces, and to put it into our mouths. I had no great objection to being fed by Pareea, who was very cleanly in his person ; but Captain Cook, who was served by Koah, recollecting the putrid hog, could not swallow a morsel, and



his reluctance, as may be supposed, was not diminished, when the old man, according to his own mode of civility, had chewed it for him. When this last ceremony was finished, which Captain Cook put an end to as soon as he decently could, he quitted the morai, after distributing amongst the people some pieces of iron and other trifles, with which they seemed highly gratified. The men with wands conducted us to the boats, repeating the same words as before ; the people again retired, and the few that remained prostrated themselves as we passed along the shore. We immediately went on board, our minds full of what we had seen, and extremely well satisfied with the good disposition of our new friends. The meaning of the various ceremonies with which we had been received, and which, on account of their novelty and singularity, have been related at length, can only be the subject of conjectures, and those uncertain and partial ; they were, however, without doubt, expressive of high respect on the part of the natives, and, as far as related to the person of Captain Cook, they seemed approaching to adoration.

The next morning I went on shore, with a guard of eight marines, including the corporal and lieutenant, having orders to erect the observatory on the most suitable spot for superintending, and protecting the waterers and the other working parties that were to be on shore. As we were viewing a spot conveniently situated for this purpose in the middle of the village, Pareea, who was always ready to show his power and his goodwill, offered to pull down some houses that would have obstructed our observations ; however, we thought it proper to decline this offer, and fixed on a field of sweet potatoes, adjoining the morai, which was readily granted to us ; and the priests, to prevent the intrusion of the natives, immediately consecrated the place by fixing their wands round the wall by which it was enclosed. This sort of religious interdiction they call "taboo,"\* a word we heard often repeated during our stay amongst these islanders, and found to be of very powerful and extensive operation, and it procured us even more privacy than we desired. No canoes ever presumed to land near us ; the natives sat on the wall, but none offered to come within the tabooed space till he had obtained our permission.

\* This word "taboo," which, as we have seen, is in use both in the Friendly and Sandwich Islands, has been Anglicised ; and to taboo a thing is to forbid or interdict it.

But though the men, at our request, would come across the field with provisions, yet not all our endeavours could prevail on the women to approach us. Presents were tried, but without effect; and Pareea and Koah were tempted to bring them, but in vain, as we were invariably answered that the Eatooa and Terreeoboo,\* which was the name of their king, would kill them. This circumstance afforded no small matter of amusement to our friends on board, where the crowds of people, and particularly of women, that continued to flock thither obliged them almost every hour to clear the vessel, in order to have room to do the necessary duties of the ship. On these occasions two or three hundred women were frequently made to jump into the water at once, where they continued swimming and playing about till they could again procure admittance.

From the 19th to the 24th, when Pareea and Koah left us to attend Terreeoboo, who had landed on some other part of the island, nothing very material happened on board. The caulkers were set to work on the sides of the ships, and the rigging was carefully overhauled and repaired. The salting of hogs, for sea store, was also one of the principal objects of Captain Cook's attention, and met with complete success.

We had not long been settled on shore at the observatory before we discovered, in our neighbourhood, the habitations of a society of priests, whose regular attendance at this morai had excited our curiosity. Their huts stood round a pond of water, and were surrounded by a grove of cocoa-nut trees, which separated them from the beach and the rest of the village, and gave the place an air of religious retirement. On my acquainting Captain Cook with

\* At this time Kalamhopen reigned in Owhyhee, and at his death, three years later, the eastern portion of the island fell to the share of his son Kiwalao, and the western to his son Kamehameha, who became, subsequently, the most famous warrior and king whose deeds are recorded in the native annals. In a great battle he defeated and slew his brother, and reigned over the whole island. The other chief incidents in the history of these islands are:—The visit of the unfortunate La Pérouse, who anchored with his two frigates, in the straits between Mowee and Molokoi, on the 28th of May, 1796; the visit to Karakakooa Bay of Vancouver, with the ships *Discovery* and *Chatham*, on the 3rd of March, 1792; and again in the following year, and in January, 1794; the subjection of the entire group by King Kamehameha, with the assistance of two British seamen, Young and Davis; the death of the king, in 1819, at the age of sixty-six; the arrival of the first Protestant missionary, in 1820; the visit of the young king Kamehameha the Second to England, in 1824, and his death, and that of his queen, in London; the establishment of the Roman Catholic mission, in 1827; the adoption of a constitutional form of government by King Kamehameha the Third, in 1840; and the recognition of the independence of the islands by the governments of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe, in 1843.

these circumstances, he resolved to pay them a visit, and as he expected to be received in the same manner as before, he brought Mr. Webber with him to make a drawing of the ceremony. On his arrival at the beach, he was conducted to a sacred building called Harre-no-Orono, or the house of Orono, and seated before the entrance at the foot of a wooden idol, of the same kind with those in the morai. I was here again made to support one of his arms, and, after wrapping him in red cloth, Kaireekkea, accompanied by twelve priests, made an offering of a pig with the usual solemnities. The pig was then strangled, and a fire being kindled, it was thrown into the embers, and after the hair was singed off, it was again presented with a repetition of the chanting, in the manner before described. The dead pig was then held for a short time under the captain's nose, after which it was laid with a cocoa-nut at his feet, and the performers sat down. The ava was then brewed and handed round; a fat hog, ready dressed, was brought in, and we here fed as before.

During the rest of the time we remained in the bay, whenever Captain Cook came on shore he was attended by one of these priests, who went before him, giving notice that the Orono had landed, and ordering the people to prostrate themselves. The same person also constantly accompanied him on the water, standing in the bow of the boat, with a wand in his hand, and giving notice of his approach to the natives, who were in canoes, on which they immediately left off paddling, and lay down on their faces till he had passed. Whenever we stopped at the observatory, Kaireekkea and his brethren immediately made their appearance with hogs, cocoanuts, bread-fruit, &c., and presented them with the usual solemnities. It was on these occasions that some of the inferior chiefs frequently requested to be permitted to make an offering to the Orono; when this was granted, they presented the hog themselves, generally with evident marks of fear in their countenances, whilst Kaireekkea and the priests chanted their accustomed hymns.

The civilities of this society were not, however, confined to mere ceremony and parade. Our party on shore received from them, every day, a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, more than sufficient for our subsistence, and several canoes, loaded with provisions, were sent to the ships with the same punctuality. No return was ever demanded or even hinted at in the most distant manner. Their presents were made with a regularity more like the discharge

of a religious duty than the effort of mere liberality ; and when we inquired at whose charge all this munificence was displayed, we were told it was at the expense of a great man called Kaoo, the chief of the priests, and grandfather of Kaireekeea, who was at that time absent, attending the king of the island.

As everything relating to the character and behaviour of this people must be interesting to the reader, on account of the tragedy that was afterwards acted here, it will be proper to acquaint him that we had not always so much reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the warrior chiefs, or Farees, as with that of the priests. In all our dealings with the former we found them sufficiently attentive to their own interests ; and besides their habit of stealing, which may admit of some excuse from the universality of the practice amongst the islanders of these seas, they made use of other artifices equally dishonourable.

Things continued in this state till the 24th, when we were a good deal surprised to find that no canoes were suffered to put off from the shore, and that the natives kept close to their houses. After several hours' suspense, we learned that the bay was tabooed, and all intercourse with us interdicted on account of the arrival of Terreeoboo. As we had not foreseen an accident of this sort, the crews of both ships were obliged to pass the day without their usual supply of vegetables. The next morning, therefore, they endeavoured, both by threats and promises, to induce the natives to come alongside, and, as some of them were at last venturing to come off, a chief was observed attempting to drive them away. A musket was immediately fired over his head to make him desist, which had the desired effect, and supplies were soon after purchased as usual. In the afternoon, Terreeoboo arrived, and visited the ships in a private manner, attended only by one canoe, in which were his wife and children. He stayed on board till near ten o'clock, when he returned to the village of Kowrowa.

The next day, about noon, the king, in a large canoe, attended by two others, set out from the village, and paddled towards the ships in great state, presenting a striking appearance. In the first canoe was Terreeoboo and his chiefs, dressed in their rich feathered cloaks and helmets, and armed with long spears and daggers ; in the second canoe the venerable Kaoo, the chief of the priests, and his brethren, with their idols displayed on red cloth. These idols were busts of a gigantic size, made of wickerwork, and curiously

covered with small feathers of various colours, wrought in the same manner as their cloaks ; their eyes were made of large pearl oysters, with a black nut fixed in the centre, and their mouths were set with a double row of the fangs of dogs, and, together with the rest of their features, were strangely distorted. The third canoe was filled with hogs and various sorts of vegetables. As they went along, the priests in the centre canoe sung their hymns with great solemnity, and, after paddling round the ships, instead of going on board, as was expected, they made towards the shore at the beach where we were stationed. As soon as I saw them approaching, I ordered out our little guard to receive the king ; and Captain Cook, perceiving that he was going on shore, followed him and arrived nearly at the same time. We conducted them into the tent, where they had scarcely been seated, when the king rose up, and, in a very graceful manner, threw over the captain's shoulders the cloak he himself wore, put a feathered helmet upon his head and a curious fan into his hand. He also spread at his feet five or six other cloaks, all exceedingly beautiful, and of the greatest value. His attendants then brought four very large hogs, with sugar-canes, cocoa-nuts, and bread-fruit ; and this part of the ceremony was concluded by the king exchanging names with Captain Cook, which, amongst all the islanders of the Pacific Ocean, is esteemed the strongest pledge of friendship. A procession of priests, with a venerable old personage at their head, now appeared, followed by a long train of men leading large hogs, and others with plantains, sweet potatoes, and other articles of food. By the looks and gestures of Kaireekaea, I immediately knew the old man to be the chief of the priests before mentioned, on whose bounty we had so long subsisted. He had a piece of red cloth in his hands, which he wrapped round Captain Cook's shoulders, and afterwards presented him with a small pig in the usual form. A seat was then made for him next to the king, after which Kaireekaea and his followers began their ceremonies, Kaoo and the chiefs joining in the responses.

I was surprised to see, in the person of this king, the same infirm and emaciated old man that came on board the *Resolution* when we were off the north-east side of the island of Mowee, and we soon discovered amongst his attendants most of the persons who, at that time, had remained with us all night. Of this number were the two younger sons of the king, the eldest of whom was sixteen years of age, and his nephew, Maiha-Maiha, whom at first we had some

difficulty in recollecting, his hair being plastered over with a dirty brown paste and powder, which was no mean heightening to the most savage face I ever beheld. As soon as the formalities of the meeting were over, Captain Cook carried Terreeboob, and as many chiefs as the pinnace would hold, on board the *Resolution*. They were received with every mark of respect that could be shown them. And Captain Cook, in return for the feathered cloaks, put a linen shirt on the king, and girt his own hanger round him. Kaoo and about half a dozen old chiefs remained on shore and took up their abode at the priests' houses. During all this time not a canoe was seen in the bay, and the natives either kept within their huts, or lay prostrate on the ground. Before the king left the *Resolution*, Captain Cook obtained leave for the natives to come and trade with the ships as usual ; but the women, for what reason we could not learn, still continued under the effects of the taboo.

The quiet and inoffensive behaviour of the natives having taken away every apprehension of danger, we did not hesitate to trust ourselves amongst them at all times and in all situations. The officers of both ships went daily up the country in small parties, or even singly, and frequently remained out the whole night. It would be endless to recount all the instances of kindness and civility which we received upon these occasions ; wherever we went the people flocked about us, eager to offer any assistance in their power, and highly gratified if their services were accepted. Various little arts were practised to attract our notice, or to delay our departure. The boys and girls ran before us as we walked through the villages, and stopped us at every opening where there was room to form a group for dancing. At one time we were wanted to accept a draught of cocoa-nut milk, or some other refreshment, under the shade of their huts ; at another we were seated within a circle of young women, who exerted their skill and agility to amuse us with songs and dances.

The satisfaction we derived from their gentleness and hospitality was, however, frequently interrupted by the propensity to stealing which they have in common with all the other islanders of these seas. This circumstance was the more distressing as it sometimes obliged us to have recourse to acts of severity, which we would willingly have avoided if the necessity of the case had not absolutely called for them. Some of their most expert swimmers were one day discovered under the ships, drawing out the filling-nails of the

sheathing, which they performed very dexterously, by means of a short stick with a flint stone fixed in the end of it. To put a stop to this practice, which endangered the very existence of the vessels, we at first fired small shot at the offenders, but they easily got out of our reach by diving under the ship's bottom; it was therefore found necessary to make an example by flogging one of them on board the *Discovery*.

About this time a large party of gentlemen, from both ships, set out on an excursion into the interior of the country, with a view of examining its natural productions; and it afforded Kaoo a fresh opportunity of showing his attention and generosity, for as soon as he was informed of their departure he sent a large supply of provisions after them, together with orders that the inhabitants of the country through which they were to pass should give them every assistance in their power; and, to complete the delicacy and disinterestedness of his conduct, even the people we employed could not be prevailed on to accept the smallest present. After remaining out six days our officers returned, without having been able to penetrate above twenty miles into the island, partly from want of proper guides and partly from the impracticability of the country.

The head of the *Resolution's* rudder being found exceedingly shaken, and most of the pintles either loose or broken, it was unhung, and taken on shore on the 27th to undergo a thorough repair. At the same time the carpenters were sent into the country, under conduct of some of Kaoo's people, to cut planks for the head-railwork, which was also entirely decayed and rotten. On the 28th Captain Clerke, whose ill-health confined him for the most part on board, paid Terreeoboo his first visit at his hut on shore. He was received with the same formalities as were observed towards Captain Cook; and on his coming away, though the visit was quite unexpected, he received a present of thirty large hogs, and as much fruit and roots as his crew could consume in a week.

As we had not seen anything of their sports or athletic exercises, the natives, at the request of some of our officers, entertained us this evening with a boxing match. Though these games were much inferior, as well in point of solemnity and magnificence as in the skill and prowess of the combatants, to what we had seen exhibited at the Friendly Islands, yet, as they differed in some particulars, it may not be improper to give a short account of them. We found a vast concourse of people assembled on a level spot of ground, at a

little distance from our tents. A long space was left vacant in the midst of them, at the upper end of which sat the judges, under three standards, from which hung slips of cloth of various colours, the skins of wild geese, a few small birds, and bunches of feathers. When the sports were ready to begin, the signal was given by the judges, and immediately two combatants appeared. They came forward slowly, lifting up their feet very high behind, and drawing their hands along the soles. As they approached they frequently eyed each other from head to foot in a contemptuous manner, casting several arch looks at the spectators, straining their muscles, and using a variety of affected gestures. Being advanced within reach of each other, they stood with both arms held out straight before their faces, at which part all their blows were aimed. They struck in what appeared to our eyes an awkward manner, with a full swing of the arm; made no attempt to parry, but eluded their adversary's attack by an inclination of the body, or by retreating. The battle was quickly decided, for if either of them was knocked down, or even fell by accident, he was considered as vanquished, and the victor expressed his triumph by a variety of gestures, which usually excited, as was intended, a loud laugh among the spectators. He then waited for a second antagonist, and if again victorious, for a third, till he was at last in his turn defeated. A singular rule observed in these combats is, that whilst any two are preparing to fight, a third person may step in, and choose either of them for his antagonist, when the other is obliged to withdraw. Sometimes three or four followed each other in this manner before the match was settled. When the combat proved longer than usual, or appeared too unequal, one of the chiefs generally stepped in, and ended it by putting a stick between the combatants. The same good-humour was preserved throughout which we before so much admired in the Friendly islanders. As these games were given at our desire, we found it universally expected that we should have borne our part in them; but our people, though much pressed by the natives, turned a deaf ear to their challenge, remembering full well the blows they got at the Friendly Islands.

This day died William Watman, a seaman of the gunner's crew, an event which I mention the more particularly, as death had hitherto been very rare amongst us. He was an old man, and much respected on account of his attachment to Captain Cook. He had formerly served as a marine twenty-one years; after which



he entered as a seaman on board the *Resolution* in 1772, and served with Captain Cook in his voyage towards the South Pole. On their return, he was admitted into Greenwich Hospital through the captain's interest, at the same time with himself; and being resolved to follow throughout the fortunes of his benefactor, he also quitted it along with him on his being appointed to the command of the present expedition.

At the request of the king of the island, he was buried on the morai, and the ceremony was performed with as much solemnity as our situation permitted. Old Kaoo and his brethren were spectators, and preserved the most profound silence and attention whilst the service was reading. When we began to fill up the grave, they approached it with great reverence, threw in a dead pig, some cocoa-nuts, and plantains; and, for three nights afterwards, they surrounded it, sacrificing hogs, and performing their usual ceremonies of hymns and prayers, which continued till day-break. At the head of the grave we erected a post, and nailed upon it a square piece of board, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased, his age, and the day of his death. This they promised not to remove; and we have no doubt but that it will be suffered to remain as long as the frail materials of which it is made will permit.

The ships being in great want of fuel, Captain Cook desired me, on the 2nd of February, to treat with the priests for the purchase of the rail that surrounded the top of the morai. I must confess I had at first some doubt about the decency of this proposal, and was apprehensive that even the bare mention of it might be considered by them as a piece of shocking impiety.

In this, however, I found myself mistaken; not the smallest surprise was expressed at the application, and the wood was readily given, even without stipulating for anything in return. Whilst the sailors were taking it away, I observed one of them carrying off a carved image; and, on further inquiry, I found that they had conveyed to the boats the whole semicircle. Though this was done in the presence of the natives, who had not shown any mark of resentment at it, but had even assisted them in the removal, I thought it proper to speak to Kaoo on the subject, who appeared very indifferent about the matter, and only desired that we would restore the centre image I have mentioned before, which he carried into one of the priests' houses.

Terreeoboo and his chiefs had for some days past been very inquisitive about the time of our departure. This circumstance had excited in me a great curiosity to know what opinion this people had formed of us, and what were their ideas respecting the cause and objects of our voyage. I took some pains to satisfy myself on these points, but could never learn anything further than that they imagined we came from some country where provisions had failed, and that our visit to them was merely for the purpose of filling our bellies ; indeed, the meagre appearance of some of our crew, the hearty appetites with which we sat down to their fresh provisions, and our great anxiety to purchase as much as we were able, led them naturally enough to such a conclusion. To these may be added a circumstance which puzzled them exceedingly, our having no women with us, together with our quiet conduct and unwarlike appearance. It was ridiculous enough to see them stroking the sides and patting the bellies of the sailors, who were certainly much improved in the sleekness of their looks during our short stay on the island, and telling them, partly by signs, and partly by words, that it was time for them to go ; but if they would come again the next bread-fruit season, they should be better able to supply their wants.

We had now been sixteen days in the bay ; and if our enormous consumption of hogs and vegetables be considered, it need not be wondered that they should wish to see us take our leave. It is very probable, however, that Terreeoboo had no other view in his inquiries at present than a desire of making sufficient preparation for dismissing us with presents suitable to the respect and kindness with which he had received us ; for, on our telling him we should leave the island on the next day but one, we observed that a sort of proclamation was immediately made through the villages to require the people to bring in their hogs and vegetables, for the king to present to the Orono on his departure.

We were this day much diverted, on the beach, by the buffooneries of one of the natives. His style of dancing was entirely burlesque, and accompanied with strange grimaces and pantomimical distortions of the face, which, though at times inexpressibly ridiculous, yet, on the whole, was without much meaning or expression. In the evening, we were again entertained with wrestling and boxing matches, and we displayed in return the few fireworks we had left. Nothing could be better calculated to excite the admiration of these

islanders, and to impress them with an idea of our great superiority, than an exhibition of this kind.

The carpenters from both ships having been sent up the country to cut planks for the head-railwork of the *Resolution*, this being the third day since their departure, we began to be very anxious for their safety. We now communicated our apprehensions to old Kaoo, who appeared as much concerned as ourselves, and were concerting measures with him for sending after them, when they arrived in safety. They had been obliged to go farther into the country than was expected, before they met with trees fit for their purpose ; and it was this circumstance, together with the badness of the roads and the difficulty of bringing back the timber, which had detained them so long. They spoke in high terms of their guides, who both supplied them with provisions, and guarded their tools with the utmost fidelity. The next day being fixed for our departure, Terreeoboo invited Captain Cook and myself to attend him on the 3rd to the place where Kaoo resided. On our arrival, we found the ground covered with parcels of cloth, a vast quantity of red and yellow feathers tied to the fibres of cocoa-nut husks, and a great number of hatchets and other pieces of iron-ware that had been got in barter from us. At a little distance from these lay an immense quantity of vegetables of every kind, and near them was a large herd of hogs. At first, we imagined the whole to be intended as a present for us, till Kaireekeea informed me that it was a gift or tribute from the people of that district to the king ; and accordingly, as we were seated, they brought all the bundles and laid them severally at Terreeoboo's feet, spreading out the cloth and displaying the feathers and iron-ware before him. The king seemed much pleased with this mark of their duty ; and having selected about a third part of the iron-ware, the same proportion of feathers, and a few pieces of cloth, these were set aside by themselves, and the remainder of the cloth, together with all the hogs and vegetables, were afterwards presented to Captain Cook and myself. We were astonished at the value and magnitude of this present, which exceeded everything of the kind we had seen either at the Friendly or Society Islands. Boats were immediately sent to carry them on board ; the large hogs were picked out to be salted for sea store, and upwards of thirty smaller pigs and the vegetables were divided between the two crews.

The same day we quitted the morai and got the tents and astro-

nomical instruments on board. The charm of the taboo was now removed, and we had no sooner left the place than the natives rushed in and searched eagerly about in expectation of finding something of value that we might have left behind. As I happened to remain the last on shore, and waited for the return of the boat, several came crowding round me, and having made me sit down by them, began to lament our separation.

It was, indeed, not without difficulty I was able to quit them. Having had the command of the party on shore during the whole time we were in the bay, I had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the natives, and of being better known to them, than those whose duty required them to be generally on board. As I had every reason to be satisfied with their kindness in general, so I did not too often nor too particularly mention the unbounded and constant friendship of their priests. On my part I spared no endeavours to conciliate their affections and gain their esteem; and I had the good fortune to succeed so far that, when the time of our departure was made known, I was strongly solicited to remain behind, not without offers of the most flattering kind. When I excused myself by saying that Captain Cook would not give his consent, they proposed that I should retire into the mountains, where they said they would conceal me till after the departure of the ships, and on my further assuring them that the captain would not leave the bay without me, Terreeoboo and Kaoo waited upon Captain Cook, whose son they supposed I was, with a formal request that I might be left behind. The captain, to avoid giving a positive refusal to an offer so kindly intended, told them that he could not part with me at that time, but that he should return to the island next year, and would then endeavour to settle the matter to their satisfaction.

Early in the morning of the 4th of February we unmoored and sailed out of the bay, with the *Discovery* in company, and were followed by a great number of canoes. Captain Cook's design was to finish the survey of Owhyhee before we visited the other islands, in hopes of meeting with a road better sheltered than the bay we had just left; and in case of not succeeding here, he purposed to take a view of the south-east part of Mowee, where the natives informed us we should find an excellent harbour. We had calm weather all this and the following day, which made our progress to the northward very slow. We were accompanied by a great number

of these natives in their canoes, and Terreeboob gave a fresh proof of his friendship to Captain Cook by a large present of hogs and vegetables that was sent after him.

In the night of the 5th, having a light breeze off the land, we made some way to the northward, and in the morning of the 6th, having passed the westernmost point of the island, we found ourselves abreast of a deep bay called by the natives Toe-yah-yah. We had great hopes that this bay would furnish us with a commodious harbour, as we saw several fine streams of water, and the whole had the appearance of being well sheltered. These observations agreeing with the accounts given us by Koah, who accompanied Captain Cook, and had changed his name, out of compliment to us, into Britanee, the pinnacle was hoisted out, and the master, with Britanee for his guide, was sent to examine the bay whilst the ships worked up after them. In the afternoon the weather became gloomy, and the gusts of wind that blew off the land were so violent as to make it necessary to take in all the sails and bring to under the mizen staysail. All the canoes left us at the beginning of the gale; and Mr. Bligh, on his return, had the satisfaction of saving an old woman and two men whose canoe had been upset by the violence of the wind, as they were endeavouring to gain the shore. Besides these distressed people, we had a great many women on board whom the natives had left behind, in their hurry to shift for themselves.

In the evening, the weather being more moderate, we again made sail; but about midnight it blew so violently as to split both the fore and main-topsails. On the morning of the 7th we bent fresh sails, and had fair weather and a light breeze at noon. We were four or five leagues from the shore, and as the weather was very unsettled none of the canoes would venture out, so that our guests were obliged to remain with us, much indeed to their dissatisfaction, for they were all sea-sick, and many of them had left young children behind them.

In the afternoon, though the weather was still squally, we stood in for the land, and being about three leagues from it, saw a canoe, with two men paddling towards us, who, we immediately conjectured had been driven off the shore by the late boisterous weather, and therefore stopped the ship's way in order to take them in. These poor wretches were so exhausted with fatigue that, had not one of the natives on board, observing their weakness, jumped into the canoe to their assistance, they would scarcely have been able to

fasten it to the rope we had thrown out for that purpose. It was with difficulty we got them up the ship's side, together with a child about four years old, which they had lashed under the thwarts of the canoe, where it had lain with only its head above water. They told us they had left the shore the morning before, and had been from that time without food or water. The usual precautions were taken in giving them victuals, and the child being committed to the care of the women, soon perfectly recovered.

At midnight a gale of wind came on, which obliged us to double-reef the topsails and send down the topgallant yards. On the 8th, at daybreak, we found that the fore-mast had given way, the fishes\* which were put on the head in King George's or Nootka Sound, on the coast of America, being sprung, and the parts so very defective as to make it absolutely necessary to replace them, and, of course, to unship the mast. In this difficulty Captain Cook was for some time in doubt whether he should run the chance of meeting with a harbour in the islands to leeward or return to Karakakooa. That bay was not so remarkably commodious, in any respect, but that a better might probably be expected, both for the purpose of repairing the masts and for securing supplies, of which, it was imagined, the neighbourhood of Karakakooa had been already pretty well drained. On the other hand, it was considered as too great a risk to leave a place that was tolerably sheltered, and which, once left, could not be regained, for the mere hope of meeting with a better, the failure of which might perhaps have left us without resource. We therefore continued standing on towards the land, in order to give the natives an opportunity of releasing their friends on board from their confinement; and at noon, being within a mile of the shore, a few canoes came off to us, but so crowded with people that there was not room in them for any of our guests; we therefore hoisted out the pinnacle to carry them on shore, and the master, who went with them, had directions to examine the south coasts of the bay for water, but returned without finding any. The winds being variable, and a current setting to the northward, we made but little progress in our return; and at eight o'clock in the evening of the 9th it began to blow very hard from the south-east, which obliged us to

\* Fish, or fish-piece, is a long piece of hard wood, convex on one side and concave on the other; two are bound opposite to each other to strengthen the lower masts, or the yards, when they are sprung, to effect which they are well secured by bolts and hoops, or stout rope called woodling.

close-reef the topsails. At two in the morning of the 10th, in a heavy squall, we found ourselves close in with the breakers that lie to the northward of the west point of Owhyhee; and we had just room to haul off and avoid them, and fired several guns to apprise the *Discovery* of the danger. In the forenoon the weather was more moderate, and a few canoes came off to us, from which we learnt that the late storms had done much mischief, and that several large canoes had been lost. During the remainder of the day we kept beating about to windward, and before night we were within a mile of the bay; but not choosing to run in while it was dark, we stood off and on till daylight next morning, when we dropped anchor nearly in the same place as before.

Towards the evening of the 13th, the officer who commanded the watering-party of the *Discovery* came to inform me that several chiefs had assembled at the well near the beach, driving away the natives, whom he had hired to assist the sailors in rolling down the casks to the shore. He told me at the same time that he thought their behaviour extremely suspicious, and that they meant to cause a disturbance. At his request, therefore, I sent a marine along with him, but suffered him to take only his side-arms. In a short time the officer returned, and, on his acquainting me that the islanders had armed themselves with stones, and were grown very tumultuous, I went myself to the spot, attended by a marine with his musket. Seeing us approach, they threw away their stones, and on my speaking to some of the chiefs, the mob were driven away, and those who chose it were suffered to assist in filling the casks. Having left things quiet here, I went to meet Captain Cook, whom I saw coming on shore in the pinnace. I related to him what had just passed, and he ordered me, in case of their beginning to throw stones or behave insolently, immediately to fire a ball at the offenders. I accordingly gave orders to the corporal to have the pieces of the sentinels loaded with ball, instead of small shot.

Soon after our return to the tents we were alarmed by a continued fire of muskets from the *Discovery*, which we observed to be directed at a canoe that we saw paddling towards the shore in great haste, pursued by one of our small boats. We immediately concluded that the firing was in consequence of some theft, and Captain Cook ordered me to follow him with an armed maripe, and to endeavour to seize the people as they came on shore. Accordingly we ran towards the place where we supposed the canoe would land, but

were too late, the people having quitted it and made their escape into the country before our arrival. We were at this time ignorant that the goods had been already restored, and as we thought it probable, from the circumstance we had at first observed, that they might be of importance, were unwilling to relinquish our hopes of recovering them. Having therefore inquired of the natives which way the people had fled, we followed them till it was near dark, when, judging ourselves to be about three miles from the tents, and suspecting that the natives, who frequently encouraged us in the pursuit, were amusing themselves by giving us false information, we thought it in vain to continue our search, and returned to the beach. During our absence a difference of a more serious and unpleasant nature had happened. The officer who had been sent in the small boat, and was returning on board with the goods which had been restored, observing Captain Cook and me engaged in the pursuit of the offenders, thought it his duty to seize the canoe which was left drawn up on the shore. Unfortunately this canoe belonged to Pareea, who, arriving at the same moment from on board the *Discovery*, claimed his property, with many protestations of his innocence. The officer refusing to give it up, and being joined by the crew of the pinnace, which was waiting for Captain Cook, a scuffle ensued, in which Pareea was knocked down by a violent blow on the head with an oar. The natives who were collected about the spot, and had hitherto been peaceable spectators, immediately attacked our people with such a shower of stones, as forced them to retreat with great precipitation and swim off to a rock at some distance from the shore. The pinnace was immediately ransacked by the islanders, and but for the timely interposition of Pareea, who seemed to have recovered from the blow and forgotten it at the same instant, would soon have been entirely demolished. Having driven away the crowd, he made signs to our people that they might come and take possession of the pinnace, and that he would endeavour to get back the things which had been taken out of it. After their departure he followed them in his canoe, with a midshipman's cap and some other trifling articles of the plunder, and with much apparent concern at what had happened, asked if the Orono would kill him, and whether he would permit him to come on board the next day. On being assured that he would be well received, he joined noses (as their custom is) with the officers, in token of friendship, and paddled over to the village of Kowrowa.



When Captain Cook was informed of what had passed, he expressed much uneasiness at it, and said, as we were returning on board, "I am afraid that these people will oblige me to use some violent measures; for they must not be left to imagine that they have gained an advantage over us." However, as it was too late to take any steps this evening, he contented himself with giving orders that every man and woman on board should be immediately turned out of the ship. As soon as this order was executed I returned on shore; and our former confidence in the natives being now much abated by the events of the day, I posted a double guard on the morai, with orders to call me if they saw any men lurking about the beach. At about eleven o'clock five islanders were observed creeping round the bottom of the morai; they seemed very cautious in approaching us, and, at last, finding themselves discovered, retired out of sight. About midnight one of them venturing up close to the observatory, the sentinel fired over him, on which the man fled, and we passed the remainder of the night without further disturbance. Next morning at daylight I went on board the *Resolution* for the timekeeper, and on my way was hailed by the *Discovery*, and informed that their cutter had been stolen during the night from the buoy where it was moored.

When I arrived on board I found the marines arming, and Captain Cook loading his double-barrelled gun. Whilst I was relating to him what had happened to us in the night he interrupted me with some eagerness, and acquainted me with the loss of the *Discovery's* cutter, and with the preparations he was making for its recovery. It had been his usual practice, whenever anything of consequence was lost at any of the islands in this ocean, to get the king, or some of the principal erees, on board, and to keep them as hostages till it was restored. This method, which had been always attended with success, he meant to pursue on the present occasion; and at the same time had given orders to stop all the canoes that should attempt to leave the bay, with an intention of seizing and destroying them if he could not recover the cutter by peaceable means. Accordingly the boats of both ships, well manned and armed, were stationed across the bay, and before I left the ship some great guns had been fired at two large canoes that were attempting to escape. It was between seven and eight

o'clock when we quitted the ship together : Captain Cook in the pinnace, having Mr. Phillips and nine marines with him, and myself in the small boat. The last orders I received from him were to quiet the minds of the natives on our side of the bay, by assuring them they should not be hurt, to keep my people together, and to be on my guard. We then parted ; the captain went towards Kowrowa, where the king resided, and I proceeded to the beach. My first care, on going ashore, was to give strict orders to the marines to remain within the tent, to load their pieces with ball, and not to quit their arms. Afterwards I took a walk to the huts of old Kaoo and the priests, and explained to them, as well as I could, the hostile preparations, which had exceedingly alarmed them. I found that they had already heard of the cutter being stolen, and I assured them that though Captain Cook was resolved to recover it, and to punish the authors of the theft, yet that they, and the people of the village on our side, need not be under the smallest apprehension of suffering any evil from us. I desired the priests to explain this to the people, and to tell them not to be alarmed, but to continue peaceable and quiet. Kaoo asked me, with great earnestness, if Terreeoboo was to be hurt. I assured him he was not, and both he and the rest of his brethren seemed much satisfied with this assurance.

In the meantime Captain Cook, having called off the launch, which was stationed at the north point of the bay, and taken it along with him, proceeded to Kowrowa, and landed with the lieutenant and nine marines. He immediately marched into the village, where he was received with the usual marks of respect, the people prostrating themselves before him, and bringing their accustomed offerings of small hogs. Finding that there was no suspicion of his design, his next step was to inquire for Terreeoboo and the two boys, his sons, who had been his constant guests on board the *Resolution*. In a short time the boys returned along with the natives who had been in search of them, and immediately led Captain Cook to the house where the king had slept, and after a short conversation with him about the loss of the cutter, from which Captain Cook was convinced that he was in nowise privy to it, he invited him to return in the boat and spend the day on board the *Resolution*. To this proposal the king readily assented, and immediately got up to accompany him.

Things were in this prosperous train, the two boys being already in the pinnace, and the rest of the party having advanced near the water-side, when an elderly woman called Kanee-Kabareea, the mother of the boys, and one of the king's favourite wives, came after him, and, with many tears and entreaties, besought him not to go on board. At the same time, two chiefs, who came along with her, laid hold of him and forced him to sit down. The natives, who were collecting in prodigious numbers along the shore, and had probably been alarmed by the firing of the great guns and the appearance of hostility in the bay, began to throng round Captain Cook and their king. In this situation, the lieutenant of marines observing that his men were huddled close together in the crowd, and thus incapable of using their arms, if any occasion should require it, proposed to the captain to draw them up along the rocks close to the water's edge; and the crowd readily making way for them to pass, they were drawn up in a line, at the distance of about thirty yards from the place where the king was sitting. All this time the old king remained on the ground, with the strongest marks of terror and dejection in his countenance. Captain Cook, not willing to abandon the object for which he had come on shore, continued to urge him in the most pressing manner to proceed; whilst, on the other hand, whenever the king appeared inclined to follow him, the chiefs, who stood round him, interposed, at first with prayers and entreaties, but afterwards with force and violence, insisting on his staying where he was. Captain Cook, therefore, finding that the alarm had spread too generally, and that it was in vain to think any longer of getting the king off without bloodshed, at last gave up the point, observing to Mr. Phillips that it would be impossible to compel him to go on board without the risk of killing a great number of the inhabitants.

Though the enterprise which had carried Captain Cook on shore had now failed, and was abandoned, yet his person did not appear to have been in the least danger till an accident happened, which gave a fatal turn to the affair. The boats which had been stationed across the bay having fired at some canoes that were attempting to get out, unfortunately had killed a chief of the first rank. The news of his death arrived at the village where Captain Cook was, just as he had left the king and was walking slowly towards the shore. The ferment it made was very conspicuous;

the women and children were immediately sent off and the men put on their war-mats and armed themselves with spears and stones. One of the natives having in his hands a stone and a large iron spike, which they call a pahooa, came up to the captain, flourishing his weapon by way of defiance, and threatening to throw the stone. The captain desired him to desist, but the man persisting in his insolence, he was at length provoked to fire a load of small shot. The man having his mat on, which the shot were not able to penetrate, this had no other effect than to irritate and encourage them. Several stones were thrown at the marines, and one of the crees attempted to stab Mr. Phillips with his pahooa, but failed in the attempt, and received from him a blow with the butt-end of his musket. Captain Cook now fired his second barrel loaded with ball, and killed one of the foremost of the natives. A general attack with stones immediately followed, which was answered by a discharge of musketry from the marines and the people in the boats. The islanders, contrary to the expectations of every one, stood the fire with great firmness, and before the marines had time to reload, they broke in upon them with dreadful shouts and yells. What followed was a scene of the utmost horror and confusion.

Four of the marines were cut off amongst the rocks in their retreat, and fell a sacrifice to the fury of the enemy ; three more were dangerously wounded, and the lieutenant, who had received a stab between the shoulders with a pahooa, having fortunately reserved his fire, shot the man who had wounded him just as he was going to repeat his blow. Our unfortunate commander, the last time he was seen distinctly, was standing at the water's edge, and calling out to the boats to cease firing and to pull in. Whilst he faced the natives none of them had offered him any violence, but having turned about to give his orders to the boats he was stabbed in the back, and fell on his face into the water. On seeing him fall the islanders set up a great shout, and his body was immediately dragged on shore and surrounded by the enemy, who, snatching the dagger out of each other's hands, showed a savage eagerness to have a share in his destruction.

Thus fell our great and excellent commander ! After a life of so much distinguished and successful enterprise, his death, as far as regards himself, cannot be reckoned premature, since he lived to finish the great work for which he seemed to have been designed ;

and was rather removed from the enjoyment than cut off from the acquisition of glory. How sincerely his loss was felt and lamented by those who had so long found their general security in his skill and conduct, and every consolation under their hardships in his tenderness and humanity, it is neither necessary nor possible for me to describe ; much less shall I attempt to paint the horror with which we were struck, and the universal dejection and dismay which followed so dreadful and unexpected a calamity.

The 19th was chiefly taken up in sending and receiving the messages which passed between Captain Clerke and Terreeboob. Eappo was very pressing that one of our officers should go on shore, and in the meantime offered to remain as a hostage on board. This request, however, it was not thought proper to comply with, and he left us with a promise of bringing the bones of Captain Cook the next day. At the beach the waterers did not meet with the least opposition from the natives, who, notwithstanding our cautious behaviour, came amongst us again without the smallest appearance of diffidence or apprehension.

Early in the morning of the 20th we had the satisfaction of getting the fore-mast stepped. It was an operation attended with great difficulty and some danger, our ropes being so exceedingly rotten that the purchase gave way several times. Between ten and eleven o'clock we saw a great number of people descending the hill, which is over the beach, in a kind of procession, each man carrying a sugar-cane or two on his shoulders, and bread-fruit, taro, and plantains in his hand. They were preceded by two drummers, who, when they came to the water-side, sat down by a white flag, and began to beat their drums, while those who had followed them advanced one by one, and having deposited the presents they had brought, retired in the same order. Soon after, Eappo came in sight, in his long feathered cloak, bearing something with great solemnity in his hands, and having seated himself on a rock, he made signs for a boat to be sent to him. Captain Clerke, conjecturing that he had brought the bones of Captain Cook, which proved to be the fact, went himself in the pinnace to receive them, and ordered me to attend him in the cutter. When we arrived at the beach, Eappo came into the pinnace, and delivered to the captain the bones wrapped up in a large quantity of fine new cloth, and covered with a spotted cloak of black and white feathers. He afterwards attended us to the *Resolution*,

but could not be prevailed upon to go on board, probably not choosing, from a sense of decency, to be present at the opening of the bundle. We found in it both the hands of Captain Cook entire, which were well known from a remarkable scar on one of them, that divided the thumb from the forefinger the whole length of the metacarpal bone; the skull, but with the scalp separated from it, and the bones that form the face wanting; the scalp, with the hair upon it cut short, and the ears adhering to it, the bones of both arms, with the skin of the fore-arms hanging to them; the thigh and leg bones joined together, but without the feet. The ligaments of the joints were entire, and the whole bore evident marks of having been in the fire, except the hands, which had the flesh left upon them, and were cut in several places, and crammed with salt, apparently with an intention of preserving them. The scalp had a cut in the back part of it, but the skull was free from any fracture. The lower jaw and feet, which were wanting, Eappo told us had been seized by different chiefs, and that Terreeoboo was using every means to recover them. The next morning Eappo and the king's son came on board, and brought with them the remaining bones of Captain Cook, the barrels of his gun, his shoes, and some other trifles that belonged to him. Eappo took great pains to convince us that Terreeoboo, Maihamaiha, and himself, were most heartily desirous of peace; that they had given us the most convincing proof of it in their power, and that they had been prevented from giving it sooner by the other chiefs, many of whom were still our enemies. He lamented with the greatest sorrow the death of six chiefs we had killed, some of whom, he said, were amongst our best friends. The cutter, he told us, was taken away by Pareea's people, very probably in revenge for the blow that had been given him, and that it had been broken up the next day. The arms of the marines, which we had also demanded, he assured us had been carried off by the common people, and were irrecoverable, the bones of the chief alone having been preserved, as belonging to Terreeoboo and the erees.

Nothing now remained but to perform the last offices to our great and unfortunate commander. Eappo was dismissed with orders to taboo all the bay; and in the afternoon, the bones having been put into a coffin, and the service read over them, they were committed to the deep with the usual military honours. What our feelings were on this occasion I leave the world to conceive;

those who were present know that it is not in my power to express them.

During the forenoon of the 22nd not a canoe was seen paddling in the bay, the taboo, which Eappo had laid on it the day before at our request, not being yet taken off. At length Eappo came off to us. We assured him that we were now entirely satisfied, and that, as the Orono was buried, all remembrance of what had passed was buried with him. We afterwards desired him to take off the taboo, and to make it known that the people might bring their provisions as usual. The ships were soon surrounded with canoes, and many of the chiefs came on board, expressing great sorrow at what had happened, and their satisfaction at our reconciliation. Several of our friends, who did not visit us, sent presents of large hogs and other provisions. Amongst the rest came the old treacherous Koah, but he was refused admittance. As we had now everything ready for sea, Captain Clerke, imagining that if the news of our proceedings should reach the islands to leeward before us, it might have a bad effect, gave orders to unmoor. About eight in the evening we dismissed all the natives, and Eappo and the friendly Kaireekeea took an affectionate leave of us. We immediately weighed and stood out of the bay. The natives were collected on the shore in great numbers, and as we passed along received our last farewells with every mark of affection and goodwill.

Space will not allow us to record the homeward voyage, and our readers will probably agree with us that the interest of this third and fatal expedition comes in and goes out with the immortal navigator.

In conclusion, we must remark that while the value and extent of Captain Cook's additions to our knowledge of the Polar regions have been equalled by the contributions of other seamen, he stands pre-eminent as the greatest and most renowned circumnavigator that this or any other country has produced. While other explorers discovered unknown lands and islands, only to sail away after sighting them, Captain Cook determined their insularity or otherwise, fixed their position on the chart, and surveyed them as far as time and circumstances would permit. With him the merely vulgar thirst for fame as a discoverer gave place to a determination to make a scientific and methodical survey of the coasts and seas he traversed, and record a full ethnological description of the races inhabiting the countries and islands he visited.

**160 *THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN COOK.***

It may with truth be said that, in the long roll of illustrious naval heroes, whose deeds have illumined the pages of this country's annals, few there are who have better earned a niche in the temple of fame, and a place in the hearts of their countrymen, than the intrep'id seaman, scientific officer, and accomplished navigator, Captain James Cook.

**THE END.**



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"Syllables govern the World."—JOHN SELDEN

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LONGFELLOW'S  
POPULAR POEMS

(AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION)

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWES, M.A.

LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
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1886

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LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

# INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

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THE recognition of Longfellow in England almost before he was acknowledged as a first-rate poet in his own country is a fact as creditable to us as it is instructive to America.

It is the fashion now in the world of pseudo-culture—the world of *cliques* and *claqueurs*—to cheapen Longfellow with Tennyson and Browning. He could not, indeed, lay claim to the philosophical grasp of the Laureate or the psychological gifts of the man who wrote “The Ring and the Book.” But he had a grace and tenderness all his own. He was devout and he was pure, and his was in an exceptional degree that “one touch of Nature” which “makes the whole world kin.” His, too, was the “*ars celare artem*”—the art concealing art which makes his poems fragrant like the blowing clover,—living, growing things, rather than manufactured articles. There is no mark of the file upon his verses. After reading a few of them, rhyming seems the easiest of all arts (till we try it), and metre more simple and natural than prose. The ease of the “Dedication to the Seaside” is perfect, the finish exquisite.

No other poet, that I know of—except, perhaps, Victor Hugo in some of his shorter gems,—leaves such an impression of limpid simplicity and natural grace. His matter is as felicitously popular as his manner. There are certain poems as familiar in most of our English homes as the “Pilgrim’s Progress” or the “Church Catechism” is, or used to be. “The Psalm of Life,” “The Village Blacksmith,” “The Rainy Day,” “The Reaper and the Flowers,” “Excelsior”—these are indeed household words.

The secret of them all lies in their exact sufficiency. They are suffused with pathos, but never sentimental. They are forcible without exaggeration, and sweet without insipidity. They condense into a few lines of incomparable directness the gentle pieties of a thousand homes, and give just that “lift” to the commonest incidents of life which redeems them from triviality by irradiating them with the glow of love and duty.

As Longfellow wrote, so Longfellow lived and died. He was most lovable, loving, and well beloved.

When Emerson—who in his last years had lost his memory

without losing his ever delicate and true sensibility—took his farewell look of the poet as he lay in his coffin, after gazing for some time intently at the calm sweet face, he turned to Oliver Wendell Holmes and said, "That is the face of a very amiable gentleman, but I don't know who he is." Mr. Emerson had been Longfellow's intimate friend for years. He had forgotten his name—but death itself could not hide from him his nature.

Longfellow, when he visited us (1869), in his modest and childlike simplicity, was a little surprised and greatly touched with the burst of affectionate admiration which greeted him everywhere. At Oxford he received the Hon. D.C.L. amidst a storm of frantic applause. He saw something of Robert Browning, and spent several days with Alfred Tennyson, who seemed unwilling that he should depart.

Longfellow was born in 1807, at Portland, Maine, U.S. He was educated at Bowdoin College, where he graduated with honours in 1825.

He became Professor of Modern Languages there, and afterwards filled the same post at Harvard College in 1835.

He has been an extensive traveller throughout Europe, and has translated poems from several different languages, touching with a master hand the springs of national life and religion in many lands.

Amongst the most beautiful of these translations may be mentioned "The Silent Land," from the German, and "Beatrice," from Dante.

Longfellow's prose writings are contained in one volume, and consist chiefly of two romances, "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh," and some account of his travels in Europe.

In 1854 he resigned his professorship. In 1868–69, he visited England. On returning to America his health gave way, and he died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on March 24th, 1882.

There is a fair portrait bust of him, by T. Brock, in Westminster Abbey. Indeed, he has won for himself most thoroughly the title of the "Anglo-American Poet." I have even met people in England who were familiar with his works but had no idea that Longfellow was an American! How well, then, could he afford to sing—

"Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations" !

H. R. HAWFIS.

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# LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

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## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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Πόντια, πόντια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
ἔραβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος  
Ἄγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
δισιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.—EURIPIDES.

### PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground ;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,—  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings,  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of old.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me 'in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more !"   
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !



Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombre pines :  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine larted through,  
Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lisplings of the summer rain  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh, stay !  
Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
" It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child !

" The land of song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise,  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angel's wings.

" Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

" There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever look : therein,  
Sees the heavens all black with sin, —  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

## LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

" Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
 Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;  
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;  
 Pallid lips say, ' It is past !  
 We can return no more ! '

" Look, then, into thine heart, and write !  
 Yes, into Life's deep stream !  
 All forms of sorrow and delight,  
 All solemn Voices of the Night,  
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
 Be these henceforth thy thome."

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*\* Ασπασίη, τριλλιστος.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
 Sweep through her marble halls ;  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
 From the celestial walls !  
 I felt her presence by its spell of might,  
 Stoop o'er me from above ;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
 As of the one I love.  
 I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
 The manifold, soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.  
 From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
 My spirit drank repose ;  
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
 From those deep cisterns flows.  
 O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before ;  
 Thou layst thy finger on the lips of Care,  
 And they complain no more.  
 Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
 The best beloved Night !

## A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they  
 seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts though stout and  
 brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums are beat-  
 ing  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's ocean main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-  
 bered,

And the voices of the Night  
 Wake the better soul that slum-  
 bered,

To a holy, calm delight;  
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
 Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door;  
 The beloved, the true-hearted,  
 Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who  
 cherished

Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the road-side fell and perished,  
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love  
 me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven,

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the  
skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and  
died !

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;  
Have nought but the bearded grain?

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;

It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky.  
 There is no light in earth or  
 heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars ;  
 And the first watch of night is  
 given,  
 To the red planet Mars.  
 Is it the tender star of love ?  
 The star of love and dreams ?  
 O no ! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armour gleams.  
 And earnest thoughts within me  
 rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain ;  
 Thou beckon'st with thy mailed  
 And I am strong again, [hand,  
 Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars ;  
 I gave the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.  
 The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still  
 And calm, and self-possessed.  
 And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.  
 O fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.  
 Stars, they are, wherein we read our history,  
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
 Like the burning stars, which they beheld.  
 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in those stars above ;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of his love.  
 Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
 Written all over this great world of ours ,  
 Making evident our own creation, 't  
 In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.  
Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;  
Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !  
These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the self-same power,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.  
Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;  
Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;  
Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;  
Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;  
In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;  
In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reason,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale, Some legend strange and vague, That a midnight host of spectres pale Beleaguered the walls of Prague. Beside the Moldau's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead, There stood, as in an awful dream, The army of the dead. White as a sea-fog, landward bound, The spectral camp was seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flowed between. No other voice, nor sound is there, No drum, nor sentry's pace ; The mist-like banners clasped the air As clouds with clouds embrace. But, when the old cathedral bell Proclaimed the morning prayer, The white pavilions rose and fell On the alarmed air. Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fled ; Up rose the glorious morning star, The ghastly host was dead. I have read, in the marvellous heart of man, That strange and mystic scroll,	That an army of phantoms vast and an Beleaguer the human soul. Encamped beside Life's rushing stream, In fancy's misty light, Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentous through the night. Upon its midnight battle-ground, The spectral camp is seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, Flows the River of Life between. No other voice, nor sound is there, In the army of the grave ; No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave. And, when the solemn and deep church-bell Entreats the soul to pray, The midnight phantoms feel the spell, The shadows sweep away. Down the broad Vale of Tears afar The spectral camp is fled ; Faith shineth as a morning star, Our ghastly fears are dead.
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MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared !  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow ;  
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll ;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, " Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray,—pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers ;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice !  
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—  
" Pray do not mock me so !  
Do not laugh at me ! "

And now the sweet day is dead ;  
Cold in his arms it lies ;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
" Vex not his ghost ! "



Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !  
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be darker day ;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,  
Like red leaves be swept away !  
Kyrie, eleyson !  
Christe, eleyson !

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# L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose  
After the Evening's close,  
And whispered to my restless heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear  
Of all who doubt and fear,  
And say to them, " Be of good cheer ! "

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
That in the groves of balm  
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more  
With the perpetual roar  
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death encamps !

## EARLIER POEMS.

*[Written for the most part during my College Life, and all of them before the Age of Nineteen.]*

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## WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale.  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That overbrows the lonely vale  
O'er the bare upland and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.  
Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung  
Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side,  
Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.  
But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.  
Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

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## AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many folded clouds foretell  
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;  
Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw ;  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April !—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed,

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### AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year !  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out.  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well-performed, and days well-spent !  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

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*SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.*

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,  
They gathered midway round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills !—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

## HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head ;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where before the altar hung  
The blood-red banner that with  
prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard  
the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“ Take thy banner ! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering  
breaks,  
“ Take thy banner ! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling  
wreath,

Guard it!—till our homes are  
free!

Guard it!—God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee  
then.

“Take thy banner! But, when  
night

Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him!—by our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,

Spare him!—he our love hath  
shared!

Spare him!—as thou wouldst be  
spared! .

“Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's  
bier!

And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for  
thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and  
shroud!

### BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory that the wood receives  
At sunset in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons made  
For the hard toils of war were laid ;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came ; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed ;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh  
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plan,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast-ushering star of Morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;

And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.  
 And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
 As to the sunshine and the pure bright air  
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bard's  
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle wings,—  
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—  
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
 The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,  
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill  
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
 My busy fancy oft embodies it  
 As a bright image of the light and beauty  
 That dwells in nature,—of the heavenly forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the cloud's  
 When the sun sets. Within her eye  
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,  
 And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair  
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky  
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
 To have it round us,—and her silver voice  
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.



## TRANSLATIONS.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! that with thine amorous, sylvan song  
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—  
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,  
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long .  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be ;  
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.  
Hear, Shepherd !—Thou who for thy flock art dying,  
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
O, wait !—to thee my weary soul is crying,—  
Wait for me !—Yet why ask it when I see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me

## TO MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LOPE, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?  
O strange delusion !—that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet !  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
" Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee !"  
And, O ! how often to that voice of sorrow, I  
" To morrow we will open," I replied,  
And when the morrow came I answered still, " To morrow."

## THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF F. DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native land on high,  
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade !  
 Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,  
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;  
 But, sentinel'd in heaven, its glorious presence  
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.  
 Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,  
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
 The evil'd spirit weeps and sighs for thee !  
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

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## THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! that seest, from yon starry height,  
 Centred in one the future and the past,  
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
 The world obscures in me what once was bright !  
 Eternal sun ! the warmth which thou hast given,  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays ;  
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
 For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.  
 Celestial King ! O let thy presence pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass  
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

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## COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
 Let thought be quickened, and awake ;  
 Awake to see

How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs ;  
The moments that are speed'ing fast  
We heed not, but the past,—the past,—  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done ;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay ;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave !  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal. Side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few ;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

## ***LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.***

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above ;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
In life we run the onward race,  
And reach the goal ;  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came ;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery !  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,  
Disastrous accidents, and change,  
That come to all ;

Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth imparts  
In life's first stage ;  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his outward gate  
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array ;  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more ;  
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain  
The scutcheon that, without a stain,  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart !  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found,  
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone !  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,<sup>1</sup>  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,—  
They fade and die ;  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
What are they, all,  
But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
Brook no delay,—but onward speed  
With loosened rein ;  
And, when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
With heavenly grace,—

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic power !  
What ardour show,  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the strong ?  
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng ?  
On these shall fall  
As heavily the hand of Death,  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
Has met our eyes ;  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages passed so long ago,  
Nor how they rolled ;  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon ?  
Where are the courtly gallantries ?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene ?  
What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odours sweet ?  
Where are the gentle knights that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore ?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride ;  
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside !

But O ! how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray !  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,—the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold ;  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array,—  
Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !  
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
Unskilled to reign ;  
What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train !

But he was mortal, and the breath,  
That flamed from the hot forge of Death,  
Blasted his years ;



Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable,—the true  
And gallant Master, whom we knew  
Most loved of all.  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,  
His hamlets green, and cities fair,  
His mighty power,—  
What were they all but grief and shame,  
Tears and a broken heart, when came  
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings ;  
Who made the bravest and the best  
The bondsmen of their high behest,  
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,  
When high exalted and elate  
With power and pride ?  
What, but a transient gleam of light,  
A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire wield,  
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
And flag displayed ;  
High battlements intrenched around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,—  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
Unerringly.

O World ! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed !  
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom ;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair ;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts ;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
As Virtue's son,—

Roderic Manrique,—he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion ;  
His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy,—  
Ye saw his deeds !  
Why should their praise in verse be sung ?  
The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ;—how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief !  
To foes how stern a foe was he !  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise :  
What grace in youthful gaieties ;  
In all how sage !  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call ;  
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness,—his  
A Titus' noble charities  
And righteous laws ;  
The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully, to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause :

The clemency of Antonine,  
Aurelius' countenance divine,  
Firm, gentle, still ;  
The eloquence of Adrian,  
And Theodosius' love to man,  
And generous will :

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command ;  
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive plate ;  
He fought the Moors,—and, in their fall,  
City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,  
Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
A common grave ;  
And there the warrior's hand did gain  
The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
The honored and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So in the dark, disastrous hour,  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare, which of old  
'Twas his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made, that more  
And fairer regions, than before,  
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced  
On history's page ;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth, adored,

He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,  
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power :  
But by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served ;—  
Let Portugal repent the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down ;  
When he had served with patriot zeal  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all ;  
Then on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mien ;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
Put on its armour for the fray,—  
The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been in battle-strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ; †  
Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
They call thy name.

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

" Think not the struggle that draws near  
Too terrible for man,—nor fear  
To meet the foe ;  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,—  
'Tis but a name ;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which leads  
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
The proud estate ;  
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit  
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit  
A joy so great.

" But the good monk, in cloistered cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears ;  
And the brave knight, whose arm endures  
Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
His standard rears.

" And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand.

" Cheered onward by this promise sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—  
The third—the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess."

" O Death, no more, no more delay ;  
My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest ;

The will of Heaven my will shall be,—  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh ;  
The wish on earth to linger 'still  
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will  
That we shall die.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth ;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently ;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
Oh, pardon me !"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind ;  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind ;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose ;  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest !  
And though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

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### THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain ! live of bird and tree !  
Pomp of the meadow ! mirror of the mbrn !  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee !

Although where'er thy devious current strays,  
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
 Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.  
 How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count !  
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current !  
 O sweet simplicity of days gone by !  
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount.

### THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold ! as at the approach of morning,  
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grow fiery red  
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,  
 Appeared to me,—may I again behold it !—  
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.  
 And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
 Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,  
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.  
 Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
 I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
 Little by little, there came forth another.  
 My master yet had uttered not a word,  
 While the first brightness into wings unfolded ;  
 But, when he clearly recognised the pilot,  
 He cried aloud : “ Quick, quick, and bow the knee !  
 Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !  
 Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !  
 “ See, how he scorns all human arguments,  
 So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
 Than his own wings, between so distant shores ;  
 “ See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,  
 Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like mortal hair ! ”  
 And then, as nearer and more near us came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
 So that the eye could not sustain his presence.



But down I cast it ; and he came to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !  
Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

" *In exitu Israel* out of Egypt ! "

Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he came.

### THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,  
Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain ;

Yet not from their upright direction bent  
So that the little birds upon their tops  
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes.

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
Through the pine forests on the shores of Chiassi,  
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on  
Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

## LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

And lo ! my farther course cut off a river  
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,  
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are  
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,  
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,  
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX. XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,  
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,  
Wearing again the garments of the flesh ;

So, upon that celestial chariot,  
A hundred rose *ad rorem tanti senis*,  
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying : "*Benedictus qui venit*,"  
And scattering flowers above and round about,  
"*Maurus o date lilia plenis*."

I once beheld, at the approach of day,  
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,  
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,  
So that, by temperate influence of vapours,  
The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,  
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,  
And now descended inside and without

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,  
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
Vested in colours of the living flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as the snow, among the living rafters  
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,  
 Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,  
 Like as a taper melts before a fire,  
 Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,  
 Before the song of those who chime for ever,  
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;  
 But, when I heard in those sweet melodies  
 Compassion for me, more than they had said,  
 " O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him ? "  
 The ice that was about my heart congealed,  
 To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,  
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,  
 Forced such a feeble " Yes ! " out of my mouth,  
 To understand it one had need of sight.  
 Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis discharged,  
 Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,  
 And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;  
 So I gave way under this heavy burden,  
 Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,  
 And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

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### SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring !—In sunshine clad,  
 Well dost thou thy power display !  
 For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
 And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.  
 He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,  
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;  
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,  
 When thy merry step draws near.  
 Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
 Their beards of icicles and snow ;  
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
 We must cower over the embers low ;

## LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky  
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;  
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh,  
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,  
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,  
 Who has toiled for nought both late and early,  
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

## THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,  
 By castle and town they go ;  
 The winds behind them merrily  
 Their noisy trumpet blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,  
 We little birds in them play ;  
 And everything, that can sing and fly,  
 Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or whence,  
 With thy fluttering golden band ?"—

"I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea  
 I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sul ;  
 I see no longer a lull,  
 I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
 And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?  
 Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,  
 For full to sinking is my house  
 With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,  
 Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;  
 For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
 Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

" High over the sails, high over the mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys ?  
When thy merry companions are still, at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

" Who neither may rest, nor listen may,  
God bless them every one !

I dart away, in the bright bl' e day  
And the golden fields of sun. /

" Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow ;  
And this same song, my whole life long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

## THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !  
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !  
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—  
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;  
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.  
Woe not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !  
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—Unclose  
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !  
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept,—I breathe again :  
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !  
O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

## KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.—FROM THE DANISH OF  
JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast  
In mist and smoke ;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.  
" Fly ! " shouted they, " fly, he who can  
Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
The stroke ? "

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,  
Now is the hour !  
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
And smote upon the foe full sore,  
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,  
" Now is the hour ! "  
" Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter fly !  
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
Thy murky sky !  
Then champions to thine arms were sent ;  
Terror and Death glared where he went ;  
From the waves was heard a wail that rent  
Thy murky sky !  
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',  
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
Dark-rolling wave !  
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
Dark-rolling wave !  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave !

# THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built  
Ere thou wast born,  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be ;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low ;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould

Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.  
Doorless is that house,  
And 'dark it is within ;  
There thou art fast detained,  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends ;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee  
And descend after thee,  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

# THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ?"  
"I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust ;

From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time."

# WHITHER ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing,  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

I know not what came o'er me,  
 Nor who the counsel gave ;  
 But I must hasten downward,  
 All with my pilgrim-stave ;  
 Downward, and ever farther,  
 And ever the brook beside ;  
 And ever fresher murmured,  
 And ever clearer, the tide.  
 Is this the way I was going ?  
 Whither, O brooklet, say !  
 Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
 Murmured my senses away.  
 What do I say of a murmur ?  
 That can no murmur be ;  
 'Tis the water-nymphs that are singing  
 Their roundelays under me.  
 Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
 And wander merrily near ?  
 The wheels of a mill are going  
 In every brooklet clear.

## THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD —FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
 Four hale and hearty fellows,  
 And drank the precious wine.  
 The landlord's daughter filled their cups  
 Around the rustic board ;  
 Then sat they all so calm and still,  
 And spake not one rude word.  
 But, when the maid departed,  
 A Swabian raised his hand,  
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
 " Long live the Swabian land !  
 " The greatest kingdom upon earth  
 Cannot with that compare ;  
 With all the stout and hardy men  
 And the nut-brown maidens there."



"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—  
 And dashed his beard with wine;  
 "I had rather live in Lapland,  
 Than that Swabian land of thine!  
 "The goodliest land on all this earth  
 It is the Saxon land!"  
 There have I as many maidens'  
 As fingers on this hand!"  
 "Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"  
 A bold Bohemian cries;  
 "If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
 In Bohemia it lies.  
 "There the tailor blows the flute,  
 And the cobbler blows the horn,  
 And the miner blows the bugle,  
 Over mountain gorge and bourn!"  
 \* \* \*  
 And then the landlord's daughter  
 Up to heaven raised her hand,  
 And said, "Ye may no more contend—  
 There lies the happiest land."

# SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily, When the bridal party To the church doth hie!	Say! how canst thou mourn How canst thou rejoice? Thou art but metal dull!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly, When, on Sabbath morning, Fields deserted lie!	And yet all our sorrowings, And all our rejoicings, Thou dost feel them all!
Bell! thou soundest merrily; Tellest thou at evening, Bed-time draweth nigh!	God hath wonders many, Which we cannot fathom, Placed within thy form!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully; Tellest thou the bitter Parting hath gone by!	When the heart is sinking, Thou alone canst raise it, Trembling in the storm!

## BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,	And what she says, it is not true,
Take care !	Beware ! Beware !
She can both false and friendly	Trust her not,
be,	She is fooling thee !
Beware ! Beware !	She has a bosom as white as snow,
Trust her not,	Take care !
She is fooling thee !	She knows how much it is best to
She has two eyes, so soft and	show,
brown,	Beware ! Beware !
Take care !	Trust her not,
She gives a side-glance and looks	She is fooling thee !
down,	She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Beware ! Beware !	Take care !
Trust her not,	It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
She is fooling thee !	Beware ! Beware !
And she has hair of a golden hue,	Trust her not,
Take care !	She is fooling thee !

## THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,	And they no longer weep,
All, all the holy dead,	Here, where complaint is still !
Unto whose dwelling-place,	And they no longer feel,
Now doth my soul draw near !	Here, where all gladness flies !
How they so softly rest,	And by the cypresses
All in their silent graves,	Softly o'ershadowed,
Deep to corruption	Until the Angel
Slowly down-sinking !	Calls them, they slumber !

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

" HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
 That Castle by the Sea ?  
 Golden and red above it  
 The clouds float gorgeously,

"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrowed wave below ;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime ?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme ?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly ;  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride ?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?  
And the golden crown of pride ?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there ?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair ?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents ;  
Without the crown of pride ;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
No maiden was by their side !"

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### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness,  
Thus began the King and spake ;

"So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked on ;

In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight,  
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"  
"Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
And the castle 'gan to rock.  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high hall glances;  
Waves a mighty shadow in;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around.  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame.  
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took;  
"Golden wine will make you whole!"  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank;  
"Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,  
 Son and daughter ; and their faces  
 Colourless grow utterly.  
 Whichever way  
 Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
 He beholds his children die.  
 " Woe ! the blessed children both  
 Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
 Take me, too, the joyless father !"  
 Spake the Grim Guest,  
 From his hollow, cavernous breast,  
 " Roses in the spring I gather !"

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**SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !  
 Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?  
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
 Who leads us with a gentle hand  
 Thither, O thither,  
 Into the Silent Land ?  
 Into the Silent Land !  
 To you, ye boundless regions  
 Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions  
 Of beautiful souls ! The Future's pledge and band !  
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand,  
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
 Into the Silent Land.  
 O Land ! O Land !  
 For all the broken-hearted  
 The mildest herald by our faith allotted,  
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
 To lead us with a gentle hand  
 Into the land of the great Departed,  
 Into the Silent Land !

## THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK-TREE ! O hemlock-tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
 Green not alone in summer time,  
 But in the winter's frost and rime !  
 O hemlock-tree ! O hemlock-tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
 To love me in prosperity,  
 And leave me in adversity !  
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
 So long as summer laughs she sings,  
 But in the autumn spreads her wings.  
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !  
 It flows so long as falls the rain,  
 In drought its springs soon dry again.  
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !

## THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
 The cathedral door above ;  
 Yet I saw but one among them  
 Who hath soothed my soul with love.  
 In his mantle,—wound about him,  
 As their robes the sowers wind, —  
 Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
 Flowers and weeds of every kind.  
 And so stands he calm and childlike,  
 High in wind and tempest wild ;  
 O, were I like him exalted,  
 I would be like him, a child !  
 And my songs, green leaves and blossoms,  
 To the doors of heaven would bear,  
 Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
 Round me still these birds of air.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world ;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream,—away !  
Too long did it remain !  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought ;  
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see ;  
And wander thro' the world once more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks, and they are wondrous fair,  
Left me that vision mild ;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red ;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACHEL.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.  
Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
 Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood !  
 Then come the cold weather, come sleet or come snow,  
 We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
 Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.  
 As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
 The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—  
 So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
 Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
 In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—  
 Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
 Through ice and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
 The threads of our two lives are woven in one.  
 Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
 Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
 Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand ?  
 Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;  
 Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;  
 Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.  
 Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;  
 I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
 That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.  
 This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;  
 While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

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### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,  
 The heaven hath its stars ;  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart hath its love.



Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
 Yet greater is my heart,  
 And fairer than pearls and stars  
 Flashes and beams my love.  
 Thou little, youthful maiden,  
 Come unto my great heart ;  
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,  
 Are melting away with love.

## THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
 Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
 In his pierced and bleeding palm.  
 And by all the world forsaken,  
 Sees he how with zealous care  
 At the ruthless nail of iron  
 A little bird is striving there.  
 Stained with blood and never tiring,  
 With its beak it does not cease,  
 From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,  
 Its Creator's Son release.  
 And the Saviour speaks in mildness :  
 " Blest be thou of all the good !  
 Bear, as token of this moment,  
 Marks of blood and holy rood !"  
 And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
 Covered all with blood so clear,  
 In the groves of pine it singeth  
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

## POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINGGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.—  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY,

WHEREUNTO is money good ?  
 Who has it not wants hardihood,  
 Who has it has much trouble and care,  
 Who once has had it has despair.

## THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and temperance and repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

## SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

## LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbour honestly,  
Die I, so die I.

## POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;  
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

## CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three  
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

## THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart, are driven ever round ;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke ;  
But, alas ! it is now quenched, and only bites us, like a smoke.

## ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

## RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

## TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus truth silences the liar.

## RHYMES,

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,  
 They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs ;  
 For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,  
 They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

## THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLÉ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
 Rehearse this little tragedy aright :  
 Let me attempt it with an English quill ;  
 And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

## I.

At the foot of the mountain height  
 Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,  
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree  
 In the plain below were growing white,  
 This is the song one might perceive  
 On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :  
 " The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"  
 This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,  
 Seemed from the clouds descending ;  
 When lo ! a merry company  
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,  
 Each one with her attendant swain,  
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;  
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,  
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent  
 For their delight and our encouragement.  
 Together blending,  
 And soon descending  
 The narrow sweep  
 Of the hill-side steep,

Thèy wind aslant  
Toward Saint Amant,  
Through leafy alleys  
Of verdurous valleys,  
With merry sallies  
Singing their chant.

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,  
The sun of March was shining brightly,  
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly  
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,  
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !

To sounds of joyous melodies,  
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,

A band of maidens,  
Gaily frolicking,  
A band of youngsters  
Wildly rollicking !  
Kissing,  
Caressing,

With fingers pressing,  
Till in the viciest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,  
They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;  
While the bride, with roguish eyes,  
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :

"Those who catch me  
Married verily  
This year shall be !"

And all pursue with eager haste,  
And all attain what they pursue,  
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,  
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among  
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,  
 So joyous, with such laughing air,  
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?  
 And yet the bride is fair and young!  
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,  
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?  
 O, no! for a maiden frail, I grow,  
 Never bore so lofty a brow!  
 What lovers! they give not a single caress!  
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,  
 These are grand people, one would say.  
 What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill,  
 In yon cottage, by whose walls  
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,  
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
 Daughter of a veteran old;  
 And you must know, one year ago,  
 That Margaret, the young and tender,  
 Was the village pride and splendor,  
 And Baptiste her lover bold.  
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;  
 For them the altar was prepared;  
 But alas! the summer's blight,  
 The dread disease that none can stay,  
 The pestilence that walks by night,  
 Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;  
 Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged;  
 Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;  
 Returned but three short days ago,  
 The golden chain they round him throw,  
 He is enticed, and onward led  
 To marry Angela, and yet  
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
 "Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!  
 Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side  
 A woman, bent and gray with years,  
 Under the mulberry-trees appears,

And all towards her run, as fleet  
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.  
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.  
She promises one a village swain,  
Another a happy wedding-day,  
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.  
All comes to pass as she avers ;  
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer  
Wears a countenance severe,  
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white  
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright  
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,  
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;  
Changing colour, as well he might,  
When the beldame wrinkled and gray  
Takes the young bride by the hand,  
And, with the tip of her reedy wand  
Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—  
“ Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,  
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb ! ”

And she was silent ; and the maidens fair  
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;  
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
What are two drops of turbid rain ?  
Saddened a moment, the bridal train  
Resumed the dance and song again ;  
The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;—  
And down green alleys  
Of verdurous valleys,  
With merry sallies,  
They sang the refrain :—

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

## II.

And by suffering worn and weary,  
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
 Thus lamented Margaret,  
 In her cottage lone and dreary :—

“ He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;  
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
 And knows that of my night he is the star ;  
 Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,  
 And count the moments since he went away !  
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,  
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !  
 What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?  
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;  
 Day for the others ever, but for me  
 For ever night ! for ever night !  
 When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !  
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.  
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;  
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !  
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,  
 A heaven all happiness, like that above.

No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !  
 Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,  
 When seated by my side my hand he presses ;  
 But when alone, remember all !  
 Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !  
 A branch of ivy, dying on the ground !  
 I need some bough to twine around !  
 In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !  
 True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !  
 What then—when one is blind ?

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !  
 Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !  
 O God ! what thoughts within me waken !  
 Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !  
 He will return ! I need not fear !  
 He swore it by our Saviour dear ;  
 He could not come at his own will ;  
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill !

Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
 Prepares for me some sweet surprise !  
 But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !  
 And that deceives me not ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !"  
 And the door ajar is set,  
 And poor, confiding Margaret  
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes ;  
 'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :—

" Angela the bride has passed !  
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;  
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?  
 For all are there but you and I !"  
 " Angela married ! and not send  
 To tell her secret unto me !  
 Oh, speak ! who may the bridegroom be ?"  
 " My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend !"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;  
 A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks ;  
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
 Descending, as her brother speaks,  
 Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,  
 Suspends a while its life and heat.  
 She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,  
 A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again  
 Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

" Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !  
 Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?  
 How merrily they laugh and jest !  
 Would we were bidden with the rest !  
 I would don my hose of homespun gray,  
 And my doublet of linen striped and gay ;  
 Perhaps they will come : for they do not wait  
 Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said !"  
 " I know it !" answered Margaret ;  
 Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,  
 Mastered again ; and its hand of ice  
 Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !  
 " Paul, be not sad ! 'Tis a holiday ;  
 To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !



But leave me now for a while alone."  
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,  
And, as he whistled along the hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!  
I am faint and weary, and out of breath!  
But thou art cold,—art chill as death:  
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;  
And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come ere long,  
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.  
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
To me such joy they prophesy,  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide  
When they behold him at my side.  
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?

It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:

"Thy love I cannot all approve;

We must not trust too much to happiness;—  
Go pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"

"The more I pray, the more I love!

It is no sin, for God is on my side!"

It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;

But to deceive the beldame old  
She takes a sweet, contented air,  
Speaks of foul weather or of fair.  
At every word the maiden smiles!  
'Thus the beguiler she beguiles;

So that, departing at the evening's close,  
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!

Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

## III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,  
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,  
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and crown,  
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,  
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,  
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;  
But in their stead for something gropes apart  
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,  
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,  
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,  
And joyous singing,  
Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,  
And whispers, as her brother opens the door:  
" O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young and blind,  
Conducted by her brother's hand,  
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,  
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
Round her at times exhale ;  
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,  
Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high degree, \*  
A little chapel, almost bare,  
At the base of the rock, is buikled there ;

All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
 Above each jealous cottage roof,  
 Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
 And its blackened steeple high in air,  
 Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"  
 Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"  
 "Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?  
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?  
 The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!  
 Dost thou remember when our father said,  
     The night we watched beside his bed,  
     O daughter, I am weak and low;  
 Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!"  
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?  
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;  
 And here they brought our father in a shroud.  
 There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;  
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?—  
 Come in! 'The bride will be here soon:  
 Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"  
 She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!  
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,  
 "What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started.  
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;  
 But Paul, impatient, urges ever more  
 Her steps toward the open door;  
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid  
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,  
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
     Touches the crown of filigrane  
     Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
 No more restrained, no more afraid,  
 She walks as for a feast arrayed,  
 And in the ancient chapel's sombre night  
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
 With booming sound,  
 Sends forth, resounding round,  
 Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;  
 And yet the guests delay not long,  
 For soon arrives the bridal train,  
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,  
 For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,  
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,  
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;  
 To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper  
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,  
 "How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !"

But she must calm that giddy head,  
 For already the mass is said ;  
 At the holy table stands the priest ;  
 The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;  
 Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,

He must pronounce one word at least !  
 'Tis spoken ; and sudden at the groomsmen's side  
 "Tis he !" a well-known voice has cried.  
 And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,  
 Opens the confessional, and the blind girl, see !  
 "Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,  
 As holy water be my blood for thee ;"

And calmly in the air a knife suspended !  
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,  
 For anguish did its work so well,  
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,  
 Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
 The *De Profundis* filled the air ;  
 Decked with flowers a single hearse  
 To the church-yard forth they bear ;  
 Village girls in robes of snow  
 Follow, weeping as they go ;  
 Nowhere was a smile that day,  
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say :—  
 "The roads shall mourn and be veiled in gloom,  
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home !  
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !  
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day !"

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGIGNON DE GUI BARÔZAI.

I HEAR along our street	Let us by the fire
Pass the minstrel throngs ;	Ever higher
Hark ! they play so sweet,	Sing them till the night expire.
On their hautboys, Christmas songs !	Nuns in frigid cells
Let us by the fire	At this holy tide,
Ever higher	For want of something else,
Sing them till the night expire !	Christmas songs at times have tried.
In December ring	Let us by the fire
Every day the chimes ;	Ever higher
Loud the gleemen sing	Sing them till the night expire.
In the streets their merry rhymes.	Washerwomen old,
Let us by the fire	To the sound they beat,
Ever higher	Sing by rivers cold,
Sing them till the night expire !	With uncovered heads and feet.
Shepherds at the grange,	Let us by the fire
Where the Babe was born,	Ever higher
Sang, with many a change,	Sing them till the night expire.
Christmas carols until morn.	Who by the fireside stands
Let us by the fire	Stamps his feet and sings ;
Ever higher	But he who blows his hands
Sing them till the night expire !	Not so gay a carol brings.
These good people sang	Let us by the fire
Songs devout and sweet ;	Ever higher
While the rafters rang,	Sing them till the night expire !
There they stood with freezing feet.	

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 BALLADS.
 

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## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-9, says,—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone

edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad, though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has paused his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest,

Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the ger-falcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
    Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
    Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
    Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
    By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chaunting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep-drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and  
    smiled,

I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen!—  
When on the white-sea strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death I was the helmsman's hail,  
    Death without quarter!  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden ;  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to lee-ward ;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden's tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;

Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen ;  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sun-light hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful :

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended !  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skval!* to the Northland ! *skoa!* !"  
    —Thus the tale ended.

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,  
    To bear him company.  
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
    That ope in the month of May.  
The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
    The smoke now West, now South.  
Then up and spake an old Sailòr,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
    For I fear a hurricane.

\* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.



"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.  
Colder and colder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the breeze,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.  
Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.  
"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."  
He wrapped her in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.  
"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast:"  
And he steered for the open sea.  
"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"  
"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.  
Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.  
Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

## LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land ;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.  
 The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
 She drifted a weary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
 With the masts went by the board ;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes ;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow !  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
 Bid sound the festal trumpet's call ;

He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall;  
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord, "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light.  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"  
First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the sound of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And, through the rift, the wild flames start;  
The guests in dust are scattered all  
With the Breaking Luck of Edenhall!  
In storms the foe, with fire and sword;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,

# LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The gray-beard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side  
A Knight full well equipped;  
His steel was black, his helm was barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest;  
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
 A wreath of ruddy gold ;  
 And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
 The youngest was fair to behold.  
 Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon  
 If he were come from heaven down ;  
 " Art thou Christ of heaven ? quoth he,  
 " So will I yield me unto thee,"  
 " I am not Christ the Great,  
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;  
 I am an Unknown Knight ;  
 Three modest Maidens have me bedight."  
 " Art thou a Knight elected,  
 And have three Maidens thee bedight ?  
 So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
 For all the Maidens' honour !"  
 The first tilt they together rode,  
 They put their steeds to the test ;  
 The second tilt they together rode,  
 They proved their manhood best  
 The third tilt they together rode,  
 Neither of them would yield ;  
 The fourth tilt they together rode,  
 They both fell on the field.  
 Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
 And their blood runs until death ;  
 Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,  
 The youngest sorrows till death.

---

### POEMS ON SLAVERY.

1842.

[The following Poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

#### TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,  
 And as I closed each one, I  
 My heart, responding, ever said,  
 " Servant of God ! well done ! "

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

Well done ! thy words are great and bold ;  
At times they seem to me  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried,  
To John in Patmos, " Write ! "

Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse.

---

**THE SLAVE'S DREAM.**

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand ;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed ;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode ;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand ;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand !—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank ;

His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyæna scream ;  
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream ;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ;  
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !

---

#### THE GOOD PART, THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool ;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes ;  
Subduing e'en rustic village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save ;  
To cast the captive's chains aside,  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free ;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace ;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

---

#### THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay ;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake ;

Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake ;



Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.  
A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.  
All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free ;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty !  
On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth ;  
On him alone the curse of Cain,  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth !

---

### THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail ;  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.  
Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.  
Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.  
The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

He said, "My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon ;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare ;  
No garment she wore, save a kirtle bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old,"  
The thoughtful Planter said ;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains ;  
For he knew whose passions gave her life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;  
He took the glittering gold !  
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

---

**THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.**

LOUD he sang the Psalm of David !  
He, a Negro, and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
 Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
 In a voice so sweet and clear  
 That I could not choose but hear.  
 Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
 When upon the Red Sea coast  
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.  
 And the voice of his devotion  
 Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
 For its tones by turns were glad,  
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.  
 Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
 And an earthquake's arm of might  
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.  
 But, alas ! what holy angel  
 Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
 And what earthquake's arm of might  
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

## THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,  
 Half buried in the sands,  
 Lie skeletons in chains,  
 With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
 Deeper than plummet lies,  
 Float ships with all their crews,  
 No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
 Freight with human forms,  
 Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
 Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
 They gleam from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from yawning waves,  
 " We are the Witnesses ! "

Within Earth's wide domains  
 Are markets for men's lives ;  
 Their necks are galled with chains,  
 Their wrists are cramped with  
 gyves.

Dead bodies that the kite  
 In deserts makes its prey ;  
 Murders, that with affright  
 Scare schoolboys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
 Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
 The foulest, rankest weeds,  
 That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
 They glare from the abyss ;  
 They cry from unknown graves,  
 " We are the Witnesses ! "

## THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who tore  
 The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,  
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
 Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind  
 In prison, and at last led forth to be  
 A pander to Philistine revelry,—  
 Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
 Destroyed himself, and with him those who made  
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;  
 The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,  
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !  
 There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,  
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
 And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,  
 Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

---

## SONGS.

## SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
 The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
 The toiling surges,  
 Laden with sea-weed from the rocks :  
 From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
 Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
 Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador ;  
 From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;

And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main ;  
Till in sheltered coves and caches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.  
So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :  
From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth ;  
From the strong Will and the Endeavour  
That for ever  
Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

---

## TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside, !  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows,

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As these leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-begotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks :—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
They, alas, have left thee friendless !  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.

---

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

---

### THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night, 't  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist ;  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.  
Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.  
Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.  
For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;  
And to-night I long for rest.  
Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;  
Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.  
Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.  
Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.  
And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.



## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,	While through the meadows,
The night is descending ;	Like fearful shadows,
The marsh is frozen,	Slowly passes
The river dead.	A funeral train.
"Through clouds, like ashes,	The bell is pealing,
The red sun flashes	And every feeling
On village windows	Within me responds
That glimmer red.	To the dismal knell ;
The snow recommences :	Shadows are trailing,
The buried fences	My heart is bewailing
Mark no longer	And tolling within
The road o'er the plain ;	Like a funeral bell.

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
 When he left this world of ours,  
 Laid his body in the cloister,  
 Under Würtzburg's minster towers.  
 And he gave the monks his treasures,  
 Gave them all with this behest :  
 They should feed the birds at noontide  
 Daily on his place of rest ;  
 Saying, " From these wandering minstrels  
 I have learnt the art of song ;  
 Let me now repay the lessons  
 They have taught so well and long."  
 Thus the bard of love departed ;  
 And fulfilling his desire,  
 On his tomb the birds were feasted  
 By the children of the choir.  
 Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
 In foul weather and in fair,  
 Day by day, in vast numbers,  
 Flocked the poets of the air.  
 On the tree whose heavy branches,  
 Overshadowed all the place,  
 On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
 On the poet's sculptured face,

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

On the cross-bars of each window,  
 On the lintel of each door,  
 They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
 Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
 Sang their lauds on every side ;  
 And the name their voices uttered  
 Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
 Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?  
 Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
 For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
 From the walls and woodland nests,  
 When the minster bell rang noontide,  
 Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
 Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
 Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
 For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
 On the cloister's funeral stones,  
 And tradition only tells us  
 Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
 By sweet echoes multiplied,  
 Still the birds repeat the legend,  
 And the name of Vogelweid.

**DRINKING SONG.****INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.**

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !  
 From the pitcher placed between us,  
 How the waters laugh and glisten  
 In the head of old Silenus ;  
 Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
 Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;

On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth etern al.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour  
Much this mystic throng expresses ;  
Bacchus was the type of vigour,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken :  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen,  
 As it passes thus between us,  
 How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
 In the head of old Silenus !

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

*L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots  
 seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !" —*  
 JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat ;  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,  
 "Forever—never !  
 Never—forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs alas !  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
 "Forever—never !  
 Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say at each chamber-door,  
 "Forever—never !  
 Never—forever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
 "Forever—never !  
 Never—forever !"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

## SONNETS.

## AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !  
Thou standest like imperial Charlemagne,\*  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended !  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

## DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb,  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;  
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !  
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloisters whispers, " Peace ! "

\* Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance his spirit crowns the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards.

## THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
 The Evening Star, the star of love and rest !  
 And then anon she doth herself divest  
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.  
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !  
 My morning and my evening star of love !  
 My best and gentlest lady! even thus,  
 As that fair planet in the sky above,  
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
 And from thy darkened window fades the light.

## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

## DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
 Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
 And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
 Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens ;  
 So, walking here in twilight, O my friends !  
 I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
 And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
 His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.  
 If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
 Has ever given delight or consolation,  
 Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,  
 By every friendly sign and salutation.  
 Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !  
 Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
 That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
 Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.  
 Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;  
 Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,  
 In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
 One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !

## LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.

The pleasant books, that silently among  
 Our household treasures take familiar places,  
 And are to us as if a living tongue  
 Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces !  
 Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
 With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;  
 Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
 But live for ever young in my remembrance.  
 Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
 Your gentle voices will flow on for ever  
 When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
 As through a leafless landscape flows a river.  
 Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
 Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
 But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,  
 With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.  
 Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
 Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;  
 Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
 The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.  
 There I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
 At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
 To have my place reserved among the rest,  
 Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

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 BY THE SEASIDE.
 

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## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

" BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
 That shall laugh at all disaster;  
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"  
 The merchant's word  
 Delighted the Master heard ;  
 For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
 Giveth grace unto every Art.  
 A quiet smile played round his lips,  
 As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
 Play round the bows of ships,  
 That steadily at anchor ride.



And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, " Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch.  
As ever weathered a wintry sea ! "

And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature ;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.

And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of all,  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, " Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this ! "

It was of another form, indeed ;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft ;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground  
Lay the timber piled around ;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !  
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion !  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single day.  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth !  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again :—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand,  
When he had built and launched from land  
What the elder head had planned.

" Thus," said he, " will we build this ship !  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,

And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care ;  
Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !”

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride.  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea-air.  
Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah ! how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart and not the brain  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,

Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine  
The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,

Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view ;  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men :—  
“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.”  
With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast !  
And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind,  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter !  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
’Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,

The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !  
Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell,—those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
In foreign harbours shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'Twill be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless !  
All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.

To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
 And o'er the bay,  
 Slowly, in all his splendours dight,  
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
 Centuries old,  
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
 Paces restless to and fro,  
 Up and down the sands of gold.  
 His beating heart is not at rest :  
 And far and wide,  
 With ceaseless flow,  
 His beard of snow  
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
 He waits impatient for his bride.  
 There she stands,  
 With her foot upon the sands,  
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
 In honour of her marriage day,  
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
 Round her like a veil descending,  
 Ready to be  
 The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride  
 Is standing by her lover's side.  
 Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
 Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
 Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
 Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
 The service read,  
 The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;  
 And in tears the good old Master  
 Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
 Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
 In silence, for he cannot speak,  
 And ever faster  
 Down his own the tears begin to run.  
 The worthy pastor—  
 The shepherd of that wandering flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.

He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—

“ Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah ! it is not the sea  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear ! ”

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand ;



And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see ! she stirs !  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,—  
“ Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms ! ”

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care !  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !  
For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
In hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale !  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

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#### THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

All ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
 As I gaze upon the sea !  
 All the old romantic legends,  
 All my dreams come back to me.  
 Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,  
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
 And the singing of the sailors,  
 And the answer from the shore !  
 Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
 And the sailor's mystic song.  
 Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
 Where the sand as silver shines,  
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—  
 Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
 With his hawk upon his hand,  
 Saw a fair and stately galley,  
 Steering onward to the land ;—  
 How he heard the ancient helmsman  
 Chant a song so wild and clear,  
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—  
 "Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,  
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song !"  
 "Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,  
 "Learn the secret of the sea ?  
 Only those who brave its dangers  
 Comprehend its mystery !"  
 In each sail that skims the horizon,  
 In each landward-blowing breeze,  
 I behold that stately galley,  
 Hear those mournful melodies ;  
 Till my soul is full of longing  
 For the secret of the sea,  
 And the heart of the great ocean  
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
 Sailed the corsair Death ;  
 Wild and fast blew the blast,  
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
 Glistened in the sun ;  
 On each side, like pennons wide,  
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea mist  
 Dripped with silver rain ;  
 But where he passed there were  
 cast  
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
 Three days or more seaward he  
 bore,  
 Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
 And ice-cold grew the night ;

And never more, on sea or shore,  
 Should Sir Humphrey see the  
 light.

He sat upon the deck,  
 The Book was in his hand ;  
 "Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"  
 He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,  
 Without a signal's sound,  
 Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
 The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
 Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
 Every mast, as it passed,  
 Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
 At midnight black and cold !  
 As of a rock was the shock ;  
 Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
 They drift in close embrace,

With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;  
 Yet there seems no change of place.  
 Southward, for ever southward,  
 They drift through dark and day ;  
 And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
 Sinking, vanish all away.

### TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
 The wind blows wild and free,  
 And like the wings of sea-birds  
 Flash the white caps of the sea.  
 But in the fisherman's cottage  
 There shines a ruddier light,  
 And a little face at the window  
 Peers out into the night.  
 Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
 As if those childish eyes  
 Were looking into the darkness,  
 To see some form arise.  
 And a woman's waving shadow  
 Is passing to and fro,  
 Now rising to the ceiling,  
 Now bowing and bending low.  
 What tale do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
 As they beat at the crazy casement,  
 Tell to that little child ?  
 And why do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
 Drive the colour from her cheek ?

### THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
 As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
 Lonely and lovely, a single star,  
 Lights the air with a dusty glimmer.  
 Into the ocean faint and far  
 Falls the trail of its golden splendour,  
 And the gleam of that single star  
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,  
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
 Leaving the arms of Callirhoe, .  
 For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.  
 Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
 Trailed the gleam of his salchion brightly ;  
 Is it a God, or is it a star  
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
 And on its outer point, some miles away,  
 The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.  
 Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.  
 And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
 Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
 With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare !  
 Not one alone ; from each projecting cape  
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.  
 Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.  
 And the great ships sail outward and return,  
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.  
 They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
 And eager faces, as the light unvels,  
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on !" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships !  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span !  
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !"

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### THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

We sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the lay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—  
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room ;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.  
We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed and who was dead ;  
And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives henceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again ;  
The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.  
The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark ;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.  
Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.  
And, as their splendour flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main ;  
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.  
The windows, rattling in their frames,—  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—  
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;  
Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answer back again.  
O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid these earthly damps ;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.



Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again unfold her,  
 She will not be a child ;  
 But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace .  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.  
 And though at times impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest,—  
 We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

### THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
 Working in these walls of Time ;  
 Some with massive deeds and great,  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.  
 Nothing useless is, or low ;  
 Each thing in its place is best ;  
 And what seems but idle show  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.  
 For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled ;  
 Our to-days and yesterdays  
 Are the blocks with which we build.  
 Truly shape and fashion these ;  
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
 Think not, because no man sees,  
 Such things will remain unseen.  
 In the elder days of Art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care

Each minute and unseen part ;  
 For the Gods see everywhere.  
 Let us do our work as well,  
 Both the unseen and the seen ;  
 Make the house where Gods may  
 dwell,  
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.  
 Else our lives are incomplete,  
 Standing in these walls of Time,  
 Broken stairways, where the feet  
 Stumble as they seek to climb.  
 Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
 With a firm and ample base ;  
 And ascending and secure  
 Shall to-morrow find its place.  
 Thus alone can we attain  
 To those turrets, where the eye  
 Sees the world as one vast plain,  
 And one boundless reach of sky.

## SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly sped !  
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent dead !  
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said !  
O happy Reader ! having for thy text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human thought !  
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !  
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice !

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## SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those deserts blown !  
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight  
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread ;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart ;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
And resolute in heart ;

These have passed over it, or may have passed  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;—  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;  
The half-hour's sand is run !

#### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky ;  
And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapour fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near ;  
And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night, [flight  
Swift birds of passage wing their  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and  
sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so !  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures and pains,  
and wrongs,  
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of  
rhyme.

### THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of  
men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.  
The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;  
Through groves he wandered, and  
by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.  
The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and  
loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.  
A gray, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,

While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.  
And those who heard the singers  
three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.  
But the great Master said, " I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to  
teach.  
" These are the three great chords  
of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

### THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air ;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door ;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.  
They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !  
And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

## GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of  
fame.  
'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.  
From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been  
brought ;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought ;  
Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,

And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.  
Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within  
thee ! "  
And the startled artist woke,—  
Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seiz'd and quench'd the glowing  
wood ;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.  
O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
Take this lesson to thy heart :  
That is best which lieth nearest ;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

## PEGASUS IN POUND.

Once into a quiet village  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's winged steed.  
It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and  
sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering  
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;  
'Twas the daily call to labour,  
Not a triumph meant for him.  
Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapour veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odours  
That the dying leaves exhaled.  
Thus, upon the village common,  
By the schoolboys he was found ;

And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaim-  
ing

There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapours cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden  
bars,

Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,

And, from out a neighbouring farm-  
yard,

Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And, unfolding far his pinions,  
'To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
And they knew not when nor  
where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
Where his struggling hoofs had  
trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing,  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its  
waters,

While it soothes them with its sound.

### KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
Ere yet his last he breathed,  
To the merry monks of Croyland  
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their  
revels,

And drank from the golden bowl,  
They might remember the donor,  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass;  
In their beards the red wine glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
They drank to Christ the Lord,

And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who preached His holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the  
pulpit,

Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,	In which, like a pearl dissolving,
And the Abbot bowed his head,	Had sunk and dissolved his soul.
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,	But not for this their revels
But the Abbot was stark and dead.	The jovial monks forebore,
Yet still in his pallid fingers	For they cried, "Fill high the goblet !
He clutched the golden bowl,	We must drink to one Saint more !"

## TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !"  
 And through the misty air  
 Passed like the mournful cry  
 Of sunward sailing cranes.  
 I saw the pallid corpse  
 Of the dead sun  
 Borne through the Northern sky,  
 Blasts from Niffelheim  
 Lifted the sheeted mists  
 Around him as he passed.  
 And the voice for ever cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !"  
 And died away  
 Through the dreary night,  
 In accents of despair.  
 Balder the Beautiful,  
 God of the summer sun,  
 Fairest of all the Gods !  
 Light from his forehead beamed,  
 Runes were upon his tongue,  
 As on the warrior's sword.  
 All things in earth and air  
 Bound were by magic spell  
 Never to do him harm ;  
 Even the plants and stones ;  
 All save the mistletoe,  
 The sacred mistletoe !

Hoeder, the blind old God,  
 Whose feet are shod with silence,  
 Pierced through that gentle breast  
 With his sharp spear, by fraud  
 Made of the mistletoe,  
 The accursed mistletoe !  
 They laid him in his ship,  
 With horse and harness  
 As on a funeral pyre.  
 Odin placed  
 A ring upon his finger,  
 And whispered in his ear.  
 They launched the burning ship !  
 It floated far away  
 Over the misty sea,  
 Till like the sun it seemed,  
 Sinking beneath the waves.  
 Balder returned no more !  
 So perish the old Gods !  
 But out of the sea of Time  
 Rises a new land of song,  
 Fairer than the old.  
 Over its meadows green  
 Walk the young bards and sing.  
 Build it again,  
 O ye bards,  
 Fairer than before !  
 Ye fathers of the new race,  
 Feed upon morning dew,  
 Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !  
 The law of love prevails !  
 Thor, the thunderer,  
 Shall rule the earth no more,  
 No more, with threats,  
 Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
 O ye bards of the North,  
 Of Vikings and of Jarls !  
 Of the days of Eld  
 Preserve the freedom only,  
 Not the deeds of blood !

### SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away  
 Whatever thou canst call thine own !  
 Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
 Doth give thee that, but that alone !  
 Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie  
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves  
 As garments by the soul laid by,  
 And precious only to ourselves !  
 Take them, O great Eternity !  
 Our little life is but a gust,  
 That bends the branches of thy tree,  
 And trails its blossoms in the dust.

### HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said : " Yet one thing more ;  
 If thou wouldst perfect be,  
 Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
 And come and follow me !"  
 Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
 Those sacred words hath said,  
 And His invisible hands to-day have been  
 Laid on a young man's head.  
 And evermore beside him on his way  
 The unseen Christ shall move,  
 That he may lean upon His arm and say,  
 " Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve ?"  
 Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,  
 To make the scene more fair ;  
 Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
 Of pain and midnight prayer.



O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest :  
 Like the beloved John,  
 To lie his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
 And thus to journey on ?

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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

1841—1846—1858.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the  
 face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till  
 night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow ;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy  
 sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from  
 school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's  
 voice,  
 Singing in Paradise ! [more,  
 He needs must think of her once  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he  
 wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, --rejoicing,--sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something  
 done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy  
 friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought !

## ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;    It lifts the boughs, whose shadows  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.  
And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Dian in her dreams  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.  
On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.  
Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought,  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.  
It comes,—the beautiful, the fief,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one

Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him, who slumbering lies  
O weary hearts ! O slumbering  
eyes !  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again !  
No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own  
Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering  
strings ;  
And whispers in its song,  
" Where hast thou stay I so  
long "

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

No hay pajaros en los nidos de antaño — *Spanish Love-song.*

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The duting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue bird prophesying Spring  
So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems in outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.  
All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm trees nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest !  
All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight ;

And learn from the soft heavens above  
 The melting tenderness of night.  
 Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
 Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
 For oh ! it is not always May !  
 Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
 To some good angel leave the rest ;  
 For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
 There are no birds in last year's nest !

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### GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
 The burial-ground God's-Acre. It is just ;  
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.  
 God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
 Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
 The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.  
 Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
 In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.  
 Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
 With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.  
 With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the soil,  
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
 This is the field and Acre of our God,  
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

### THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim !  
 And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
 I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
 And chaunt a melancholy hymn  
 With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood ;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food ;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learned to know  
How fake its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Thro' all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
 Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
 Our portion of the weight of care,  
 That crushes into dumb despair  
 One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !  
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
 Steeped to the lips in misery,  
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
 Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !  
 The Battle of our Life is brief,  
 The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—  
 Then sleep we side by side.

### BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
 Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
 He hears the crowd ;—he hears a  
 breath

Say, " It is Christ of Nazareth ;"  
 And calls, in tones of agony,  
 'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
 Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
 But still, above the noisy crowd,  
 The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
 Until they say, " He calleth thee !"  
 Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
 The crowd, " What wilt thou at my  
 hands ?"

And he replies, " O give me light !  
 Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !"  
 And Jesus answers, " Ὑπάγε  
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκε σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
 In darkness and in misery,  
 Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
 Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !  
 Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !  
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκε σε !

### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

### TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
 Through the meadows, bright and  
 free,  
 Till at length thy rest thou findest  
 In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feel-  
 ing,

Half in rest, and half in strife,  
 I have seen thy waters stealing  
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
 Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
 Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness  
 I have watched thy current glide,  
 Till the beauty of its stillness  
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
 When I saw thy waters gleam,  
 I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
 And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
 Nor because thy waves of blue  
 From celestial seas above thee  
 Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide  
 thee,

And thy waters disappear,  
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
 And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds  
 me

Of three friends, all true and tried ;  
 And that name, like magic, binds me  
 Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
 How like quivering flames they start,  
 When I fan the living embers  
 On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !  
 That my spirit leans to thee ;  
 Thou hast been a generous giver,  
 Take this idle song from me.

### EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"   
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast !"   
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch,  
Beware the awful avalanche !"   
This was the peasant's last Good-night :  
A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

## MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath  
snares!

Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tunc,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where  
slumbered

Birds and blossoms many-num-  
bered;—

Age, that bough with snows encum-  
bered.

Gather, then, each flower that  
grows,

When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and  
ruth,

In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall  
steal

Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine,  
dart

Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

## CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,

Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,



Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
 And, from out the silent heaven,  
 Silence on the town descended :  
 Silence, silence everywhere,  
 On the earth and in the air,  
 Save that footsteps here and there  
 Of some burgher home returning,  
 By the street lamps faintly burning,  
 For a moment woke the echoes  
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.  
 But amid my broken slumbers  
 Still I heard those magic numbers,  
 As they loud proclaimed the flight  
 And stolen marches of the night ;  
 Till their chimes in sweet collision  
 Mingled with each wandering vision,  
 Mingled with the fortune-telling  
 Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
 Which amid the waste expanses  
 Of the silent land of trances  
 Have their solitary dwelling.  
 All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
 In the quaint old Flemish city.  
 And I thought how like these chimes  
 Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
 All his rhymes and roundelays,  
 His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
 From the belfry of his brain,  
 Scattered downward, though in vain,  
 On the roofs and stones of cities !

For by night the drowsy ear  
 Under its curtains cannot hear,  
 And by day men go their ways  
 Hearing the music as they pass,  
 But deeming it no more, alas !  
 Than the hollow sound of brass.  
 Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
 Lodging at some humble inn  
 In the narrow lanes of life,  
 When the dusk and hush of night  
 Shut out the incessant din  
 Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
 May listen with a calm delight  
 To the poet's melodies,  
 Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
 Intermingled with the song,  
 Thoughts that he has cherished  
 long ;  
 Hears amid the chime and singing,  
 The bells of his own village ringing,  
 And wakes, and finds his slumberous  
 eyes  
 Wet with most delicious tears.  
 Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
 In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
 Listening with a wild delight  
 To the chimes that, through the  
 night,  
 Rang their changes from the Belfry  
 Of that quaint old Flemish city.

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In the market-place of Bruges stands the Belfry old and brown ;  
 Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.  
 As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
 And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.  
 Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,  
 Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.  
 At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
 Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.  
 Not a sound rose from that city at the early morning hour,  
 But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.  
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,  
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.  
Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;  
All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.  
I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;  
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.  
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;  
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.  
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;  
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.  
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat ;  
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,  
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !"  
Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.  
Hours had passed away like minutes, and, before I was aware,  
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

#### THE ARSENAL OF SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbri forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;  
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need for arsenals nor fort . :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals  
 The holy-melodies of love arise.

### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed, Let me review the scene, And summon from the shadowy Past The forms that once have been.	Through the closed blinds the golden sun Poured in a dusty beam, Like the celestial ladder seen By Jacob in his dream.
The Past and Present here unite Beneath Time's flowing tide, Like footprints hidden by a brook, But seen on either side.	And ever and anon, the wind, Sweet-scented with the hay, Turned o'er the hymn-book's flutter- ing leaves
Here runs the highway to the town ; There the green lane descends, Thro' which I walked to church with thee, O gentlest of my friends !	That on the window lay. Long was the good man's sermon, Yet it seemed not so to me ; For he spake of Ruth the beautiful, And still I thought of thee.
The shadow of the linden trees Lay moving on the grass ; Between them and the moving boughs, A shadow, thou didst pass.	Long was the prayer he uttered, Yet it seemed not so to me ; For in my heart I prayed with him, And still I thought of thee.
Thy dress was like the lilies, And thy heart as pure as they : One of God's holy messengers Did walk with me that day.	But now, alas ! the place seems changed : Thou art no longer here : Part of the sunshine of the scene With thee did disappear.
I saw the branches of the trees Bend down thy touch to meet, The clover blossoms in the grass Rise up to kiss thy feet.	Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart, Like pine-trees dark and high, Subdue the light of noon, and breathe A low and ceaseless sigh ;
"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares, Of earth and folly born !" Solemnly sang the village choir On that sweet Sabbath morn.	This memory brightens o'er the past, As when the sun, concealed Behind some cloud that near us hangs, Shines on a distant field.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam im-  
pende ;

And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.  
Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars ;  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see, but hear  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard  
of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass,  
Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy,  
Sirius was rising in the east :  
And, slow ascending, one by one,  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star,  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast !  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.

As if she feared the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength,  
and try

Her holiness and her purity.  
Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !  
And suddenly from his outstretched  
arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull ; but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by Ænopia,  
He sought the blacksmith at his  
forge,

And, climbing up the mountain  
gorge,

Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.  
Then, through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said,  
" Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er ! "  
And like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the  
words

Rechoed down the burning chords,—  
" Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er ! "

## NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.  
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng;  
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;  
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.  
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;  
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.  
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;  
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.  
In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;  
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.  
Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;  
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.  
*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.  
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!  
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.  
From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.  
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;  
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flower of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
 Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.  
 But his house is now an alehouse with a nicely sanded floor,  
 And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;  
 Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
 As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."  
 And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care and care,  
 Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.  
 Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye  
 Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.  
 Not thy Council, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;  
 But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.  
 Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
 As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay;  
 Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
 The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

### THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des vassaux, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.  
 —THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre*.

IN his chamber, weak and dying,  
 Was the Norman baron lying;  
 Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
 And the castle-turret shook.  
 In this fight was Death the gainer,  
 Spite of vassal and retainer,  
 And the lands his sires had plundered,  
 Written in the Doomsday Book.  
 By his bed a monk was seated,  
 Who in humble voice repeated  
 Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
 From the missal on his knee;  
 And amid the tempest pealing,  
 Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
 Bells that, from the neighbouring kloster,  
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held that night their Christmas wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger !  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free !"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine !"

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen !"



Many centuries have been numbered  
 Since in death the baron slumbered  
 By the convent's sculptured portal,  
     Mingling with the common dust :  
 But the good deed, through the ages  
 Living in historic pages,  
 Brighter glows and gleams immortal,  
     Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
 After the dust and heat,  
 In the broad and fiery street,  
 In the narrow lane,  
 How beautiful is the rain !  
 How it clatters along the roofs,  
 Like the tramp of hoofs !  
 How it gushes and struggles out  
 From the throat of the overflowing  
     spout !

Across the window pane  
 It pours and pours ;  
 And swift and wide,  
 With a muddy tide,  
 Like a river down the gutter roars  
 The rain, the welcome rain !  
 The sick man from his chamber  
 Looks at the twisted brooks ;  
 He can feel the cool  
 Breath of each little pool ;  
 His fevered brain  
 Grows calm again,  
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.  
 From the neighbouring school  
 Come the boys,  
 With more than their wonted noise  
 And commotion ;  
 And down the wet streets  
 Sail their mimic fleets,  
 Till the treacherous pool

Engulfs them in its whirling  
 And turbulent ocean.  
 In the country, on every side,  
 Where far and wide,  
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
     hide,  
 Stretches the plain,  
 To the dry grass and the drier  
     grain  
 How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
 With their dilated nostrils spread,  
 They silently inhale  
 The clover-scented gale,  
 And the vapours that arise  
 From the well-watered and smoking  
     soil,  
 For this rest in the furrow after toil  
 Their large and lustrous eyes  
 Seem to thank the Lord,  
 More than man's spoken word.  
 Near at hand,  
 From under the sheltering trees,  
 The farmer sees  
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
 As they bend their tops  
 To the numberless beating drops  
 Of the incessant rain.

He count, it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.  
These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.  
He can behold  
Things manifold  
They have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs  
    profound,  
To the dreary fountain head

Of lakes and rivers underground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is  
    done,  
On the bridge of colours seven,  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.  
Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to  
    birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven  
    to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
    wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of  
Time.

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### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahaws ;  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken ;  
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints ?  
How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the  
    prairies ?  
How canst thou breathe in this, who hast breathed the sweet air of the  
    mountains ?  
Ah ! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,  
Claiming the soil for thy hunting grounds, while down-trodden millions  
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,  
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !  
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple  
 Have the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
 Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.  
 There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !  
 There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn,  
 Or, by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw  
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !  
 Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?  
 Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
 Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,  
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
 Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
 Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires  
 Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the day-  
 break  
 Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;  
 It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !  
 Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-  
 wind,  
 Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !

---

#### TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
 Whose figures grace,  
 With many a grotesque form and face,  
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery !  
 The lady with the gay macaw,  
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
 With bearded lip and chin ;  
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
 The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
 Thou shakest in thy little hand !  
 The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
 Making a merry tune !

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !  
Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimboraço's base,  
Or Potosí's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath the burning, tropic skies,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of dead centuries.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round,  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign lan !,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise !  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little beating heart before ;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
 Thy pattering footstep falls.  
 The sound of thy merry voice  
 Makes the old walls  
 Jubilant, and they rejoice  
 With the joy of thy young heart,  
 O'er the light of whose gladness  
 No shadows of sadness  
 From the sombre background of memory start.  
 Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of his Country dwelt.  
 And yonder meadows broad and damp  
 The fires of the besieging camp  
 Encircled with a burning belt.  
 Up and down these echoing stairs,  
 Heavy with the weight of cares,  
 Sounded his majestic tread;  
 Yes, within this very room  
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee  
 Out, out ! into the open air !  
 Thy only dream is liberty,  
 Thou carest little how or where.  
 I see thee eager at thy play,  
 Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
 With cheeks as round and red as they ;  
 And now among the yellow stalks,  
 Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
 As restless as the bee.  
 Along the garden walks  
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace,  
 And see at every turn how they efface  
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
 That rise like golden domes  
 Above the cavernous and secret homes  
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.  
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
 Dost persecute and overwhelm  
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

What ! tired already ! with those suppliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,  
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with repose !  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
And shining with the argent light of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendant nest,  
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam ;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land,  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate !  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear ;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
Like the new moon thy life appears ;

A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere,  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.  
Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue, †  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
 I will no longer strive to ope  
 The mystic volume, where appear  
 The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
 And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope,  
 Thy destiny remains untold ;  
 For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

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### THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.  
 I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.  
 And far in the hazy distance  
 Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
 Gleamed redder than the moon.  
 Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from the  
 ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;  
 As, sweeping and eddying through  
 them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moonlight,  
 The sea-weed floated wide.  
 And, like those waters rushing  
 Among those wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears.  
 How often, O, how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,

I had stood on that bridge at mid-  
 night  
 And gazed on that wave and sky !  
 How often, O, how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !  
 For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could bear  
 But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea ;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me.  
 Yet whenever I cross the river  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,  
 Like the odour of brine from the  
 ocean  
 Comes the thought of other years,  
 And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
 Have crossed the bridge since then.  
 I see the long procession  
 Still passing to and fro,  
 The young heart hot and restless,  
 And the old subdued and slow !



And for ever and for ever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

## CURFEW.

## I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
 Dealing its dole,  
 The curfew Bell  
 Is beginning to toll.  
 Cover the embers,  
 And put out the light ;  
 Toil comes with the morning,  
 And rest with the night.  
 Dark grow the windows,  
 And quenched is the fire ;  
 Sound fades into silence,—  
 All footsteps retire.  
 No voice in the chamber  
 No sound in the hall !  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all !

## II.

The book is completed,  
 And closed, like the day ;  
 And the hand that has written it  
 Lays it away.  
 Dim grow its fancies,  
 Forgotten they lie ;  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken and die.  
 Songs sink into silence,  
 The story is told,  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearth-stone is cold.  
 Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall !  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all !

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,  
 Or solitary mere,  
 Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers  
 Its waters to the weir !  
 Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry  
 Of spindle and of loom,  
 And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
 And rushing of the flume.  
 Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,  
 Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
 But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
 The meadow and the lin.  
 The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
 And round thee throng and run

*LONGFELLOW'S POPULAR POEMS.*

The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet !  
A flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever  
The world more fair and sweet.

## PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;  
For round about me all the sunny capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days departed,  
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore  
Stood lonely as before ;  
And the wild roses of the promontory  
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers  
Of all things their primordial form exists,  
And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its members  
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me ! what wonder-working, occult science  
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more  
The rose of youth restore ?  
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance  
To time and change, and for a single hour  
Renew this phantom-flower ?

"O, give me back !" I cried, "the vanished splendours,  
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap  
Into the unknown deep !"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,  
"Alas ! thy youth is dead !  
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation ;  
In the dark places with the dead of old  
It lies for ever cold !"

Then said I, "From its consecrated ceremonies  
I will not drag this sacred dust again,  
Only to give me pain ;  
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks before,  
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow  
Of sunsets burning low ;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,  
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,  
What bowers of rest divine ;

To what temptations in lone wildernesses,  
 What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,  
 The bearing of what cross !  
 I do not know ; nor will I vainly question  
 Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
 The story still untold,  
 But without rash conjecture or suggestion  
 Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,  
 Until " The End " I read.

### THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken Pleasant visions, as of old ! Though the house by winds be shaken, Safe I keep this room of gold ! Ah, no longer wizard Fancy Builds her castles in the air, Luring me by necromancy Up the never-ending stair ; But, instead, she builds me bridges Over many a dark ravine, Where beneath the gusty ridges Cataracts dash and roar unseen.	Baffled I return, and leaning O'er the parapets of cloud, Watch the mist that intervening Wraps the valley in its shroud. And the sounds of life ascending Faintly, vaguely, meet the air, Murmur of bells and voices blending With the rush of waters near.
And I cross them, little heeding Blast of wind or torrent's roar, As I follow the receding Footsteps that have gone before. Nought avails the imploring ges- ture, Nought avails the cry of pain ! When I touch the flying vesture, 'Tis the gray robe of the rain.	Well I know what there lies hidden, Every tower and town and farm, And again the land forbidden Reassumes its vanished charm. Well I know the secret places, And the nests in hedge and tree ; At what doors are friendly faces, In what hearts are thoughts of me.
	Through the mist and darkness sinking,                   [shower, Blown by wind and beaten by Down I fling the thought I'm think- ing, Down I toss this Alpine flower.

### HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day  
 In the long week of rain !  
 Though all its splendour could not chase away  
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,  
 And the great elms o'erhead  
 Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,  
 Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,  
 The historic river flowed ;  
 I was as one who wanders in a trance,  
 Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange :  
 Their voices I could hear,  
 And yet the words they uttered seemed to change  
 Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,  
 The one low voice was mute ;  
 Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
 And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream  
 Dimly my thought defines ;  
 I only see—a dream within a dream—  
 The hill-top hushed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
 Their tender undertone,  
 The infinite longings of a troubled breast,  
 The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
 The wizard hand lies cold,  
 Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
 And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
 And the lost clue regain ?  
 The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
 Unfinished must remain !

### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas	And wild and sweet
day	The words repeat
Their old, familiar carols play,	Of peace on earth, good-will to men

And thought how, as the day had  
     come,  
 The belfries of all Christendom  
     Had rolled along  
     The unbroken song  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !  
 Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
 The world revolved from night to  
     day,  
     A voice, a chime,  
     A chant sublime,  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !  
 Then from each black, accursed  
     mouth  
 The cannon thundered in the South,  
     And with the sound  
     The carols drowned  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent  
 The hearthstones of a continent,  
     And made forlorn  
     The households born  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !  
 And in despair I bowed my head ;  
 "There is no peace on earth," I said ;  
     "For hate is strong  
     And mocks the song  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men ;  
 Then pealed the bells more loud  
     and deep :  
 "God is not dead ; nor doth He  
     sleep !  
     The Wrong shall fail,  
     The Right prevail,  
 With peace on earth, good-will to  
     men !"

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### KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,  
 At the head of his dusty caravan,  
 Laden with treasures from realms afar,  
 Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
 Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,  
 And saw in the thronging street beneath,  
 In the light of the setting sun that blazed  
 Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,  
 The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,  
 And the shining scimitars of the guard,  
 And the weary camels that bared their teeth,  
 As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred  
 Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
 Rode the great captain Alau ;  
 And he stood before the Khan, and said :  
 " The enemies of my lord are dead ;

All the Kalifs of all the West  
Bow and obey thy least behest ;  
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,  
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
The miners are sifting the golden sand,  
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,  
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
Rose in revolt against thy throne :  
His treasures are at thy palace-door,  
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore,  
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
I left my forces to lay in wait,  
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,  
And forward dashed with a handful of men  
To lure the old tiger from his den  
Into the ambush I had planned.  
Ere we reached the town, the alarm was spread,  
For we heard the sound of gongs from within ;  
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din  
The gates swung wide ; and we turned and fled,  
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,  
With the gray old Kalif at their head,  
And above them the banner of Mohammed ;  
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,  
A tower that was called the Tower of Gold !  
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,  
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,  
Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;  
And thither the miser crept by stealth  
To feel of the gold that gave him health,  
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye  
On jewels that gleamed like a glowworm's spark,  
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif : 'Thou art old,  
Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,  
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,

Rut have sown through the land these useless hoards  
 To spring into shining blades of swords,  
 And keep thine honour sweet and clear.  
 These grains of gold are not grains of wheat ;  
 These bars of silver thou canst not eat ;  
 These jewels and pearls and precious stones  
 Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,  
 Nor keep the feet of Death one hour  
 From climbing the stairways of thy tower !'

" Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,  
 And left him to feed there all alone  
 In the honey-cells of his golden hive :  
 Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan  
 Was heard from those massive walls of stone,  
 Nor again was the Kalif seen alive !

" When at last we unlocked the door,  
 We found him dead upon the floor ;  
 The rings had dropped from his withered hands.  
 His teeth were like bones in the desert sands ;  
 Still clutching his treasure he had died ;  
 And as he lay there, he appeared  
 A statue of gold with a silver beard,  
 His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,  
 That the great captain Alâu  
 Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,  
 When he rode that day into Kambalu  
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

### THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,  
 Dusky red the embers glow,  
 While above them still I cower,  
 While a moment more I linger,  
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
 Points beyond the midnight hour.  
 Sings the blackened log a tune  
 Learned in some forgotten June  
 From a schoolboy at his play,

When they both were young together,  
 Heart of youth and summer weather  
 Making all their holiday.  
 And the night-wind rising, hark !  
 How above there in the dark,  
 In the midnight and the snow  
 Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
 Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
 All the noisy chimneys blow !



Every quivering tongue of flame  
 Seems to murmur some great name,  
 Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"  
 But the night-wind answers, "Hollow

Are the visions that you follow,  
 Into darkness sinks your fire."

Then the flicker of the blaze  
 Gleams on volumes of old days,  
 Written by masters of the art,  
 Loud through whose majestic pages  
 Rolls the melody of ages,

Throb the harp-strings of the  
 heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
 Start exulting and exclaim:

"These are prophets, bards, and  
 seers;

In the horoscope of nations,  
 Like ascendant constellations,  
 They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair!  
 Those who walk with feet of air  
 Leave no long-enduring marks;

At God's forges incandescent  
 Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
 These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that  
 wrought;  
 Books are sepulchres of thought;  
 The dead laurels of the dead  
 Rustle for a moment only,  
 Like the withered leaves in lonely  
 Churchyards at some passing  
 tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;  
 Sink the rumours of renown.  
 And alone the night-wind drear  
 Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—  
 "'Tis the brand of Meleager  
 Dying on the hearthstone here!"

And I answer,—“Though it be,  
 Why should that discomfort me?  
 No endeavour is in vain;  
 Its reward is in the doing,  
 And the rapture of pursuing  
 Is the prize the vanquished gain.”

## THE BELLS OF LYNN,

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!  
 O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,  
 Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,  
 O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,  
 Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward  
 Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal  
 Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,  
 And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn !  
 Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,  
 Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn !  
 And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,  
 Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn !

### KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,  
 The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,  
 He, the life and light of us all,  
 Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,  
 Whom all eyes followed with one consent,  
 The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,  
 Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along  
 Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
 To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
 Little dreaming of any mishap,  
 He was humming the words of some old song :  
 " Two red roses he had on his cap,  
 And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
 Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;  
 Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
 And for a moment my blood grew chill ;  
 I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks  
 In a room where some one is lying dead ;  
 But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
 And through the mire and the mist and the rain  
 Carried him back to the silent camp,  
 And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;  
 And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp  
 Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
 And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet  
 That fatal bullet went speeding forth  
 Till it reached a town in the distant North,  
 Till it reached a house in a sunny street,

Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry ;  
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,  
For one who had passed from cross to crown,  
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

---

## GIOTTO'S TOWLER.

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint  
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,

Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,  
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint  
Around the shining forehead of the saint,  
And are in their completeness incomplete !

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—  
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—  
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

---

## TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep  
My little lambs are folded like the flocks ;  
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;  
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,  
And through the opening door that time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.

To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,  
Who cries to me : " Remember Barmecide,  
And tremble to be happy with the rest."  
And I make answer : " I am satisfied ;  
I dare not ask ; I know not what is best :  
God hath already said what shall betide."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.  
It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.  
Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers, speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.  
Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea coast opposite.  
And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each with morning salutations  
That all was well.  
And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And lord of the Cinque Ports.  
Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure  
Awaken with their call.  
No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
Be seen upon his post.  
For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
 The dark and silent room ;  
 And as he entered, darker grew and deeper  
 The silence and the gloom.  
 He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
 But smote the Warden hoar ;  
 Ah ! what a blow ; that made all England tremble,  
 And groan from shore to shore.  
 Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,  
 The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
 That a great man was dead !

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### CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children ! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplexed me Have vanished quite away.	Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood,—
Ye open the eastern windows, That look towards the sun, Where thoughts are singing swallows, And the brooks of morning run.	That to the world are children ; Through them it feels the glow Of a brighter and sunnier climate Than reaches the trunks below.
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine, In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;	Come to me, O ye children ! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere.
But in mine is the wind of Autumn And the first fall of the snow.	For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our books, When compared with your caresses, And the gladness of your looks !
Ah ! what would the world be to us If the children were no more ? We should dread the desert behind us Worse than the dark before.	Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said ; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead.
What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food,	

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower,	Comes a pause in the day's occu- pations, That is known as the Children's Hour.
--	--

I hear in the chamber above me  
 The patter of little feet,  
 The sound of a door that is opened,  
 And voices soft and sweet.  
 From my study I see in the lamp-  
 light,  
 Descending the broad hall-stair,  
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
 And Edith with golden hair.  
 A whisper, and then a silence :  
 Yet I know by their merry eyes  
 They are plotting, and planning to-  
 gether,  
 To take me by surprise.  
 A sudden rush from the stairway,  
 A sudden raid from the hall !  
 By three doors left unguarded  
 They enter my castle wall !  
 They climb up into my turret,  
 O'er the arms and back of my  
 chair ;

If I try to escape they surround me ;  
 They seem to be everywhere.  
 They almost devour me with kisses,  
 Their arms about me entwine,  
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
 In his Mouse Tower on the  
 Rhine !  
 Do you think, O blue-eyed handitti,  
 Because you have sealed the  
 wall,  
 Such an old moustache as I am  
 Is not a match for you all !  
 I have you fast in my fortress,  
 And will not let you depart,  
 But put you down into the dungeon  
 In the round-tower of my heart.  
 And there will I keep you forever,  
 Yes, forever and a day,  
 Till the walls shall crumble to  
 ruin,  
 And moulder in dust away !

#### WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years  
 Must wander on through hopes and  
 fears,  
 Must ache and bleed beneath your  
 load ;  
 I, nearer to the Wayside Inn,  
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
 Am weary, thinking of your road !  
 O little hands ! that, weak or strong,  
 Have still to serve or rule so long,  
 Have still so long to give or ask ;  
 I, who so much with book and pen  
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
 With such impatient, feverish heat,  
 Such limitless and strong desires ;  
 Mine that so long has glowed and  
 burned,  
 With passions into ashes turned  
 Now covers and conceals its fires.  
 O little souls ! as pure and white  
 And crystalline as rays of light  
 Direct from heaven, their source  
 divine ;  
 Refracted through the mist of years,  
 How red my setting sun appears,  
 How lurid looks this soul of mine !

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LIFE OF THE  
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LIFE OF THE  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BY

CHARLES MACFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY"

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWES, M.A.

LONDON

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## INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

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“JE vais me mesurer avec ce *Villainton*,” said Napoleon, as he approached the field of Waterloo. The French marshals, who could never pronounce “Wellington,” were delighted with the grim joke (*Villainton*—“bad style,” “coarse fellow”); but the “measuring himself with Wellington” took Napoleon all day and the result added Waterloo—not to Napoleon’s, but to the Iron Duke’s list of victories.

Like Nelson, Wellington was pitted generally with inferior forces against the greatest captains of his age, and although it cannot be said that he never beat a retreat, it is true that he never lost a battle.

His title to fame is threefold. He saved India from the treachery of the Native Princes, he saved Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon, and down to an advanced old age he remained the right-hand of Parliament and the trusted adviser of the Crown.

His political insight may have been inferior to his military genius. Having spent most of his time in camps, where he never made a mistake, he was not infallible when he came to form Cabinets; but he carried with him into politics an integrity

which was proof alike against the flattery of courts, the chicanery of diplomatists, and the threats of the rabble.

As long as he lived, a curious sense of security in the midst of home discords and external revolutions seemed to pervade the country.

Old men well remember, in the early years of this century, how they swept the horizon with their telescopes when Napoleon's fleet was supposed to be coming to invade England. But the heart of the nation never trembled. It was well known that the Duke had been consulted—he had attended to the coast defences—and the French would never land. For years before his last great battle he had, in fact, chosen the field of Waterloo (a favourite strategic position of the great Marlborough's before him), and he was resolved, if possible, to meet the French, headed by their terrible Emperor, and destroy them there. His prophetic instinct was justified.

At the banquet after Waterloo, leaning back in his chair, he repeated more than once, whilst his eyes grew moist with unaccustomed emotion, "Thank God I have met him; thank God I have met him."

When for a moment England was threatened by internal revolution, and thousands of private citizens enrolled themselves as special constables to meet the Chartists, the old Duke was sent for, and in a few hours undertook to place London in a state of complete defence, without the appearance of a red coat or a cannon. This was soon known, and the Chartist excitement melted away like mist.

The greatest soldier of his age, THE DUKE, nevertheless regarded war as the worst of all calamities, and whilst his military achievements placed him on a level with the mightiest conquerors the world has ever seen, his name is indissolubly associated with the prosperity of England and the peace of Europe.



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# LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

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## CHAPTER I.

Youth—First entrance into the Army—Campaign in Holland—Services in India—Battle of Assaye, Argaum, &c.—Return to England—Bombardment of Copenhagen, &c.—Civil Appointment in Ireland—First landing in Portugal.

OUR Great Captain was born on the 1st of May 1769, a year remarkable for the births of extraordinary men, as, besides Wellington, Napoleon Buonaparte, Marshal Soult, and Mehemet Ali (the late Pasha of Egypt), were born in 1769.

Arthur Wellesley was the third surviving son of Garret, second Lord Mornington (who was created, in 1760, Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington), by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill-Trevor, Viscount Dungannon.

The Earl of Mornington, our hero's father, was a man of most polished manners, and of an amiable and hospitable disposition. He showed no fondness for the military profession, took little part in the politics of his times, and devoted himself to the study and practice of music, in which his taste is said to have been exquisite.

The illustrious warrior and statesman is no exception to the general rule—that clever and remarkable men have always had clever mothers. The widowed Lady Mornington is always mentioned not only as a most excellent mother, but as a lady of great intellect and acuteness, and of a decision of character rarely to be looked for in her sex. No doubt, the easy disposition of her husband, and the difficulties in which she found herself involved, gave exercise and strength to these qualities. The entire management of the family property was left to her care, and upon her exertions, prudence, and economy, mainly depended the welfare of five sons and three daughters.

Arthur was sent, like his eldest brother, Richard, to Eton. The traditions of him in the school are, that he was a spirited, active boy, yet rather shy and meditative. The late facetious Bobus Smith, when Arthur had conquered wherever he had fought, used to say, "I was the Duke of Wellington's first victory." "How?" "Why, one day at Eton, Arthur Wellesley and I had a fight, and he beat me soundly." Lord Mornington, who had always a strong literary turn, and who distinguished himself in early youth by his classical acquirements, was removed from Eton to Oxford. Arthur's tastes were different, and, as he intended to be a soldier, he was sent from Eton to the Military Academy of Angers, in France. England did not possess, at that time, any military school whatever. Marlow College, which preceded the present school at Sandhurst, was not formed until after the breaking out of the war with France in 1792. In Arthur Wellesley's time, the Academy of Angers, in which many eminent French officers had been trained, was under the direction of the celebrated engineer, Pignerol, who has left his name to one of the most remarkable of the fortresses in the Alps. At this period, Napoleon Buonaparte was a student in the Military College of Brienne.

On the 7th of March 1787, a short time before attaining his eighteenth year, Arthur Wellesley was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd regiment, and on the 25th of the month of December, in the same year, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. In order to obtain a perfect knowledge of both those arms, he now left the infantry, and served for some time in the cavalry, with the 12th and 18th Light Dragoons. His rise in the service was of course rapid. By April 1793 he had obtained a majority in the 33rd regiment, and in September of the same year he was advanced, by purchase, to the lieutenant-colonelcy of that corps, long his favourite regiment.

Prior to this elevation in the army, he had entered the Irish Parliament, as member for Trim. According to Sir Jonas Barrington, a lively writer, but no very reliable authority for facts, he was at this time ruddy-faced, and juvenile in appearance, popular among the young men of his age and station, but unpolished in his address, and evincing no promise of the celebrity that he afterwards reached.

Another writer of early recollections of the Duke, gives a somewhat different account. This gentleman first visited the gallery of the Irish House of Commons in 1793, being accompanied by a friend who knew the persons of all the members. He says,—“A young man, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulettes, caught my eye, and I inquired who he was. ‘That,’ replied my friend, ‘is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington’s, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord-Lieutenant.’ ‘I suppose he never speaks,’ I added. ‘You are wrong; he does speak sometimes, and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose!’ The subject which occupied the attention



of the house that night was one of deep importance in politics. A farther concession to the claims of the Roman Catholics had been recommended in a speech from the throne, and an animated debate resulted. Captain Wellesley spoke on the occasion, and his remarks were terse and pertinent, his delivery fluent, and his manner unembarrassed."

Our great soldier's first active service commenced in May 1794, when he sailed for Flanders with the 33rd, and landed at Ostend to join the British army, under the Duke of York, then contending with the French republican armies in the Netherlands, with great bravery, but small military skill or science. The revolutionary party in the country declared everywhere for the French, our Austrian allies were slow and unfortunate, the Dutch troops, also infected by sans-culottism, showed neither patriotism nor valour, and a rapid advance of the French, in great force under General Pichegru, obliged the British, after several obstinate engagements, to retire into Holland, and take up a position on the right bank of the Waal. In January 1795, the retreat was continued, through Guelderland and Overijssel, to the river Ems, and hence to Bremen, where our army was re-embarked for England in the spring. During this retreat, through a frozen and cheerless country, in the heart of a winter of extraordinary severity, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley commanded a brigade in the rear-guard—the post of danger—and his zeal, intelligence, and intrepidity attracted the notice of General Sir James Craig, and other officers in high rank. The sufferings of our troops, particularly among the many sick and wounded, were as cruel as any that ever fell to the lot of a retreating, ill-provided army. Many were frozen to death, many dropped and perished through want of food, especially during the day and night marches of the 16th and 17th of January, when they had to cross the bleak, sandy, treeless, houseless districts that intervened between Utrecht and the towns of Deventer and Zutphen, in the midst of an incessant hurricane of wind, snow, and sleet.

The whole campaign was rich in that sort of instruction which an observing man can always derive from witnessing mistakes and blunders. The Duke of York's army took the field like geese on a common; they had no ideas of castrametation, and very erroneous ones about the taking-up of positions, stationing posts and outposts, and conducting marches. They were also slow in their formations; once formed, they stood like rocks, or, if ordered to the attack, they went to it like bulldogs; but if they were once broken or disordered, it was no easy matter to form them again. They were overloaded with head-gear and heavy accoutrements, and their uniforms were made so tight and stiff, that one might have fancied that they had been devised on purpose to check all quick motion, and to injure health, if not to give the men attacks of apoplexy. Our army had then no efficient staff of scientific or properly

educated officers. Nearly everywhere there was a want of knowledge and method as to the means of carrying out orders. The medical staff was in a deplorable state, and the commissariat department was still worse. From the time of the Duke of Marlborough we had never had a good commissariat, and half of our military failures, and a very large portion of the excess in expense of all our expeditions down to 1809, were attributable to this one great want.

Our hero had at this time little rest; he returned to England in the spring (1795), was busily engaged all the summer in getting his much-reduced regiment into an effective state, and in the autumn he embarked with the 33rd for the West Indies. But, after being tossed at sea for more than five weeks, and sustaining serious damages, the fleet—commanded by Admiral Christian—was obliged to return to England. The 33rd regiment was landed and sent to Poole, where, in April 1796, it was embarked, not for the West, but for the East Indies. Colonel Wellesley (he was promoted to the rank of full colonel in the month of May of this year) was detained at home by a serious illness, but he joined his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope, and proceeded with it to Calcutta. He arrived at our Indian capital early in February 1797, and was placed with the 33rd on the Bengal establishment.

A venerable and a much-revered friend, who was in Calcutta at this time, and who afterwards filled a high post in the civil service, tells me that his recollections of Colonel Wellesley are these:—That he was a handsome and most soldierlike man, with an eye that looked you through and through; that he was cheerful, free of speech, and expansive among his particular friends, but rather reserved in general society; that he would often sit in a corner of the splendid saloon in the government-house, silent and abstracted for an hour at a time, and then pace up and down the room with quick impatient steps. "It was quite evident," says my old friend, "that he was impatient of monotony and inactivity, and was longing for something to do."

This inactivity did not last long. On the 17th of May 1798, his elder brother, the Earl of Mornington, arrived at Calcutta, as Governor-General of India. His lordship's predecessor, Sir John Shore, a timid pacific Governor-General, had allowed our enemies in the East to raise their heads, and to assume an attitude of insolency and menace. If this timid line of policy had been pursued much longer, our dominion in India would have been in jeopardy.

One of the first objects that required Lord Mornington's attention, was the equivocal attitude of Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, who had repeatedly infringed his treaties with the English, and was now intriguing with General Buonaparte and the French, with the hope and expectation of bringing a French army to assist him in conquering the whole of the south of India.

"In the month of June a proclamation of the French governor of the Isle of France announced the arrival of two ambassadors from Tippoo, to propose an alliance, offensive and defensive, for the purpose of expelling the English from India, in consequence of which a number of Frenchmen volunteered to join the Sultan, and were taken to Mangalore in a French ship of war. These movements of Tippoo were connected with the French expedition to Egypt. The Earl of Morington wrote several conciliatory letters to Tippoo, to induce him to settle any pending controversy between him and the East India Company by means of negotiation, but at the same time he did not neglect to prepare for offensive operations, and in November an army was assembled at Vellore, under the command of General Harris, ready to enter the Mysore territory at the first notice. Colonel Wellesley, with his regiment, formed part of this force. The army was joined by a large contingent from the Nizam of the Deccan, an ally of the English; and as the court of Hyderabad expressed a wish that the brother of the Governor-General should be appointed to the command of the contingent, General Harris ordered the 33rd regiment to be attached to the Nizam's force, the general command of which was given to Colonel Wellesley. As Tippoo declined to enter into negotiations, and was evidently trying to gain time, the allied British and native army was ordered to advance into Mysore, which they entered early in March 1799. On the 27th an engagement took place, in which the left wing of the allies, under Colonel Wellesley, routed a body of Tippoo's choice infantry."

This affair was very hot while it lasted: at one time many of the enemy's light cavalry penetrated the intervals in the English line; but the affair was finished by a bayonet charge of the 33rd, led on by their colonel. This is called the battle of Mallavelly. After it our army advanced to Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo, who was covering it with 50,000 men, while nearly 20,000 more were collected within the fortifications. General Harris's force, counting Europeans, sepoy, and all arms, did not much exceed 20,000 men.

Colonel Wellesley was now employed to dislodge the enemy from some very strong posts and outworks in front of the town. There was a tope or mound (called the Sultaun-Pettah Tope) which was intended by Tippoo for rocketing, and which was well situated for doing mischief, but between the tope and our camp there was a greater elevation—the bank of a nullah or water-course—which commanded the tope. General Harris ordered that both the tope and nullah should be attacked, and appointed Colonel Wellesley to storm the tope, and Colonel Shaw to attack the nullah. Both attacks were to be made at the same time under cover of night. On receiving his order, Wellesley wrote the following letter—the first of the many hundreds of his letters which are now published, and which were written with haste in moments

of danger and crisis. It is eminently characteristic, showing his perspicacity, energy, and love of brevity.

"To Lieut.-General HARRIS, *Commander-in-Chief*.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Camp, April 5, 1799.

"I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the mean time, I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

"Upon looking at the tope, as I came in just now, it appeared to me, that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah, you have the tope, as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge; and I shall be ready.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful servant,

"Lieut.-General Harris."

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

As General Harris did not see fit to alter the plan he had formed, both attacks were made in darkness—and both failed. Colonel Wellesley, with only one company of his regiment, got separated from the rest; isolated, assailed at the tope by rockets and by musketry, and the groping about in the dark without a knowledge of the ground, and without a guide, the career of our great Captain was near being closed most prematurely. It may be doubted whether, in all his campaigns, he was ever exposed to more danger than during this unlucky night of the 5th of April 1799. On the 6th the assaults were renewed by broad daylight, and were then attended with entire success. Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Close, who had accompanied Colonel Wellesley on this service, soon returned to General Harris's tent, saying joyfully, "It has been done in high style, and without loss."

All the outworks being carried, approaches were made, and heavy batteries raised against the fortress, Colonel Wellesley commanding in the trenches, and performing other arduous duties. On the 3rd of May, when the breach was practicable, the place was stormed by Major-General Baird, with a party consisting of 2,500 Europeans and 1,800 natives. There was desperate fighting in the breach and upon the ramparts, and even in the interior of the town; but the English flag was soon hoisted over all. It was a long time, however, before General Baird could ascertain what had become of Tippoo. At last, one of the Sultan's officers assured Major Allan that he had been wounded during the storm, and was lying in a gateway on the north face of the fort. Conducted by this officer, Colonel Wellesley (who had come up from the trenches some time before), Major-General Baird, Major Allan, and others, proceeded to the gate. The gateway, arched overhead, was long and dark, and choked up with dead bodies,

"The number of the dead, and the darkness of the place," says Major Allan, "made it difficult to distinguish one person from another; and the scene was altogether shocking. But, aware of the great political importance of ascertaining, beyond the possibility of doubt, the death of Tippoo, the bodies were ordered to be dragged out, and the killedar and two other persons were desired to examine them one after another. This, however, appeared endless; and, as it was now becoming dark, a light was procured, and I accompanied the killedar into the gateway. During the search, we discovered a wounded person lying under the Sultan's palanquin; this man was afterwards ascertained to be Rajah Khan, one of Tippoo's confidential servants. He had attended his master during the whole of the day, and, on being made acquainted with the object of our search, pointed out the spot where the Sultan had fallen. By a faint, glimmering light, it was difficult for the killedar to recognise the features; but the body being brought out, and satisfactorily proved to be that of the Sultan, was conveyed in a palanquin to the palace, where it was again recognised by the eunuchs and other servants of the family. When Tippoo was first brought from under the gateway his eyes were open, and his body was so warm that for a few moments Colonel Wellesley and myself were doubtful whether he was not alive. On feeling his pulse and heart, that doubt was removed. He had four wounds; three in the body, and one in the temple."

A few days after, General Harris directed a regular garrison for Seringapatam, and appointed Colonel Wellesley to the command of it; and the Governor-General afterwards appointed him governor of that part of the Mysore territory which was placed under British authority and protection. It is at this time that the correspondence contained in the "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," lately published, begins.

During several years that he held the command in Mysore, he was fully occupied in organizing the civil and military administration of the country; and in the execution of this task he improved his natural talents for business, military and civil, in all their details, and displayed that quickness of perception, and that sagacity and self-command, which have characterized him throughout the whole course of his military career. From the beginning, also, he paid particular attention to the wants of his soldiers, to the regularity of the supply of provisions, to the management of the hospitals, and to all the particulars of the commissariat and quartermaster-general's departments, which constitute half the business of an army, and, to use his own words, if neglected, "misfortune and disgrace will be the result." In the mean time also, by his justice and humanity, and the strict discipline that he maintained among the troops, he acquired the confidence of the native population of Seringapatam, who, some years after, on his return from the campaign of Assaye, presented to him an affecting address, in which "they implored the God of all castes and of all nations to hear their

constant prayer, that, whenever greater affairs might call him away from them, to bestow on him health, glory, and happiness."

"To this hour," says Captain Moyle Sherer (who wrote about twenty-two years ago), "the memory of all these services, and more particularly of those which he rendered to the terrified and desolate natives in the moment of our triumph and their distress, is cherished by the aged inhabitants of Seringapatam with a grateful feeling, with which we are unwilling to disconnect the after-successes of Colonel Wellesley's life."

The Colonel had not long been military commandant of Seringapatam, ere he devoted his attention to the apparently alien subject of finance, coinage, and exchanges, and prepared a paper, in which he gave proof that he had studied the subjects, and that he "was not less able to project a measure of finance in the closet, than to guide a column in the field." This aptitude for business had been remarked before by those who enjoyed his intimacy; and his brother, the Earl of Mornington, is reported to have said—"I believe Arthur's great strength to be rather in the civil than in the military line."

Early in the year 1800, Colonel Wellesley was called from these peaceful operations into the field, by a daring robber-chief, named Dhoondiah Waugh. This man, of Patan or Mahratta origin, had served in the armies of Hyder and Tippoo. He had deserted the Mysoreans during their war with Lord Cornwallis in 1790, and had placed himself at the head of a fierce and numerous body of banditti in the wild country near the Toombudra river. By stratagem Tippoo had caught him, and he was immured in one of the dungeons of Seringapatam when we took the place. On the very day of the assault he was imprudently released by some of our soldiers, together with other prisoners, who might claim a better right to the liberty. Returning to his old avocations of plunder and murder, he was joined by some of Tippoo's disbanded cavalry, by his former associates, and by other desperate men. He obtained and kept possession of some of the principal towns in Bednore, and soon made himself formidable in that fertile country and the neighbouring territories. With a weak enemy to contend with, Dhoondiah, like Hyder, might have founded a royal dynasty. But Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple and Colonel Stevenson were sent against him with some light infantry and some light horse, and by the middle of August 1799, the banditti and their chief had been cut up, or driven out of Bednore. But Dhoondiah, having fled across the frontier of the Mahratta territory, which Lord Mornington would not at present allow to be violated, found friends and sympathizers among the Mahrattas, and soon reappeared in the field of carnage, stronger than before. The various operations against him cost Wellesley more trouble and exertion, and exposed him to more personal danger, than any of his campaigns against regular armies. In February 1800, a

fellow waited upon him, at Seringapatam, and informed him that he had come from the Mahratta country with a gang engaged by Dhoondiah to murder him, or carry him off when he should go out hunting. He desired the robber to go and join his gang again, and promised him a good reward if he would enable him to surprise and capture them; but to show how little he feared the gang, he went out hunting as usual on the morrow. One of his aides-de-camp fancied he saw some twenty men on horseback, lurking about the jungle; but the robbers were really there, they did nothing. By active movements, some small bands were soon surprised, but still the force of the banditti increased and swelled. "Nothing," says Captain Sherer, "is more remarkable in India than the magic growth of a predatory force. A single adventurer, with no purse, no possession but horse and sword, if he has once rode at the head of a body of freebooters, and got a name for activity and fortune, is sure to be sought out and followed by all whose feet are 'swift to shed blood, and to divide the spoil.' The speck, scarcely visible or noticed in the far distance, approaches, and, behold, a heavy cloud, black with the menace of destruction! Thus, Dhoondiah rode south again with 5,000 horse, and threatened the frontier of Mysore." The robber-chief had by this time assumed the royal title, and in extra or double style, for he called himself "The King of the Two Worlds." This was in the month of April, when Colonel Wellesley was absent on the Malabar coast, but a force was immediately ordered to take the field, and he was appointed to the command of it. At the end of May, when the troops were ready, he wrote to his brother, the Governor-General:—"Dhoondiah is certainly a despicable enemy; but from circumstances he is one against whom we have been obliged to make a formidable preparation. It is absolutely necessary to the peace of this country, and of Canara and Malabar, that that man should be given up to us; and I doubt not that before now you will have made a demand for him upon the government of Poona. If we do not get him, we must expect a general insurrection of all the discontented and disaffected of these countries. I have information that letters have been received by most of them, either from him or from others written in his name, calling upon them to take the opportunity to rebel against the Company's government; and his invasion of our territory is looked to as a circumstance favourable to their views. The destruction of this man, therefore, is absolutely necessary for our tranquillity; and nothing will be more easy, if the Mahrattas are really disposed to enter into the plan. If they are not, it will be a matter of difficulty, and it may become a question whether the whole power of the Company ought not to be turned to this one object." It was clear, that if these robbers crossed the Toombudra river, such an injury would be inflicted on Mysore as would require years to remedy it. Wellesley, therefore, declined the popularity and the profit of an expe-

dition to the island of Batavia, which the Governor-General proposed to him, in company with-Admiral Rainier and the fleet, declaring that, if Dhoondiah were not previously disposed of, no prospect of advantage or of credit to be gained should induce him to quit Mysore. Dhoondiah had an asylum in the Mahratta country. Wellesley recommended that the English should go through with the business until that man was given up, even though it were found necessary to cross the Mahratta frontier in pursuit of him, which could scarcely be done without risking a quarrel with the Peishwa, or the court of Poona. His brother, the Governor-General, authorized him to enter the Mahratta territory, it being evident that the Peishwa was either unable or unwilling to put down the great depredator. Our troops had been already collected on the Toombudra, there being nothing effectual to be done towards destroying Dhoondiah, or dispersing his force, without crossing that frontier river. Towards the end of June, Wellesley joined the troops, crossed the river, and proceeded in person against the freebooters. Some of the Mahratta chiefs, instead of resenting the infringement of their frontiers, now took the field, to co-operate with the English commander. But Dhoondiah and his light-footed bands moved from place to place with great rapidity, taking and plundering several towns, and distancing the British sepoys. On the 30th of June, the robbers defeated one of the Mahratta chiefs in a pitched battle. Goklah, the Mahratta chief, was killed in the affair; but the majority of his troops kept together, and seemed to be determined to continue their co-operation with the English. Proposals were made, not only at the Nizam's court at Hyderabad, but also to Wellesley, to take off Dhoondiah by means of a plot and assassination. "Such an arrangement," said the British commander, "may suit very well at Hyderabad, but I think it unbecoming an officer at the head of a body of troops, and I, therefore, decline to have anything more to do with the business than to hold out a general encouragement. . . . Government have authorized me to offer a reward for him, and I propose to avail myself of this authority as soon as he is at all pressed, and I find that his people begin to drop off from him. This will be, in my opinion, the fittest period. To offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are very different things: the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by an officer at the head of the troops." Throwing a bridge over the river Weidah, and constructing a redoubt for its security, Wellesley stretched forward towards Hoondgul and Budnaghur, being joined in his route by a good many Mahrattas, who had suffered severely from Dhoondiah's rapacious and cruel banditti. That robber, however, was deemed so strong, and so confident, that it was reported on the 11th of July, that he was coming down to meet the English force. "If he does come," said Wellesley, "I shall certainly dash at him immediately."



And on the 13th, Dhoondiah came down with his whole army and his guns, to within four miles of Wellesley's camp, then at Savanore. He examined the camp for some time, from a hill, and then retired. On the morning of the 14th, Wellesley threw his baggage into Savanore, and marched, with five days' provisions, as light as possible, to Hoondgul. But Dhoondiah had slipped away to the jungles, behind Dummul. He had, however, left a garrison of about 600 men in Hoondgul, which was surrounded and stormed on the evening of the 14th, with but trifling loss to the Company's troops. On the 15th, Wellesley marched about seventeen miles to the eastward, to another Mahratta town, which had been seized by the robbers, but which was evacuated. On the next day, the British made another long march to another town, which Dhoondiah's hands had been besieging for some weeks in the country manner. The siege was raised, and the besiegers fled towards the hills and forests. For want of sufficient cavalry, Wellesley could not pursue the fugitives; but Dhoondiah's people now began to desert him in numbers, and the Government proclamation, offering a reward of 30,000 rupees for his head, was now issued. Moreover, another corps, under Colonel Bowser, was coming up in another direction, and Colonel Stevenson was marching against the robbers from another quarter. On the night of the 29th of July, Wellesley was joined by Gokiah's Mahratta cavalry, about 1,000 strong; but, unluckily, the draught and carriage bullocks fell sick, and his progress was delayed by losing one-half of them. The British commander was employed for some days in getting fresh cattle and arranging them in departments for the service of the army. Several times, Dhoondiah was very near him, though he could not be seen. As soon as Wellesley was enabled to resume his march, he pressed forward for Dummul. This was a strong stone fort, well built, with a dry ditch. A garrison which Dhoondiah had left in it, seemed disposed to offer a stout resistance, but on the morning of the 26th of July, Wellesley stormed the fort in three places, and carried it with a trifling loss, which was chiefly attributable to the breaking of the scaling ladders. After this success, he made three forced marches; and on the evening of the 30th of July, he surprised an encampment and the main division of Dhoondiah's forces (which was then preparing to cross over the Malpoorba river), drove into the river or destroyed everybody that was in the camp, took an elephant, several camels, bullocks, horses, and innumerable families, women, children, &c. Dhoondiah was believed not to have been with this part of his army; but Dubber Jung, one of his chief men, was in the camp, put on his armour of mail to fight, mounted his horse, and rode him into the river, where he was drowned. Great numbers met with the same fate. In all, 5,000 men were driven into the river, or otherwise destroyed. On the next morning, some English soldiers swam across the river, which was both broad and rapid, seized a

boat, and got possession of the six guns on the opposite bank. Both boat and artillery were given to the Mahrattas to keep them in good-humour. After this catastrophe, Dhoondiah, with the whole of his remaining force, fled along the banks of the Malpoorba towards the jungles of Kittoor and Soonda. He could not cross the river for want of boats, and was thus ascending to its source. He was closely followed by the corps of Bowser and Stevenson, which had now come up; and Wellesley and his Mahratta allies moved on the flank of these corps, so as to sweep the whole country, to the distance of fifteen miles from the river, and prevent Dhoondiah from doubling on any of his pursuers, or from fleeing between them. "If he goes into the jungles," wrote Wellesley, on the 3rd of August, "we shall easily come up with his rear; if he takes to the plain, I will cross upon him with my detachment." The robbers moved so rapidly that, though Colonel Stevenson got close upon their tail, he could never cut it off; they went quite into the jungles, and beyond the sources of the Malpoorba, and then took to the country on the right bank of that river, and between it and the Gutpoorba. The transport of the guns and stores of a regular army, by such a route as Dhoondiah had taken, must have been attended with great difficulties. Wellesley, therefore, preferred waiting till boats could be constructed, by which he could cross the river many miles below its source. A detachment from Colonel Stevenson's corps, however, still followed Dhoondiah's track, and found the road covered with dead camels, dead bullocks, and people. Colonel Bowser got across the Malpoorba, and advanced to Shapoor, where he found sad evidence of the atrocities which had been committed by the flying robbers. Wellesley crossed the river on the 16th, "to give Dhoondiah one more run between the Gutpoorba and the Malpoorba." "I think," added he, "that I shall have a chance of picking up some baggage, &c.; but it is clear that I shall never catch him." Dhoondiah was now in a bad way, his people were starving, and leaving him, and reproaching him with their misfortunes. He was retorting, and telling them to give up their wives and daughters to the Europeans, whom they were afraid to fight. Even the Patans, the men of his own fierce race and tribe, and the hardiest and most brutal of all the adventurers in India, were leaving him fast.

At this moment, Wellesley had finished his arrangements, so as to be able to press upon him in a few days upon all points at once. Several forts were reduced along the banks of the Malpoorba, and the passes of the river most likely to be fordable were guarded by the Mahrattas. But in spite of every precaution, Dhoondiah and his followers returned suddenly to the bank, crossed the Malpoorba, which had fallen earlier in the season than was usual, at a ford a little above its juncture with the Kistna, and made off with all speed to throw themselves into the Deccan, and ravage that country of our ally and dependant. The

Mahrattas who had been placed at the ford would neither face nor follow the marauders, who left behind them a great quantity of provisions, arms, ammunition, &c. Ten thousand brinjarrees were also taken by Wellesley, who must have caught Dhoondiah on the bank of the river, if the Mahrattas at the fort had done their duty. These brinjarrees gave a curious account of Dhoondiah's system. They told the English commander that the robber still had about 40,000 of their class in his interest; that nearly all the brinjarrees of this part of India, and many on the Deccan, were devoted to his service. Dhoondiah employed them, and gave them the means of living and of making good profits in the following manner:—When he approached a village or a town which was unprotected by a fort, he sent a body of horse and of brinjarrees to levy a contribution. He took to himself all the money he could get, and gave them at a certain low price all the grain and all the cattle they could find; and they afterwards resold the grain and cattle at such profits as his camp would afford. With a trade so profitable to themselves, the brinjarrees shut their eyes to the devastations which Dhoondiah committed.

Colonel Wellesley lost no time in following up the marauders. Crossing the Malpooiba on the 3rd September, he entered the Nizam's territory on the 5th. Not a few of the Nizam's own officers betrayed him and his English allies, doing all that they could to mislead Wellesley and our other commanders. Colonel Stevenson and some Mahratta and Mogul cavalry now stretched across the country, in order to prevent a repetition of Dhoondiah's successful movement. On the 9th of September, the robber moved from a camp which he had occupied for some days towards the Kistna; but on his road he discovered Colonel Stevenson's camp, which he could not hope to pass without fighting. He therefore returned by the way he had come, and encamped about nine miles in Wellesley's front, not knowing that that part of the pursuing army was so near him. On the evening of the 10th of September, Wellesley moved forward, and met Dhoondiah and his army at a place called Conahgul. Dhoondiah was then on his march to the westward, apparently with the design of passing between the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry and the detachments under Wellesley, which last he supposed to be fifteen miles off. Almost as soon as he was seen, he was attacked by the 19th and 25th Dragoons, and 1st and 2nd regiments of native cavalry. His entire force consisted of cavalry, apparently about 5,000 strong: he was strongly posted with his rear and left flank covered by the village and rock of Conahgul. His people stood for some time with apparent firmness; but, such was the rapidity and determination of the charge made by our four regiments, that all of them soon gave way, and were pursued across the country for many miles. In order to equalize the length of their line,

Wellesley had resorted to the bold expedient of forming his four regiments, and charging *in one line*. Many of the marauders and Dhoondiah himself were killed; all the rest were dispersed and scattered in small parties over the face of the country. Part of the baggage had been left in the camp in the rear, from which Dhoondiah had moved only an hour before the battle began. All this, with elephants, camels, &c., was captured by the English cavalry. Among the baggage was found a son of Dhoondiah, a boy about four years old. He was conveyed to Wellesley's tent, where every care was taken of him. When Sir Arthur left India, he placed in the hands of Colonel Symmonds, the judge and collector at Seringapatam, some hundred pounds for the use of the boy. When Colonel Symmonds retired from service, the Honourable Arthur Cole, the resident at the court of Mysore, took charge of him, and placed him in the rajah's service. Salabut Khan, as he was named, grew up a fine, handsome, intelligent youth.

Thus ended the dominion and career of the King of the Two Worlds. "Had you and your regicide army been out of the way," wrote Sir Thomas Munro to Wellesley, "Dhoondiah would undoubtedly have become an independent and powerful prince, and the founder of a new dynasty of cruel and treacherous sultans."

In the month of December of this same eventful year (1800) Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command a body of troops as-embled at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, for foreign service. The expedition was said to be intended either for Batavia or the isle of France. Meantime despatches from England arrived, directing 3,000 men to be sent to the Red Sea, to act against the French in Upper Egypt, while an expedition from England sent into the Mediterranean, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was attacking the French in Lower Egypt. No sooner had Wellesley read these despatches than he made up his mind, and, knowing that his force at Trincomalee was the only disposable force, without orders or instructions, which it was impossible to obtain in time, but for acting without which he might have been cashiered, he proceeded to act on his own responsibility, and removed his troops from Ceylon to Bombay, where they would be some thousand miles nearer the Red Sea and Egypt. He fully expected to have the command of this novel Indian expedition; but, on arriving at Bombay, he found the command was given to his senior, Major-General Sir David Baird. This was, apparently, a severe disappointment. He says, however - and his word is not to be doubted - that he would have accompanied Baird in a subordinate capacity, but for an illness which obliged him to remain behind. In the event, all this proved to be part of his good fortune. The great merit of the novel and bold expedition from the Indian coast to the banks of the Nile was in the original conception, and that belonged neither to Wellesley nor to Baird. Before the expedition

reached Egypt the French were disposed of, and though admirably conducted, and abounding in interest and instruction, it had no opportunity of striking a great blow. If Wellesley had gone with it, he would have lost the much more instructive and decisive campaigns against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; and the glory of the battle of Assaye, which first connected a prestige with his name, would (if, indeed, it had been fought at all) have belonged to another. Though he did not accompany General Baird, he gave him a copy of memoranda, which he had drawn up on the operations to be pursued on the Red Sea and in Egypt. This remarkable document shows what diligent attention he had paid to the subject—what exact information about Egypt—the policy of the Mameluke beys—the real situation and prospects of the French, &c. &c.—he had managed to obtain, even while acting on such a remote and different field as India.

It was impossible for the Earl of Mornington to disapprove of the bold movement his brother had made from Ceylon; but still he thought it ought not to be set up as a precedent, and he required an official explanation of the grounds and motives which had induced the Colonel thus to act upon his own judgment, without waiting for orders. The decided, clear-headed soldier stated his motives at full length, in a remarkable letter, dated Bombay, 23rd March 1801.

Colonel Wellesley made a second stay in Mysore of nearly two years. He was promoted to be Major-General in April 1802, and in February 1803 he was appointed to command a force assembled at Hurrihoor, near the Mahratta territory.

The state of affairs was now more dangerous than ever, for the hollow peace of Amiens had been concluded, and the French had just recovered their Indian possessions. A great man, one that united political genius with military skill and high courage, was wanted for the crisis; and, without incurring the slightest risk of being charged with partiality, the Earl of Mornington could name his own brother. Accordingly, the Governor-General appointed General Wellesley to the chief command of all the British and allied troops serving in the territories of the Peishwa and the Nizam, with full power to direct all the political affairs of the British Government in the said territories.

"After some fruitless negotiations with Scindiah, General Wellesley marched from Poona to the north, and took by escalade the town of Ahmednugger, which was garrisoned by Scindiah's troops. On the 24th of August he crossed the Godavery river, and entered Aurungabad on the 29th. The enemy manifested an intention to cross the river to the eastward and steal a march upon Hyderabad, but were prevented by General Wellesley marching along the left bank of the river, and placing himself between them and that city. On the 12th of September the British General was encamped twenty miles north of the Godavery,

Colonel Stevenson, with the Nizam's auxiliary force, was at some distance from him. Scindiah, who had a large mass of irregular cavalry, avoided a general engagement, being afraid of British discipline, and only thought of carrying on a predatory warfare, supporting his men at the expense of the subjects of the Nizam and other allies of the English, and wearing out the British troops by continual marches and partial affrays. About the middle of September General Wellesley learned that Scindiah had been reinforced by sixteen battalions of infantry, commanded by French officers, and a large train of artillery, and that the whole of his force was assembled near the banks of the Kaitna river."

On the 21st of September, General Wellesley had a conference with Colonel Stevenson, and a combined attack on the enemy was concerted. The General and the Colonel were to advance by two parallel routes round the hills between Budnapoor and Jaulna, so as to fall at the same time upon the Mahrattas. Wellesley arrived at Naulwah on the 23rd, and there learned that Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had moved off in the morning with all their cavalry, and that their infantry were about to follow, though, as yet, they were in camp, at the distance of six miles. He determined to march upon this infantry, and cut it up at once. Colonel Stevenson, who was then about eight miles on Wellesley's left, was informed of this intention, and directed to advance. The General moved forward with the 19th Dragoons, and three regiments of native cavalry, to reconnoitre, his infantry consisting of two British and five native battalions, following the horse at the best of their speed.

After a rapid march of about four miles, Wellesley saw, from an elevated plain, not only their infantry, but the whole force of the Mahrattas, nearly 50,000 men, encamped on the north side of the Kaitna river, the banks of which were very steep. The Mahratta right, consisting of cavalry, was about Bokerton; their infantry corps, connected with the cavalry, and having with them ninety pieces of artillery, were encamped near the village of Assaye, or As-ye.

Shout Britain for the battle of As-ye,  
For that was a day,  
When we stood in our array,  
Like the lion turn'd to bay,  
And the battle word was "Conquer or die!"

Although the enemy were so much stronger than he had expected to find them, no thought of retreat was entertained. Wellesley resolved to attack the infantry on its left and rear, and for that purpose he moved his little army to a ford some distance beyond the enemy's extreme left. Leaving the Mysore and other irregular cavalry to watch the Mahratta cavalry, and crossing the river with only his regular horse and infantry, he passed the ford, ascended the difficult steep bank, and formed his men in three lines, two of infantry, and the third of horse. This was effected

under a brisk cannonade from the enemy's artillery. Scindiah, or the French officer who directed his movements, promptly made a corresponding change in his line, giving a new front to his infantry, which was now made to rest its right on the river, and its left upon the village of Assaye and the Juah stream, which flowed in a direction parallel with the Kaitna. The Mahrattas' numerous and well-served cannon did terrible execution among our advancing lines, knocking over men and bullocks, and completely drowning the weak sound of our scanty artillery. At one moment, such a gap was made by cannon-ball in our right, that some of the Mahratta cavalry attempted to charge through it; but the British cavalry in the third line came up, and drove back the Mahrattas with great slaughter. Finding his own artillery of little or no use (the guns could not be brought up for lack of bullocks), General Wellesley gave orders that it should be left in the rear, and that the infantry should charge with the bayonet. His steady resolute advance, in the teeth of their guns, had already awed the Mahrattas, who would not now stand to meet the collision of the bright English steel: their infantry gave way, and abandoned their terrible guns. One body of them formed again, and presented a bold front; but Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell charged them with the British cavalry, broke and dispersed them, and was killed in the moment of victory. Wellesley's sepoys having proceeded too far in pursuit, many of Scindiah's artillerymen, who had thrown themselves down among the carriages of their guns as though they were dead, got to their feet again, and turned their pieces against the rear of the advancing sepoys; and at the same time the Mahratta cavalry, which had been hovering round throughout the battle, were still near: but Maxwell's exploit speedily led to the silencing of this straggling artillery fire, and to the headlong flight of Scindiah's disciplined infantry, who went off, and left ninety pieces of cannon, nearly all brass and of the proper calibres, in the hands of the conqueror. General Wellesley led the 78th British infantry in person against the village of Assaye, which was not cleared without a desperate combat. It was near dark night when the firing ceased. The splendid victory cost General Wellesley twenty-two officers and 386 men killed, and fifty-seven officers and 1,526 men wounded, excluding the irregular cavalry, which remained on the other side of the river, and had not been engaged: the total number of killed and wounded amounted to nearly one third of his force. The General himself had two horses killed under him—one shot and the other piked: every one of his staff officers had one or two horses killed, and his orderly's head was knocked off by a cannon-ball as he rode close by his side. The enemy, who fled towards the Adjunttee Ghaut, through which they had passed into the Deccan, left 1,200 dead, and a great number badly wounded, on the field of battle.

Colonel Stevenson, who had encountered some unexpected obstacles, did not arrive at Assaye until the day after the combat, when he was immediately despatched after the flying enemy.

While General Wellesley was defeating the Mahrattas in the south, General Lake gained a complete victory at Allyghur, in the plains of Hindostan, over another part of their force under M. Perron, which had occupied Delhi. The Mahratta power was now broken, and after several marches and countermarches, and desultory negotiations, Scindiah asked and obtained a truce at the beginning of November; but the Rajah of Berar still kept the field, and General Wellesley, coming up with him on the plains of Argaum, found Scindiah's cavalry, together with the Rajah's forces, drawn up in battle-array. The battle of Argaum was fought on the 29th of November 1803. The British line advanced in the best order; the 74th and 78th regiments were attacked by a large body of Persian mercenaries in the service of the Rajah of Berar, which was entirely destroyed. Scindiah's cavalry charged one of the Company's regiments, and was repulsed, when the whole Mahratta line retired in disorder, leaving thirty-eight pieces of cannon and all their ammunition in the hands of the British. The British cavalry pursued the enemy for several miles, taking many elephants, camels, and much baggage. Colonel Stevenson soon after took by storm the strong fort of Gawlihur, and this exploit concluded the campaign. The Rajah of Berar now sued for peace, and General Wellesley drew up the conditions of the treaty, by which the Rajah ceded to the Company the province of Cuttack with the district of Balasore, and dismissed his European officers. Scindiah was glad to follow the example, and on the 30th of December he signed a treaty of peace, by which he ceded to the Company all the country between the Jumna and the Ganges, besides numerous forts. In the following February (1804), General Wellesley crossed the Godavery to put down the independent freebooting parties, which were carrying devastation through the West Deccan. Following them rapidly from hill to hill, he gradually dispersed them, and took their guns, ammunition, and baggage. The fatigue attending these operations was such, that General Wellesley, after a lapse of many years, still spoke of it as the most laborious service in which he had been engaged. Peace was thus restored to the peninsula of India.

In March 1804, General Wellesley visited Bombay, where he was received with all honour. The British inhabitants of the place presented an address to him, in which they declared, with equal brevity and truth, that he was a commander, "great in the cabinet as in the field." They voted him a sword of the value of £1,000, and the officers of the army of the Deccan gave him a service of plate of the value of 2,000 guineas, with the inscription—"Battle of Assaye, September 23rd, 1803."



But these were trifling tributes compared with the respect (the admiration falling little short of idolatry) which was paid to the statesman and soldier, not only by his companions in arms, but by all branches of the Service—by every man in India that knew his exploits, and approached his person.

Considering the climate and the seasons, his fatigues, during the Maharatta war, had been prodigious ; but, happily, his constitution was vigorous and sound, and his frame admirably calculated to sustain the hardest work and the hardest living. "General Wellesley," says Captain Sherer, "was a little above the middle height, well limbed, and muscular ; with little incumbrance of flesh beyond that which gives shape and manliness to the outline of the figure ; with a firm tread, an erect carriage, a countenance strongly patrician, both in feature, profile, and expression, and an appearance remarkable and distinguished : few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of a something strange and penetrating in his clear light eye. Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the matter of what he uttered ; nor did he ever in his life affect any peculiarity or pomp of manner, or rise to any coarse, weak loudness in his tone of voice. It was not so that he gave expression to excited feeling.

"It may be here with propriety observed, and it is important to the younger officers who may read this, that General Wellesley was a man temperate in all his habits ; using the table, but above its pleasures : and it is not to be found on record, that he was ever *the slave* of any of those frailties, without an occasional subjection to which few men pass the fiery ordeal of a soldier's life. He was, however, much in camps ; and a camp is so truly the nursery of manly virtues, that few officers advanced in life can look back upon days so unoffending, or nights of such light repose, as those passed in the ready field. To sum all up, he was a British nobleman serving his king and country with heart and hand ; and while British noblemen continue to do thus, may their lands be broad, their mansions wide, and their names honoured !"

On the 24th of June 1804, General Wellesley broke up the army in the Deccan, and in the following month he returned to Seringapatam, where he received from the native inhabitants that grateful and affecting addresses, which has already been cited. The voice of faction could afterwards utter the calumnious falsehood, that Wellington was a merciless man—a man of iron, with no more feeling than one of his guns. But during the whole of his career in India, as afterwards in Portugal and Spain, though ever firm and just, he was invariably inclined to humanity and mercy, whenever they could be exercised without detriment to justice or to the safety of others. His despatches contain innumerable proofs of this kind disposition. The following is very characteristic in its expression :—The Mahratta Peishwa, whom we had

helped to restore, like most Indian princes, knew nothing of forgiveness, being "callous to everything but money and revenge." General Wellesley interposed to screen some Mahratta chiefs from his vengeance. "The war," said he, "will be eternal, if nobody is ever to be forgiven; and I certainly think that the British Government cannot intend to make *the British* troops the instruments of the Peishwa's revenge. . . . When the power of the Company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures."

In the month of March 1804, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services were likewise published in the general orders. On the 9th of that month he took leave of his army, in a brief and manly address, dated from Fort St George. After expressing the regret he felt in bidding farewell to officers and troops with whom he had served so long, he said,—

"Upon every occasion, whether in garrison or in the field, the Major-General has had reason to be satisfied with their conduct: he once more returns them his thanks, and assures them that he shall never forget their services, or cease to feel a lively interest in whatever may concern them.

"He earnestly recommends to the officers of the army never to lose sight of the general principles of the military service, to preserve the discipline of the troops, and to encourage in their respective corps the spirit and sentiments of gentlemen and of soldiers, as the most certain road to the attainment of everything that is great in their profession."

These were not *pro forma* words, but deeply-felt sentiments. Whenever, in after life, this illustrious man found an officer or soldier who had served worthily under him in India, he gave some substantial proof that he had not ceased to feel the lively interest which he had professed.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was now appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry quartered at Hastings. In the preceding month of January, on the death of the Marquis Cornwallis, he had been made colonel of his own highly prized 33rd regiment. In the same year (1806) he was elected member for the borough of Rye, and from his seat in the House of Commons he ably defended the Indian administration of his brother, which was furiously assailed in Parliament by a crazy person of the name of Paull, who had been here as a tailor in Perth, but who had subsequently been some years in India.

In April 1807, Sir Arthur was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in that capacity swore a member of his Majesty's Privy Council. He accepted this civil appointment on the condition that it should not interfere with his military promotion or pursuits. The Duke of Richmond was Lord-Lieutenant of that part of the United Kingdom. Sir Arthur was received with delight by his old friends in Ireland. I regret that I have no better authority (in print) than Sir Jonah Barrington,

who says—"he was still in all material traits Arthur Wellesley, but it was Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved." Common report, however, affirms that he had the same unassuming carriage as when he was only a young aide-de-camp; that he was most attentive to business; that his public acts were distinguished by impartiality and good sense, and that he introduced several valuable reforms—particularly in the police of Dublin.

\*But he could not long be spared for the discharge of duties like these. In August of the same year (1807) he was appointed to a command in the expedition sent to Copenhagen, under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, having for his companions and coadjutors General Lord Rosslyn, Major-General Robert MacFarlane, and his able and fast friend Lieutenant-Colonel George Murray, who acted as Quartermaster-General, and was qualifying himself for that most important post, the duties of which he afterwards performed so admirably in the Spanish peninsula.

On the 29th of August, General Wellesley's division attacked the Danish troops in a strong entrenched position at Kiøge, carried their works, entered the town of Kiøge, and took a large military store, with nearly 1,200 prisoners. This was the only action of any importance by land. The bombardment of Copenhagen—which followed the affair of Kiøge—having induced the crowned prince of Denmark to listen to terms, General Wellesley, with Lieutenant-Colonel Murray and Sir Home Popham, captain of the fleet, was appointed by Lord Cathcart to draw up the articles of the capitulation. These articles were agreed to by the Danish Government on the 7th of September; and the Danish fleet and naval stores—which must otherwise have fallen into the clutches of the French—were delivered to the British Government, to be kept until the conclusion of a general peace. Sir A. Wellesley returned to England with this very successful expedition, and for a short time resumed his duties as Chief Secretary for Ireland. In the following February (1808) he received, in his place in the Commons, the thanks of that House for his important services in Denmark.

By this time a military force was assembled at Cork, and ready to move wherever its services might be required. It had been originally intended to act against the Spanish colonies in South America, for Spain had been forced into an alliance with France, and had been several years at open war with England. But the unprincipled invasion of Spain and Portugal by Buonaparte, his kidnapping the Spanish royal family, and the insults offered by his soldiery to the people of the Peninsula, kindled a consuming fire in those countries, and gave a new destination to this English force. The enraged Spaniards sent to London to implore for assistance. Juntas, or local governments, were formed, and peace was proclaimed between Spain and England. It was then resolved

to send the military force assembled at Cork to the coast of the Peninsula, and Sir Arthur, who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General in April, was appointed in June to take the command. The force consisted of about 9,000 infantry, and one regiment of Light Dragoons—the 20th. A small army this to face the strong legions of the French, who were all flushed with victory and the growing confidence that they were invincible. But the British Government promised early reinforcements to the extent of 10,000 more men.

Sir Arthur was in Dublin when (on or about the 3rd of July) he received his final instructions from Lord Castlereagh, who nobly supported him in the arduous career upon which he was now entering, and who proved himself a far better War Minister than any England had known for many years. With his habitual promptitude, the General prepared for an immediate departure. By the 9th of July he had completed the embarkation of the troops, but contrary winds delayed the departure until the 12th. On the 13th, the fleet was clear of the Irish coast, and then Sir Arthur parted company with it, sailing in the *Crocodile* frigate for Corunna.

While he is crossing the Bay of Biscay a few words may be said on the nature of the struggle in which he was to engage, and of the prevailing temper of the Spaniards. The Peninsula had now become nothing less than the field on which the great question was to be decided—whether France, through Napoleon Buonaparte and his marshals and generals, was to govern Europe, and dictate as she pleased to all other states, England included? The Spanish people were in many respects fitted for the struggle. And here I quote with pleasure a passage written by an officer in our army, who knows that people well, and who had previously witnessed the horrors of French warfare in other countries. "They (the Spaniards) were determined even to obstinacy, enduring of privation, proud and reserved, prone to enthusiasm, and, generally speaking, ignorant of worldly affairs. This last deficiency assisted them greatly in their resistance. If they had been better acquainted with the history of Europe; if they had been more calculating, commercial, and refined, they might have shrunk from the fearful contest. They might have paused ere they attempted to face, with their raw battalions, those fierce and well-appointed phalanxes which had fought and conquered in a hundred pitched battles, and at whose encounter the splendid armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia had been dissolved as by the touch of a magician's wand."

Sir Arthur Wellesley reached Corunna on the 20th of July, and, according to Lord Castlereagh's instructions, he put himself in immediate communication with the Junta of Galicia. The Spanish deputies, who had gone to England from the Asturias and Galicia, had requested the employment of an auxiliary force, to effect a diversion, by landing

on some point of the coast of Portugal, in which kingdom the insurrection had not then begun. Their own native provinces, the mountainous regions of the Asturias and Galicia, were as yet untouched by the French; they formed, or were thought to form, the main strength of the Spanish patriots in the north; and the deputies, for their own immediate use, had asked only for arms and money. Some doubts were reasonably entertained by the British Government whether the Asturians and Galicians would make the best use of these succours, and whether Spanish armies and irregular tumultuary levies could drive the French out of the Peninsula, without the assistance of a disciplined English army.

Sir Arthur, in his first conference with the Junta of Galicia, found those Spaniards full of confidence. Although the battle of Rio Seco had been lost, and the battle of Baylen not yet won, they declined the assistance of a British auxiliary force; but they advised General Wellesley to land in Portugal, to rescue that kingdom from the French, and thus open a regular communication between the north and south of Spain. He was assured that in many places detachments of the French had been defeated by the Spanish people, and that whole armies of them would soon be annihilated. Some money, which he brought with him and gave them, elated the members of the Junta still more. He could not see, either in them or in the inhabitants of the town, any symptom of alarm, or any doubt of their final success. The Junta said that they could put any number of men into the field, if they were only amply provided with money and arms. His quick eye saw, at a glance, that a great deal more was wanting than arms and money, and that the disinclination to receive the assistance of British troops was founded, in a great degree, on Spanish pride, and on the objection to give the command of their own troops to British officers, although it was but too apparent that they had few or no capable Spanish officers. He saw all the difficulties of the case in their true light, and at once told our ministers, who were far too sanguine, and who appear to have believed that the Spaniards had far more resources than they possessed, that they must assist all the Spanish provinces with money, arms, and ammunition. He referred to the great division of political power caused by the establishment of so many Juntas; but he was not quite certain that each of the kingdoms of Spain should not be governed by its own Junta, and he was convinced that the general zeal and exertions of each were greater at present than they would be if the whole kingdom were under the direction of one body. The Junta at Corunna recommended him not to land at Lisbon, or in the neighbourhood of the French army. His own views, and his general instructions, were in favour of a landing in Portugal; but he determined not to fix upon the spot until he obtained more accurate information.

On the night of the 21st of July, he set sail from Corunna, to look after the transports and the fleet that were conveying his army.

On the 1st of August, the troops were landed near the town of Figueira, according to orders and rules most precisely laid down by the General. On the 5th of August, General Spencer joined from Cadiz, with about 4,000 men, thus raising the entire force, under Sir Arthur's command, to 13,000 foot, and 400 or 500 cavalry ; but 150 of the 20th Light Dragoons were dismounted.

Having landed our hero on the scene of his glory—on the ground where he was first to measure swords with the invincible French—I close this chapter.





## CHAPTER II.

Advance upon Lisbon—Battle of Vimeiro—Convention of Cintra—French evacuate Portugal—Sir Arthur Wellesley again on Civil Service in Ireland—Takes the Chief Command of the Army in Portugal—Drives Marshal Soult out of the country—Battle of Talavera—Advance of Massena—Battle of Busaco—Lines of Torres Vedras—Battle of Fuentes de Onoro—Battle of Albuera—First Siege of Badajoz.

THE French force in Portugal, under Junot, consisted of about 17,000 men, 3,000 of whom were shut up in garrisons at Almeida, Elvas, Setubal, and other places. There, therefore, remained about 14,000 men for the defence of Lisbon. Junot's communications with the French in Spain were cut off, for, since the surrender of Dupont (at Baylen) the Spanish patriots were masters of Andalusia and Estremadura, and in old Castile the French corps had not advanced westward farther than Benavente, being observed and checked by the Spanish army of Galicia. About the same time the French, weakened and alarmed by the surrender of Dupont with his entire division, hastily abandoned Madrid, and retired to the Ebro. A clear stage was, therefore, left for the contest in Portugal between Wellesley and Junot, whose respective forces, disposable for the field, were nearly equal. But the French had the advantage of a considerable body of cavalry, while the English were very weak in that arm.

Our advanced guard moved from their ground upon the Mondego on the 9th of August, taking the route to Lisbon, and was followed on the 10th by the main body of the army. Though provisions were not over-abundant, and the heat was somewhat oppressive, all the men were in high spirits; they had confidence in their great leader and in their officers; and the brilliant, glowing atmosphere, and the novelty and beauty of the scenery, enlivened the hearts of the dullest. "Upon this wide theatre of fierce and sanguinary warfare was now first heard the careless whistle and the cheerful laughter of the English soldier. He, stranger alike to the violent and vindictive feelings which animated the invader and the inhabitant, marched gaily forward, looking for a combat as for some brave pastime."

Junot having abandoned the provinces, keeping only the fortresses of

Elvas and Almeida, now collected his forces in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. He sent a division of about 5,000 men, under Delaborde, towards Leiria, to keep the English in check; and he ordered Loison, who had returned from a butchering expedition into Alemtejo, and had crossed the Tagus at Abrantes, to join Delaborde at Leiria. But the rapid advance of Wellesley obliged Delaborde to fall back before he could be joined again by Loison.

Delaborde, however, determined to make a stand *alone* in the favourable position of Rolica, hoping every moment to see Loison appear on his right. It was pleasant and picturesque ground this on which our first affair in the Peninsula took place. The romantic village of Rolica, with its vines, olive groves, and quiet gardens, stands upon an eminence at the head of that valley, in the midst of which, distant about eight miles, rises the insulated hill Obidos, crowned by an old Moorish fort. In front of Rolica, upon a small plain, on the table-land, Delaborde drew up his division in order of defence. The favourable points upon the hills on either side, and in the valley below, were occupied by his outposts. Behind him, scarcely a mile to the rear, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira offered a second position parallel to the first, and stronger than it. The valley leading from Obidos to Rolica is walled in on the left by rocks and rude heights, rising one above the other till they are finally lost in the lofty dark summits of the Sierra de Baragueda. Up this valley, General Wellesley, after driving the French pickets from Obidos, marched on the 17th to attack Delaborde, with 9,000 men, all British troops, except 250 Portuguese cavalry and 400 light troops of that nation. But at the same time, two columns of attack were moving against the French; that on the left was conducted by General Ferguson along the lower ridges of the Sierra de Baragueda, being destined to turn the right of Delaborde's position, and interpose between him and the expected division of Loison; the column on the right, consisting of 1,000 Portuguese foot, and fifty of their horse, was led by Colonel Tiant, and intended to menace the left flank of the French. From his first position in front of Rolica, Delaborde was soon driven with loss. The brisk attack of the brigades of Hill and Nightingale, and the skilful disposition which had caused both his flanks to be menaced at the same moment, determined his retreat.

Covered by his cavalry, Delaborde moved rapidly, and in good order, to his second line of defence, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira, which could be approached only by dark ravines, and steep rugged pathways winding among rocks and briars; but the ridge, so short and narrow that it scarcely afforded moving room to the assailers and the assailed, was gained by the British 9th and 29th, who were soon supported by other troops from our rear, and favoured by another threatening movement on the French flank. Delaborde could hold that



height no longer; though wounded himself, he rallied his men, and attempted to make another stand near a village, but he was soon driven thence, and leaving three of his guns upon the field, and marching all night, he withdrew for Torres Vedras, where he was joined by Loison's corps: he was well protected on the retreat by his cavalry; and Sir Arthur was too weak in that arm to follow him up. We lost two lieutenant-colonels, one of them the brave son of a brave father, and about 480 men in killed and wounded. The loss of the French was supposed to be above 600. "But," says a writer, who never confidently makes an incorrect assertion, "it must be observed here, once for all, that the losses of the French throughout the war were never accurately known, as they published no returns, whilst the British official returns of killed, wounded, and prisoners, made by the respective officers in command of regiments after a battle, were always published in the 'Gazette.' In fact, there were no means in France, under Napoleon, of knowing the truth concerning their armies abroad; and this is one of the many differences between the two services."

On the 18th, General Wellesley advanced to Lourmha, keeping along the coast road leading to Mafra. On the 19th, he moved on to Vimeira, where he was joined the next day by Generals Anstruther and Ackland, with two brigades just arrived on the coast from England, and which raised his force to about 17,000 British, besides 1,600 Portuguese. But at this critical moment Sir Arthur was superseded in the command!

In spite of the discouraging voice of the very unpatriotic opposition, ministers at home had become sensible of the propitious appearance of affairs in the Peninsula, and were fully determined to increase the army employed in Portugal, but upon these very grounds they also determined to entrust the chief command to some officer higher or more ancient in the service than Sir Arthur Wellesley. This was quite according to the wheel of routine, which had gone far to grind down all genius and spirit in the superior classes of the officers of our army. In India, at Copenhagen, even in this opening campaign in Portugal, Wellesley had given the highest proofs of military genius; but there were generals in the service much more ancient than he. It might have happened that this active, indefatigable man, whose physical powers were, in their kind, as perfect as his intellectual qualities, should have been superseded by a worn-out old man, incapable of bearing the heat of the climate, or of sitting three hours consecutively on horseback.

As soon as it was resolved to raise this army to 30,000 men, ministers gave the chief command to Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was at Gibraltar, acting as governor in that fortress and colony, and they appointed Sir Harry Burrard to be Sir Hew's second in command, leaving Sir John Moore, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Generals J Hope, Sir E. Paget, and Mackenzie Frazer to command respective divisions of

the army. Wellesley was thus reduced from first to fourth. Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir John Moore were both officers of great merit, and generous, high-minded men ; but quite so much could not be said of Sir Harry Burrard ; and the very best of the three, Sir John Moore, was immeasurably inferior to Sir Arthur Wellesley. Accidents, and the order in which the new appointed generals arrived, made a bad scheme worse. There was, probably, not a man or an officer in the army but was anxious to advance. Sir Harry Burrard, however, was of opinion that no further advance ought to be made until the arrival of the reinforcements under Sir John Moore. But the enemy, in the meantime, was bringing the question to a speedy solution.

That very night there rose the cry that the French were coming. Having posted his army in excellent positions, in the valley of Vimeira, and on the hills round the village, General Wellesley was retiring to rest, when, at the hour of midnight, a German officer of dragoons galloped into the camp, and reported that Junot was advancing to the attack, at the head of 20,000 men, and was only one hour's march distant. Undisturbed by this inflated report, Sir Arthur merely sent out patrols, and warned the guards and pickets to be on the alert. "It may be remarked, in passing," says Capt. M. Sherer, "that no general ever received reports with such calm caution as Sir Arthur Wellesley. Suddenly awaked, he would hear an alarming account from the front with a quiet, and—to many a bustling intelligent officer—a provoking coolness, and turn again to his sleep as before. Few, if any, are the instances, during the war, of his putting the troops under arms by night, or disappointing them unnecessarily of one hour of repose. An hour before dawn, the British, when near an enemy, are always under arms."

As the sun rose on the following morning—the not inglorious 21st of August—all eyes in our camp were fixed in the direction of Torres Vedras, which is only nine miles from Vimeira, with a hilly rugged country between. But no enemy appeared. At about 7 o'clock, however, a cloud of dust rose behind the hills nearest to the British positions ; and at 8 o'clock, some French cavalry were seen crowding the heights to the southward, and sending forward scouts and skirmishers. This was rapidly followed by the apparition of a mass of French infantry, preceded by other cavalry ; and then column after column followed in order of battle.

Again, the scene of bloody conflict was eminently pleasant and picturesque. Vimeira, a pretty village, stands in a lovely and peaceful valley, through which flows the gentle, little river of Maceira ; the village is screened from the sea by some mountain heights ; and beyond the valley, the country swells into bold hills. The village was the principal place in our lines ; and in it were lodged the park, the com-

missariat, and that noisy crowd of animals and followers which mark the presence of an army.

Junot, having joined Delaborde and Loison at Torres Vedras, was at the head, not of 20,000, but of about 14,000 men, of whom 1,600 were excellent cavalry. At 10 o'clock in the morning, he began the battle with a hot fire of artillery.

The principal attacks were made upon the British centre and left, the French being quite sure, this time, that they would drive the English into the sea, which was rolling close in their rear. The first attack was made with great bravery and impetuosity, but it was as gallantly repulsed by our people. But for Wellesley's lamentable deficiency in cavalry, the battle would have been finished then; for Colonel Taylor, galloping among the confused French, with the very few horsemen he commanded, scattered them with great execution. But Margaron's formidable squadrons of horse came down upon Taylor, killed him, and cut half of his feeble squadron to pieces. Taking advantage of this check, the French threw part of their reserve into a pine-wood which flanked the line of retreat, and sent the rest of their reserve to reinforce the divisions that were repeating the attack. But, again, the assailants were repulsed at all points; General Solignac made a capital mistake, General Brennier was wounded and made prisoner; the British separated the French brigades from each other, and, pressing forward with the bayonet, they completely broke and scattered the enemy, who went off in confusion, leaving many prisoners and fourteen cannon behind them. The loss of the French, in killed and wounded, at the battle of Vimeira, was estimated at about 1,800; that of the British being exactly 720. Only about one-half of our force was actually engaged. Except the part of the reserve, which had been thrown into the pine-wood, the whole of Junot's force was brought into action. It was only noonday when the affair, which began at 10 A.M., was decided. The 4th and 8th British brigades had suffered very little; the Portuguese, the 5th and the 1st British brigades, had not fired a shot, and the latter was two miles nearer to Torres Vedras than was any part of the disheartened and confused French army. There was abundant time, and an admirable opportunity, for annihilating Junot; but Sir Harry Burrard had landed, and had brought with him his senility and irresolution. He had been present on the field during part of the engagement; but he had declined assuming the command, or interfering in any way with Sir Arthur's admirable arrangements, until the enemy was repulsed. Then, however, when Major-General Ronald Ferguson, on our left, was close upon the running French, when General Hill was ready to spring forward upon Torres Vedras by a shorter road than the French could take, and when General Wellesley would have followed up his victory by a general and rapid movement forward, Sir Harry Burrard demurred, thinking it un-

wise to hazard the fortune of the day—thinking it advisable, on account of the superiority of the French in cavalry, not to move any farther, but to suspend offensive operations, and wait at Vimeira for the arrival of Sir John Moore. Accordingly, Ferguson was ordered to desist from pursuit; Hill was called in, and the French officers, to their astonishment, were allowed to rally their men, and make good their retreat to the admirable position of Torres Vedras. In a letter addressed to the Duke of York, Sir Arthur Wellesley said, with a most rare and admirable coolness,—“I think, if General Hill’s brigade and the advanced-guard had moved forward, the enemy would have been cut off from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him; if, indeed, any French army had remained in Portugal. But Sir Harry Burrard, who was at this time upon the ground, still thought it advisable not to move from Vimeira.” But Sir Arthur’s heart was warmer when, in the same letter, he came to speak to the royal duke of the merits of the men and officers who had fought under him at Vimeira. These were his memorable words,—“I cannot say too much in favour of the troops; their gallantry and their discipline were equally conspicuous; and, I must add, that *this is the only action that I have ever been in in which everything passed as it was directed, and no mistake was made by any of the officers charged with its conduct.*”

On the very day after the battle—on the 22nd of August—Sir Hew Dalrymple, arriving in a frigate from Gibraltar, landed, and superseded Sir Harry Burrard, as Sir Harry had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley. Thus, owing to the unwise arrangements of our Government, the army, within twenty-four hours, had successively three commanders-in-chief! The time for prosecuting the victory was gone before Sir Hew Dalrymple could set foot on shore; and popular clamour and parliamentary criticism were guilty of great injustice towards Sir Hew, both with regard to the battle of Vimeira and the convention which followed it.

In the course of the 22nd (the day of Sir Hew’s landing), the French general, Kellerman, appeared, with a flag of truce, on the part of Junot, to propose an armistice, preparatory to entering upon a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. The terms were discussed between General Kellerman and Sir Hew Dalrymple, who, in the end, directed General Wellesley to sign the armistice. Among the articles there was one which prejudged the terms of the final convention, by stipulating that the French army should not “in any case” be considered as prisoners of war, and that all the individuals composing it should be carried to France with arms and baggage, and “their private property, of every description, from which nothing should be detained!” This, of course, would include the church plate and other public and private property that the French had taken either at Lisbon or in the various towns which they had sacked, in consequence of the insurrec-

tion, and which they had divided among themselves. General Wellesley did not "entirely approve of the manner in which the instrument was worded;" but the articles, being laid before the Commander-in-Chief, were signed by him that same evening.

The French embarked in the month of September, and the British troops took possession of the forts of Lisbon in the name of the Prince Regent of Portugal. The whole country being now free from the enemy, a council of regency was appointed, of which the active Bishop of Oporto was a member. The joy of the Portuguese, in general, was manifested in the most unequivocal manner. But in England the terms of the convention were the subject of severe and loud censure, and the Government appointed a board of inquiry to examine into the matter. Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard were recalled, in order to be examined by the board, as well as Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had already asked and obtained leave to return to England. The court sat in the month of November, and, after a long examination, reported, that the convention of Cintra having been productive of great advantages to Portugal, to the army and navy, and to the general service, the court was of opinion that no further military proceeding was necessary on the subject, "because, however some of us may differ in our sentiments respecting the fitness of the convention in the relative situation of the two armies, it is our unanimous declaration that unquestionable zeal and firmness appear throughout to have been exhibited by Lieutenant-Generals Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, as well as that the ardour and gallantry of the rest of the officers and soldiers, on every occasion during this expedition, have done honour to the troops and reflected lustre on your Majesty's arms." The King adopted the opinion of the board, that no further military proceedings were necessary, but, at the same time, expressed publicly, "his disapprobation of those articles of the convention in which stipulations were made affecting the interests or feelings of the Spanish and Portuguese nations."

Sir Arthur Wellesley's examination before the board of inquiry ought to have added greatly to his reputation as a wise and great soldier: yet, for a time, it appeared as if he was destined to be deprived of the conduct of our Peninsular army. In the month of December he proceeded to Ireland, and resumed his old civil post as Chief Secretary. Parliament having reassembled in January 1809, he returned to London and took his seat in the Commons. On the 27th of January, he received, through the Speaker, the thanks of that House for his distinguished services in Portugal. The Speaker, Mr. Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester), always performed these offices with grace, dignity, and warm eloquence; and even the proudest and most carping members were electrified when, with his fine voice, he pronounced these words:—

"It is your praise to have inspired your troops with unshaken confidence and unbounded ardour ; to have commanded, not the obedience alone, but the hearts and affections of your companions in arms ; and, having planned your operations with the skill and promptitude which have so eminently characterized all your former exertions, you have again led the armies of your country to battle, with the same deliberate valour and triumphant success which have long since rendered your name illustrious in the remotest parts of this empire.

"Military glory has ever been dear to this nation ; and great military exploits, in the field or upon the ocean, have their sure reward in royal favour and the gratitude of Parliament. It is, therefore, with the highest satisfaction, that, in this fresh instance, I now proceed to deliver to you the thanks of this House."

A few days after this, the House of Lords passed resolutions to the same effect, which were communicated to Sir Arthur by Lord Chancellor Eldon.

*Campaign of 1809.*—The too confident Spaniards were throwing away army after army in blundering and in fighting pitched battles with the French veterans. Portugal, in which there had not been a Frenchman left, was again menaced. Our Government resolved to increase the forces in the Peninsula, and to aid both Spaniards and Portuguese, and, in spite of numerous orators and writers who represented the attempt as the height of madness, they took measures for entering upon the war on a larger and a bolder scale. The Duke of York and Lord Castlereagh supported the claims of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the general feeling of the nation was that he, and he alone, was the chief-commander we wanted. In a memorandum, dated 7th of March, Sir Arthur delivered his decided opinion that Portugal might be defended, whatever were the result of the contest in Spain ; and that, in the meantime, the measures adopted for the defence of Portugal would be highly useful to the Spaniards in their contest with the French. His notions were—that the Portuguese military establishments ought, by means of English assistance, to be raised to 40,000 militia and 30,000 regulars, that the British troops ought to be raised to 20,000 infantry and 4,000 or 5,000 cavalry, with an increased rifle corps and considerably more artillery ; that, even if Spain should be conquered, the French would not be able to overrun Portugal with a smaller force than 100,000 men ; and that as long as the contest should continue in Spain, the united British and Portuguese army, if it could be put into a state of activity, would be most serviceable to the Spaniards, and *might eventually decide the contest.*

In this remarkable document, short as it was, nearly everything was foreseen and provided for. The proper expenditure of our subsidies, the means of reforming the bad management of the Portuguese

finances, the means of reforming the Portuguese troops, and the means of victualling the allied armies in an impoverished and wasted country, were all considered with wonderful sagacity and wisdom. As indispensable parts of his plans, Sir Arthur laid it down that the Portuguese must be placed under the command of British officers; that the whole staff of the army, *the commissariat in particular*, must be British, and that these two departments must be greatly increased. "But for the care taken by Sir Arthur Wellesley of the commissariat, which other commanders-in-chief had been accustomed woefully to neglect, or to leave to their inferiors—thinking barrels of salt pork and bags of biscuits unworthy the attention of well-bred gentlemen and gallant soldiers—but for the reforms he gradually introduced into our unsystematized commissariat department, there would have been no such glorious victories as Salamanca, Vittoria, and Toulouse; but the British army would have been wasted away by famine, and driven from the Peninsula with disgrace." Very numerous were the tales told, during the progress of the war, of the Commander-in-Chief's strict attention to these details, and of his sharpness to peccant officers in the commissariat department. On one occasion that hot Welshman, General Picton, enraged at a want of punctuality on the part of a deputy-commissary-general, threatened to hang that officer if the provisions were not brought up on the morrow. The commissary, putting on his best uniform, repaired to the Commander-in-Chief, and laid his grievous complaint before him. "Did General Picton really threaten to hang you?" said Wellesley. "He did," replied the commissary. "Then," said the Commander-in-Chief, "I would advise you to go and exert yourself and get up these stores, for General Picton is just the man to do what he threatens." The commissary went his way, and the provisions were up in time.

It was in the month of April 1809, that Sir Arthur Wellesley, having previously resigned both his seat in Parliament and his civil employment in Ireland, took his departure to assume the chief command in Portugal. The political and military atmosphere into which he was going was dark enough. In the preceding month of December, the French, under Napoleon Buonaparte in person, having retaken Madrid, after routing the Spaniards in the battles of Espinosa and Tudela, obliged the British forces under Sir John Moore, who had been sent from Portugal into Spain, to effect a disastrous retreat to Corunna, where the troops, after repelling Marshal Soult, and losing their own brave commander, had embarked for England in January. The French, following up their success, spread over Leon and Estremadura, to the borders of Portugal, and Soult, having overrun Galicia, rushed into the northern Portuguese provinces, and carried Oporto by storm against the badly disciplined native troops. The small British force which had been

left in Portugal, on Sir John Moore advancing into Spain, was concentrated by General Sir John Cradock, for the defence of Lisbon. It was under these circumstances, which would have been still more unfavourable if Austria had not declared war, and called Buonaparte from Spain into Germany, that Sir Arthur arrived at Lisbon, with some regiments of cavalry and other reinforcements. These, together with the native regulars under General Beresford, whom the Prince Regent of Portugal had appointed to command his army, enabled Wellesley to bring into the field a force of about 25,000 men; and with this force he moved, at the end of April, to dislodge Soult from Oporto, leaving a division, under General Mackenzie, on the Tagus, to guard the eastern frontiers against the French general, Victor, who was stationed near Merida in Spanish Estremadura.

Buonaparte and his marshals, with their forced conscription, their levies in the countries they had subjugated, and their habitual or systematic disregard of human sufferings and life, might hazard much, and throw away the lives of their thousands and tens of thousands of men; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, even had his indifference to slaughter been as great as theirs, was bound by imperative circumstances to be sparing of his men. We had no conscription; we could raise no forced levies on the Continent; our native soldiers were voluntarily enlisted, and every man of them, in bounty-money, pay, and provisions, cost us three or four times more than any of his soldiers cost Buonaparte; and if we retained foreign troops in our service it was at an equally great expense. If Sir Arthur's army had been greatly weakened in 1809, there would have been small chance of his getting another army in 1810.

When made aware of our move across the Douro, the French sounded the alarm, and marched out to attack the Seminario; but before they could dislodge the first party of brave Buffs, General Hill crossed with more troops, and, protected by the British artillery from the southern bank, maintained the contest with great gallantry, until General Sherbrooke, with the Guards, crossed lower down, and got into the very town of Oporto, charging the French through the streets, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. Meantime the head of Murray's column, which had crossed the highest up, at Avintas, made its appearance on the north bank, and came down in true martial order to join the brave Buffs, and Hill, and Sherbrooke. Soult ordered an immediate retreat, which was effected in the utmost confusion. The French left behind them their sick and wounded, many prisoners, and much artillery and ammunition, retreating by Amarante, with the intention of passing through Trás-os-Montes into Spain. That evening, it is said, our great Captain dined in Soult's quarters on a dinner which was preparing for the Duke-Marshal when the fighting began. The



French were so confident in their security, and then had gone off in such a hurry!

The passage of the wide and rapid Douro, performed in broad daylight, with most defective means of transport, and in presence of 10,000 French veterans, has been considered as one of Wellesley's finest achievements. He lost only twenty-three killed and ninety-eight wounded. Soult's loss was considerable, and though he carried many away with him, he left in Oporto 700 wounded and sick. These would have been butchered by the Portuguese but for Sir Arthur's considerate and active humanity. No sooner was he in possession of the city than he issued a most necessary proclamation, enjoining the vindictive inhabitants to respect the sick, wounded, and prisoners. The proclamation is more honourable to him than the victory. "I call upon you," said he, "to be merciful. By the laws of war, these Frenchmen are entitled to my protection, *which I am determined to afford them!*" He also wrote immediately to Marshal Soult to request him to send some French medical officers to take care of his sick and wounded, as he could not spare his own army surgeons, and did not wish to trust to the practitioners of the town of Oporto. He assured Soult that his medical officers should be restored to him so soon as they had cured the wounded; and he proposed a cartel, or mutual exchange of prisoners. This is a reflection to smooth the pillow of our now aged, most venerable warrior. Whatever he could do to diminish the horrors of war, he did, and did it promptly. It is believed to have been in the nature of Soult to have responded on his part; but he could not subdue or control the ferocity of his troops, driven frantic by their reverses and sufferings, and the vengeful, merciless attacks of the Portuguese peasantry.

When Soult reached Amarante, he found that General Loison had been compelled to abandon the bridge there. This forced the Marshal to change his route, and he made for Salamonde. But on the evening of the 16th of May he was overtaken, on the road, near Salamonde, by Sir Arthur, who cut up his rear-guard, and took some prisoners. A good many of the French were killed and wounded, and many more of them were drowned in crossing the river Cabado in the dark. "We should have had the whole of Soult's rear-guard," said Sir Arthur, "if we had but had half an hour more daylight . . . I shall follow him to-morrow . . . He has lost everything—cannon, ammunition, baggage, military chest—and his retreat is, in every respect, even in weather, a *pendant* for our retreat to Counna."

Soult, like Sir John Moore, had to retire through a mountainous country: he left the road strewed with dead horses and mules, and with the bodies of French soldiers, who were put to death by the peasantry before the advanced-guard of the British could come up and save

them. By their own conduct the French had provoked this retaliation. "Their soldiers," said Sir Arthur, "have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging in the trees by the side of the road, executed for no other reason, that I could learn, excepting that they had not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the government of their country; and the route of their column on their retreat could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they set fire."

With troops that carried with them, over the roughest roads, full equipments and artillery and baggage, Sir Arthur could not hope to come up with Soult, with an army that had lightened itself by losing or throwing away everything, and that depended for its supplies on plunder. He stopped his pursuit at Montealegre, a few leagues from the frontier of Spain, where a Spanish *corps d'armée*, under General Romano, ought to have confronted Soult's ruined forces, but did not.

By the 26th of May the greater part of our troops had crossed the Mondego, and all Sir Arthur's arrangements were completed for an advance into Spain, where he intended to co-operate with, or at least to receive some aid from, the Spanish General Cuesta, who was reported to be on the Guadiana river with 40,000 or 50,000 men.

The Spanish armies, though often scattered and always beaten by the French in the open field, had been somewhat re-organized. General Cuesta, commanding the army of Estremadura, was indeed on the Guadiana; but, instead of having 40,000 or 50,000 men, he had scarcely 35 000 under arms, and these imperfectly disciplined. This was the force with which General Wellesley had to co-operate in his advance into Spain for the purpose of attacking Victor, and attempting to reach Madrid.

The British army entered Spain in the beginning of July, and on the 8th of that month their head-quarters were at Placencia. Cuesta kept them waiting, but he joined them at Oropesa on the 20th. By another route, the active Sir Robert Wilson, with the Lusitanian legion, one Portuguese and two Spanish battalions, moved on to Escalona, only eight leagues from Madrid, threatening the rear of Victor's army, which was posted at Talavera la Reyna. On the 22nd, the combined Spanish and British armies attacked Marshal Victor's outposts at Talavera, and drove them in. The enemy would have suffered more, if that crusty, impracticable old Spaniard, General Cuesta, had not thought fit to absent himself from the field. On the morrow—the 23rd of July—the British columns were formed for the attack of the French position, as Wellesley wished to cripple Victor before he could be joined by Sebastiani. But old Cuesta was again crusty, and "contrived to lose the whole of the day, owing to the whimsical perverseness of his disposition." The loss of the day could not be recovered. At one hour after midnight, Marshal Victor left Talavera to retreat to S. Olalla, and

thence to Torrijos, to form a junction with Sebastiani. Early on the 24th, Sir Arthur established his head-quarters in Talavera. Before entering Spain, he had bargained with Cuesta and the governing Junta for adequate supplies of provisions and means of transport; but the Spaniards had scandalously broken their agreement. In the course of the 24th, Sir Arthur wrote to Lord Castlereagh:—"I am not able to follow the enemy as I could wish . . . owing to my having found it impossible to procure even one mule or a cart in Spain . . . My troops have been in actual want of provisions for the last two days." He therefore resolved, in justice to his brave little army, to enter into no new operation, but rather to halt, and even to return to Portugal, if he should not be supplied as he ought to be. His letters during the whole of this campaign teem with painful details on the subjects of provisions, forage, mules and carts, and Spanish indolence and insincerity.

The people, the local authorities, the generals, and the Junta, all seemed unanimous in their unwillingness to provide for the English, although sure to be amply paid for their supplies. Whether it was Spanish inertness, which not even the love of gain can excite, or Spanish prejudice against foreigners in general, and especially against heretics—for such their British allies were called—or fear of parting with supplies which they might want themselves, or in some instances a bias towards the French, for there was a French party in the Spanish towns, it is a fact that, while Cuesta's army abounded with provisions and forage, Sir Arthur could not get enough to supply his men with half-rations. "The French," he observes, "can take what they like, and will take it, but we cannot even buy common necessities." "No troops," he wrote to his brother, the Marquis, "can serve to any good purpose unless they are regularly fed; and it is an error to suppose that a Spaniard, or a man, or an animal of any country, can make an exertion without food. In fact, the Spanish troops are more clamorous for their food, and more exhausted if they do not receive it regularly, than our own troops are."

When Sir Arthur halted the British troops at Talavera, Cuesta was all of a sudden invaded by what seemed irrepressible energy and activity; and, with singular arrogance, he singlely dashed forward in pursuit of the French. His columns passed the Alberche in rapid succession, as if they were to stop at nothing short of the iron barrier of the Pyrenees. Sir Arthur, who could scarcely help foreseeing how all this sudden ardour would end, recommended caution and circumspection to the old gentleman, and sent a part of the British force some ten miles in advance of Talavera. The two armies previously acting in concert were now separated, the Spaniards being in pursuit of Victor, and the mass of the British forces remaining perfectly quiet, "enjoying semi-starvation upon the banks of the Tagus."

Cuesta went blundering through S. Olalla, and rushed on, like a wild bull broke loose from the amphitheatre, to Torrijos. But here he found the rear-guard of the French marshal, who had been joined by General Sebastiani; and the sting of the French tail—Victor's rear at Torrijos—was quite enough for this disorderly, ill-commanded Spanish army. On the morning of the 27th, a half-naked rabble arrived at Talavera, and fell in the rear of the British, and Cuesta and his better battalions arrived soon after, to tell that they had been benten, and that the French were close at their heels. Nobody could doubt the first fact, but the second assertion was not quite correct, for Victor and Sebastiani deemed it prudent to wait for the arrival of Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdan, who were coming up with the guards and garrison of Madrid, and thus leaving that capital exposed to Sir Robert Wilson, and his rapid loose Lusitanians, and to any Spanish general that might get near, and be quick and bold.

It was clear, however, to Sir Arthur Wellesley, that he would not be allowed a long repose; and therefore he busily employed himself in examining and strengthening his position at Talavera, taking especial care to get good cover for the Spaniards, whose stomach for fighting had much declined since their affair at Torrijos. The fate of the British army seemed to hang upon a thread. The French were quite sure it did, and that the thread would snap. Soult, the most skilful of them all, was rapidly advancing from Salamanca by the Puerto de Baños, upon Placencia, in Sir Arthur's rear. Cuesta had been charged by Sir Arthur to guard the narrow difficult mountain-pass of Puerto de Baños; but the "impracticable" had sent thither only 600 men, and these were swept away from the rocks by Soult's veterans like flies from a wall. Marshal Mortier from Valladolid was following Soult, and Marshal Ney, unknown to Sir Arthur, was hurrying from Astorga, with the hope of falling upon his left flank. Thus there were more than 50,000 fighting men of the enemy behind the mountains of Placencia ready to act on the left flank and rear of the British, who had also 50,000 more in front of them. The British force in the field did not exceed 20,000. There were a few more battalions on their march from Lisbon to join the army, but they did not arrive till after the battle of Talavera. The Spanish army of Cuesta now mustered about 31,000 men, such as they were. The Portuguese regular troops, under Beresford, had remained to guard the north-east frontier of Portugal, towards Almeida. It had been previously agreed between General Wellesley, Cuesta, and the Spanish Supreme Junta, or Central Government, that General Venegas, who was at the head of the Spanish army of Andalusia, consisting of about 25,000 men, should march through La Mancha upon Madrid, whilst Wellesley and Cuesta were advancing by the valley of the Tagus. Venegas did advance through La Mancha

but it seems that he received counter-orders from the Supreme Junta, which had the effect of slackening his march ; he, however, made his appearance at last towards Aranjuez and Toledo, and it was his approach on that side which induced King Joseph to engage Wellesley and Cuesta, in order to save his capital. If he had kept the Allies in check for a few days longer, Soult's arrival at Placencia would have obliged the English to retire precipitately. But King Joseph fearing that Venegas from the south, and Sir Robert Wilson, who, with the Lusitanian legion, was hovering in the neighbourhood on the north, would enter Madrid and seize the stores, the reserves, the hospitals, &c., he and Marshal Victor determined to give battle to the Allies in front, for if they were defeated, Madrid could be easily protected. General Wellesley, perceiving, from the movements of the enemy, that a battle was at hand, placed the Spanish army on the right near the Tagus, before the town of Talavera, its front protected by natural and artificial barriers. In this position they could hardly be seriously attacked. The British infantry, on whom the General could depend, occupied the left of the line, which was open in front, but its extreme left rested upon a steep hill, which was the key of the whole position. The whole line extended in length about two miles. On the 27th of July the French moved from S. Olalla, crossed the river Alberche, drove in the British outposts, and attacked two advanced brigades of the English, which fell back steadily across the plain into their assigned position in the line.

Victor next attacked the British left, while Sebastiani made a demonstration against the Spaniards on our right, several thousands of whom, after discharging their loaded muskets, fled panic-stricken to the rear, followed by their artillery, and creating a terrible confusion among the baggage, retainers, mules, &c. ; and it was with difficulty that the rest of the Spanish troops were prevented from following this pernicious example. Thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Spaniards, when once rallied, found that their position could not be seriously attacked ; it afforded in abundance those covers under which they, in modern times at least, had always been found to fight best ; the ground was covered with olive trees, and much intersected by thick mud walls and ditches ; there was a strong old church with a heavy battery in front of it, and along the whole of their part of the line were redoubts, walls, banks, and abatties, or parapets, made of felled trees. The French, finding the Spaniards so well placed, made no further attack on that side, but directed their efforts against the British left, which, under Lord Hill, occupied the eminence. For a moment the enemy succeeded, turning our left and ascending the hill. The sun had set, and the short twilight of the south was gone.

1

"Darkling they fight and only know  
If chance has sped the fatal blow,  
Or, by the trodden corse below,  
Or by the dying groan :

Furious they strike without a mark,  
Save now and then the sulphurous spark  
Illumes some visage grim and dark,  
That with the flash is gone."

Attacking them with the bayonet, Hill regained possession of that key to our position, and drove the French down the steeps. At the dead of night Victor repeated the attack on this point, on which everything depended; but Hill was now reinforced, and Sir Arthur himself rode to the spot, ordering up more artillery. Another terrible conflict, in the dark, took place; but the assailants were again hurled back into the valley, and again left the level ground on the hill-top thickly strewed with dead bodies and wounded men. There, side by side, lay 1,000 French and 800 British. Of the survivors, the French returned to their bivouacs, and the English stretched themselves on the hill-top.

"And wearied all, and none elate,  
With equal hope and doubt they wait  
A fiercer, bloodier day."

At daylight on the morning of the 28th, Victor hurled two more strong divisions of infantry against the fatal height; but the Englishmen there had been told by Sir Arthur that they *must* maintain that position. Hill lost many brave officers and soldiers, and was himself wounded; but he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the two French columns reel before his British bayonets, and roll down the steep, after losing entire brigades.

Another long pause ensued; but about the hour of noon the French renewed their attack, spreading it along the whole part of the line occupied by the British. Heavy columns of French infantry twice attacked our right, under General Campbell, which joined the Spanish forces, but each time they were repulsed; and a Spanish cavalry regiment charging on their flank at the same time, obliged them to retire in great disorder. In these attacks the French columns lost ten guns and a great number of men. Meanwhile, a strong French division, supported by two regiments of cavalry, advanced to turn the British left, and here a cavalry fight occurred, in which our 23rd Light Dragoons lost one-half of their number. But some corps of Spanish infantry and English and Spanish cavalry, properly posted by General Wellesley, checked all further advance on this side. Victor, failing on our left, made a desperate attack on our centre. His men went close up to our line with stubborn resolve, but they had to reel back in disorder under a great discharge of musketry. But the English Guards there placed were too

hot and rash in pursuing the retreating foe. The supporting columns and dragoons of the French advanced; the French, who had been repulsed, rallied and faced again, and some French batteries hammered the flank of the Guards, who in their turn drew back in disorder. At the same time our German legion, on the left of our Guards, being hard pressed by the French, got into confusion. In fact, our centre was broken. This was the critical moment of the battle—the “agony of fame” to Sir Arthur Wellesley. But our great Captain was on the stern hill-top on the left of the position, and had a clear view of the whole field. He knew what was to be done, and knew how to do it. Instantly, he ordered the 48th regiment, which was on the hill, to descend and advance in support of the centre, and at the same time he gave the word “forward” to General Cotton’s light cavalry. The advance of the 48th foot was a sight to see; they moved in beautiful order amidst the retiring crowds, and, wheeling back by companies, let them pass through their intervals; and then resuming line, they marched against the pursuing columns of the French, plied them with destructive charges of musketry, and then, closing upon them with a pace firm and regular as if they were on parade, checked all forward movement. Our Guards and our German legion quickly rallied, and Cotton and his brigade of light cavalry coming up at a trot, the French began to waver, and at last they fairly gave way and made a run for it. Sir Arthur Wellesley’s own force, now reduced to less than 14,000 men, and exhausted by fatigue, were unable to give pursuit, and the Spaniards, who (with the exception of a little cavalry) had scarcely been engaged at all, were utterly incapable of making any evolutions; and thus, about six in the evening, on the second day of combat, all fighting and firing ceased, each army retaining the position which it had occupied in the morning. The Guards and the French reserve of that timid and very pseudo-king, Joseph Buonaparte, had not been engaged during the day, and had Napoleon been there he would—at that period of his life—have tried a last effort against our lines with these two uninjured, untouched corps. But Joseph, Jourdan, and Victor had by this time quite enough of Talavera; their troops were evidently disheartened, having been repulsed at all points, and having lost two generals in killed, besides 7,000 men in killed and wounded, and seventeen of their guns. On the side of the British, two generals, Mackenzie and Langworth, were slain, with 800 men; and three generals and above 4,000 men were wounded. The battle, or rather the battles, of Talavera (for there were two of them) were like the “battles of giants.” I would only call attention to the size and dimensions of the contending giants. Counting, as I do, the Spaniards for next to nothing, the English Bujareus had, at the beginning, 20,000 arms, while the French giant had 50,000.

The next morning, at daybreak, the whole French army, who had

begun crossing that river in the dead of night, were on the other side of the Alberche, and taking up a position on the heights of Salinas.

In the course of the same day—the 29th of July—General Robert Craufurd reached Sir Arthur's camp from Lisbon, with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (rifles). The reinforcement altogether amounted to nearly 3,000 men. This was the light brigade, which was ever after in advance during the Peninsular campaigns, and which acquired military celebrity for its gallantry and quickness of movement.

Having retreated before 14,000 British, the French were not at all disposed to return and renew the combat with 17,000. "*La sanglante journée de Talavera avait répandue l'effroi dans l'armée Française!*" They felt that British troops could stand and fight against double their numbers. "There is nothing," wrote Buonaparte to his generals, "that is dangerous in Spain except the English; all the rest is *canaille* that can never keep the field."

The intrusive King Joseph, with the 4th corps and the reserve, moved on the 1st of August farther back, to Illescas, between Madrid and Toledo, in order to oppose the army of Andalusia, under General Venegas; and Victor, with the first corps, retreated likewise along the Madrid road, through alarm at the movements of Sir Robert Wilson on his flank. But Soult was now advancing from the north with no less than three corps, and with one of these corps he entered Placencia on the 1st of August, while Ney was steadily moving on from Salamanca in the same direction. Soult found Placencia deserted by most of its inhabitants, and he could gather no intelligence of the position of the British and Spanish armies under Wellesley and Cuesta; he only heard vague rumours of a terrible battle having been fought a few days before. This ignorance of each other's movements was a common occurrence in the Spanish war, and is to be accounted for by the nature of the country, the difficulties of communication, the thinness of the population, and the incurious indolent habits of the people. There were cases where a great battle was fought in one valley, and not known behind the mountains which divided it from another valley; and when more was learned of what was passing, it was seldom that any great pains were taken by the Spaniards to convey information to their friends. On the 2nd of August, however, Sir Arthur learned that the enemy had entered Placencia; but that was all he could learn. Supposing that Soult was alone with his corps, which he estimated at only 15,000 men, and that his intention was to join Victor, he determined to encounter him before he could effect the junction; he therefore marched on the 3rd of August to Oropesa with the British army, leaving Cuesta at Talavera, particularly recommending him to protect the hospitals; and, in case he should be obliged by any advance of Victor to leave Talavera, to collect carls to move away the wounded. The position of the hostile armies was now



very singular ; they were all crowded along the narrow valley of the Tagus, from the neighbourhood of Madrid to the frontiers of Portugal. King Joseph and Sebastiani were at Illescas and Valdemoro, between Madrid and the Tagus, while the advanced posts of Venegas were on the left or opposite side of the river, near Toledo. Victor was lower down on the right bank, at Maqueda, near the Alberche, watching Cuesta, who was at Talavera ; General Wellesley was farther down, at Oropesa ; whilst Soult was on the Tietar, on the road from Placencia to Almaraz ; and Beresford, with the Portuguese, was said to be moving farther west along the frontiers of Portugal. "The allies under Wellesley and Cuesta held the centre, being only one day's march asunder ; but their force, when concentrated, was not more than 47,000 men. The French could not unite under three days, but their combined forces exceeded 90,000 men, of whom 53,000 were under Soult ; and this singular situation was rendered more remarkable by the ignorance in which all parties were as to the strength and movements of their adversaries. Victor and the king, frightened by Wilson's partisan corps of 4,000 men, were preparing to unite at Mostoles, near Madrid, while Cuesta, equally alarmed at Victor, was retiring from Talavera. Sir Arthur Wellesley was supposed by King Joseph to be at the head of 25,000 British ; and Sir Arthur, calculating on Soult's weakness, was marching with 23,000 English and Spanish to engage 53,000 French ; while Soult, unable to ascertain the exact situation of either friends or enemies, little suspected that the prey was rushing into his jaws. At this moment the fate of the Peninsula hung by a thread, which could not bear the weight for twenty-four hours ; yet fortune so ordained that no irreparable disaster ensued."

In the evening of the 3rd of August, Sir Arthur learned that Soult's advanced posts were at Naval Moral, and consequently between him and the bridge of Almaraz, on the Tagus, thus cutting his line of communication with Portugal. About an hour after receiving this intelligence, Sir Arthur got letters from Cuesta, informing him that the enemy was moving upon his (Cuesta's) flank, and had returned to S. Olalla in his front—that Joseph was coming back to join Victor—that Soult must be far stronger than General Wellesley had supposed—and that, therefore, and from the consideration that Wellesley was not strong enough to check Soult's corps coming from Placencia, he (Cuesta) intended to leave Talavera that evening (and to abandon in it the English hospitals, excepting such men as could be moved by the means he had already collected), in order to join the British army at Oropesa, and assist it in repelling Soult. These reasons did not appear to Sir Arthur quite sufficient for giving up so important a post as Talavera, for exposing the combined arms to an attack in front and rear at one and the same time, and for abandoning his sick and wounded.

He wrote one of his short and earnest letters to the wilful old man, imploring him to stay where he was, or to wait at least until the next morning, in order to cover the removal of our hospitals. But before this letter could reach him, Cuesta, who was evidently afraid of staying at Talavera without Wellesley, had begun his march; and, on the next morning, the rising sun shone upon his dirty, ragged troops, marching into Oropesa. This was the 4th of August. About 2,000 of the British wounded had been brought away, but about 1,500 had been left at Talavera to be made prisoners.

Cuesta's retreat must almost immediately bring Marshal Victor and Joseph Buonaparte upon Sir Arthur, who by this time had ascertained, through intercepted letters, that Soult's force was indeed much stronger than he had reckoned. The English General was now placed between the mountains and the Tagus, with a French army advancing upon each flank, and with his retreat by the bridge of Almaraz completely cut off. After the experience he had had of Cuesta and his Spaniards, he could not rely upon them in an open field of battle; and he could not, with 17,000 British, fatigued and famishing, hope to fight successively two French armies, each nearly three times stronger than his own. Before this moment of real jeopardy, he had expressed and repeated his opinions that, with their present commanders and officers, and in their present state of discipline, the Spaniards were next to useless in the open country, and that everything would be lost by the British if any reliance were placed upon them.

But, hemmed in as they were, there was still one—and only one—line of retreat left open to the British; for, a little below Talavera the Tagus was crossed by the bridge of Arzobispo; and by this route, and by this bridge, Sir Arthur determined to retire immediately, before the enemy should have time to intercept him. He communicated his designs to Cuesta, who, according to custom, opposed them. The perverse, silly old man wanted, forsooth, to stop and fight the French at Oropesa! Wearied out with his abominations, Sir Arthur sternly told him that he might do as he liked, but that, for his own part, being responsible for the British army, he should march forthwith. And accordingly, on that same morning, before Cuesta's disorderly rear reached Oropesa, the British fled off towards Arzobispo. It was a blessing that the Spaniards, who generally destroyed what they ought to have left standing, and left standing what they ought to have destroyed, had not blown up the only bridge open to us. The 2,000 wounded, the artillery, the stores, were all carried safely over the Tagus. Before evening, Sir Arthur took up an excellent position behind the right bank of that river, and then the British army was safe. "I hope," wrote our General to Viscount Castlereagh, "that my public despatches will justify me from all blame, *excepting that of having trusted the Spanish general in anything.*"

That insensate commander was not mad enough to stay when Sir Arthur was gone. He, too, crossed the bridge of Arzobispo, but in so slovenly a manner that the French, who closely followed him, took a good part of his artillery, and would have taken it all if General Wellesley had not sent British troops to the rescue. Here ended the fighting campaign of the British for 1809. Sir Arthur moved his headquarters to Jaraicejo, on the high road to Badajoz, leaving a strong rear-guard to prevent the enemy from passing the Tagus. The bridge of Almaraz had already been broken by the Spaniards, but Sir Arthur left British troops to guard the strong pass of Mirabete, which faced the broken bridge of Almaraz; and he caused all the Spanish artillery that was left to be dragged up the mountain of Meza d'Ibor, another very strong position. The line of defence of the Allies was thus skilfully re-established. "All is now safe," wrote Sir Arthur, "and I should feel no anxiety on any subject if we had provisions; but we are almost starving."

Napoleon, since he had assumed the imperial crown, trusted almost entirely to superiority of numbers, and to those overwhelming masses which he recruited so cheaply by means of the conscription. The proportion of cavalry and artillery in his armies in Spain was beyond all precedent. "How different from the adventurous general of the Army of Italy, who with 35,000 men encountered and defeated three Austrian armies, each stronger than his own, in 1796. But he was now bloated with success, and war must be with him a sure game. He had already 200,000 men in Spain, and yet he did not think them enough. His generals had adopted the same views. 'It is large masses only, the strongest that you can form, that will succeed.' Thus wrote Soult to King Joseph before the battle of Talavera. It is worthy of remark that Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing about this time, said—'I conceive that the French are dangerous only when in large masses.' Such was the character of the wars of the French empire. And yet, with all his tremendous masses, and a proportionate waste of human life, Napoleon failed in the end."

On the 20th of August, before receiving his well-merited honours, Sir Arthur removed his headquarters to Badajoz, and placed his army in cantonments on the line of the Guadiana. His chief motive was the neglect of the Spanish authorities in supplying his army with provisions, which obliged him to draw near his magazines in Portugal; and another reason was, the impossibility of co-operation with the undisciplined Spanish armies. An unpleasant correspondence took place on the subject between the Spanish Supreme Junta and the English ambassador at Seville. In the autumn the British troops suffered greatly from the malaria-fever, which prevails at that season near the banks of the Guadiana.

"The handful of troops whom Sir Arthur now commanded," says

one of his gallant companions in arms, "was composed of second battalions, of mere youths, both officers and men. . . . Indeed, the Guards, the Buffs, the 48th and 61st, with the light division, which had lately joined, under Craufurd, were the only portions of the army which at other periods would have been regarded as fit for active service. Of the cavalry, again, it is impossible to speak in higher terms. They were dropping off daily; and both men and horses suffered from sickness, to a degree even more appalling than that which befell the infantry." The Spaniards would furnish nothing to our sick troops, and their generals in the field arrogantly and insolently rejected all advice, and refused all co-operation. "I wish," said his lordship, "that the eyes of the people of England were open to the real state of affairs as mine are. . . . The Spaniards have neither numbers, efficiency, discipline, bravery, nor arrangement, to carry on the contest."

In October his lordship repaired to Lisbon, and proceeded to reconnoitre the whole country in front of that capital, for it was then that he resolved upon the construction of the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, which enabled him to baffle all the efforts of the French in the following year. I can only refer the reader to the "Memorandum" which he wrote at Lisbon on the 20th of October for Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, of the Engineers, in which he clearly points out the double line of position, the entrenchments and redoubts, the number of men required at each post, &c., as if the whole were already in existence before his eyes. This paper, so remarkable, considering the epoch and circumstances in which it was written, is a most striking evidence of Wellington's comprehensive mind, his penetration and foresight. Of his plan, however, nothing was said or even whispered at the time.

He returned to his head-quarters at Badajoz, from whence he made an excursion to Seville, where he conferred with his brother, the Ambassador, whom he accompanied to Cadiz. On the 11th of November he returned to his head-quarters at Badajoz. At the same time another fatal blunder was committed by the Spaniards.

About the middle of November the Supreme Junta ordered the army of Andalusia, joined by the greater part of the army of Estremadura, to advance suddenly upon Madrid, and this without any previous communication with Lord Wellington, who was at Badajoz, or with the Duke del Parque and other Spanish commanders in the north of Spain. Venegas, the general of the army of Andalusia, had been superseded by Areizaga, an inexperienced young officer, who was in favour with the Junta. Old Cuesta had also retired, and made room for Egüa in the command of the army of Estremadura. These two armies, which constituted the principal regular force of the Spaniards, and which, posted within the line of the Tagus and along the range of the Sierra Morena, protected, and might long have protected, the south of Spain, were

thrown away upon a foolish errand. Areizaga, with nearly 50,000 men and sixty pieces of artillery, advanced into the plains of La Mancha, and was attacked on the 16th of November, in the open fields of Ocaña, by the two French corps of Mortier and Sebastiani; and, although his men fought with sufficient courage, yet he was completely routed, with the loss of more than one-half of his army, and all his baggage and artillery, with the exception of fifteen guns. Not deterred by this awful catastrophe, the Duke del Parque, with 20,000 Spaniards in the north, advanced from Salamanca against Kellerman, but he was beaten and driven to the mountains of Peña de Francia. The French north of the Tagus were thus left at liberty to attack Ciudad Rodrigo and the frontiers of Portugal. "I lament," thus Lord Wellington writes from Badajoz on the news of these mishaps,— "I lament that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement of those to whose direction it was entrusted. I declare that, if they had preserved their two armies, or even one of them, the cause was safe. The French could have sent no reinforcements which could have been of any use; time would have been gained; the state of affairs would have improved daily; all the chances were in our favour; and in the first moment of weakness, occasioned by any diversion on the Continent, or by the growing discontent of the French themselves with the war, the French armies must have been driven out of Spain. But no! nothing will answer except to fight great battles in plains, in which the defeat of the Spanish armies is as certain as is the commencement of the battle. They will not credit the accounts I have repeatedly given them of the superior number even of the French; they will seek them out, and they find them invariably in all parts in numbers superior to themselves. I am only afraid, now, that I shall be too late to save Ciudad Rodrigo, the loss of which will rescue for the French Old Castile, and will cut off all communication with the northern provinces and leave them to their fate. I wonder whether the Spanish officers ever read the history of the American war, or of their own war in the Dutch provinces, or of their own war in Portugal."

A storm now gathering in the north-east was sure to burst upon Portugal. Accordingly, Lord Wellington retired from Spanish ground altogether, and moving through Alentejo with the mass of his army, in December he crossed the Tagus at Abianes; and marching thence to the Mondego, he fixed his head-quarters at Viseu in January 1810, having his outposts along the Portuguese frontiers towards Ciudad Rodrigo, and having left General Hill's division, south of the Tagus, to protect the Alentejo. In the meantime, both he and Beresford laboured night and morn to raise the Portuguese regular army to a state of efficiency in numbers, armament, and discipline. Too much praise could

hardly be bestowed on Beresford for the part he took in these endeavours. Most happily the Portuguese, whom the Spaniards always affected to despise, were far more modest and tractable than their neighbours.

*Campaign of 1810.*—Lord Wellington, in maintaining that the defence of Portugal was a practicability, never meant that he should be able to defend the whole frontier of that country, the frontier being too extensive and open on too many points. His assurance was, that he could secure Lisbon the capital, and the other strongholds, and the mountains and fastnesses, so as to keep his footing in the country, and tire and famish out the invaders. As long as the British kept Portugal, the French tenure of Spain must be insecure. Buonaparte knew this well, and was, therefore, so anxious to dispel the English from Portugal. Months before the storm burst, Lord Wellington had written to the Earl of Liverpool—"I do not think that the French will succeed in getting possession of Portugal, with an army of 70,000 or even of 80,000 men." This was now to be proved.

About the middle of May, Marshal Massena arrived at Valladolid, having been sent by Buonaparte to take the command of the army assembled on the frontier of Portugal. Massena's force, disposal for the invasion, exceeded 72,000 men. To this number was afterwards added, in the course of the campaign, about 18,000 men, under General Drouot. Lord Wellington's force, in regular troops, counting both Portuguese and English troops, did not exceed 54,000. There was, indeed, a considerable Portuguese militia, but this was employed mostly in garrisons, and in the provinces beyond the Douro. Massena had this advantage; he could concentrate his whole force for the attack on the north of the Tagus, while Lord Wellington was obliged to leave part of his army to the south of that river, to guard against the French army of Andalusia, which was more than 60,000 strong, and a part of which might advance into the Portuguese province of Alemtejo. Moreover, let this be marked,—Massena's immense host was composed chiefly of old soldiers, while Lord Wellington could rely confidently only upon the British part of his army, which did not exceed 25,000 men, the Portuguese regular troops being as yet untried, and the militia being a militia, and no more.

That the campaign would open with the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo was the general expectation. Early in June, Massena's French invested that place, almost in sight of the British advanced division; but Lord Wellington could not risk his army for the relief of that Spanish fortress, his object being to defend Portugal, and above all, Lisbon. On the 10th of July, Ciudad Rodrigo capitulated. Our great Captain retained his position on the left bank of the Coa. The French advanced to that river, and near a bridge were encountered by General

Craufurd, who inflicted upon them a loss of about 1,000 men. Craufurd's engaging was against Wellington's order; but it gave Massena a striking specimen of the stern resistance that he had to encounter on his march to Lisbon.

The French marshal issued a proclamation, abusing the "insatiable ambition" of England; sneering at Lord Wellington, recommending the Portuguese population to remain quiet, and assuring them of protection for their persons and property.

Marshal Massena, a very low-bred soldier of fortune, found he could not move quite so rapidly as he had anticipated. In one of those inflated papers which disgraced the French during all the Buonaparte period, he had given himself only three months to achieve the conquest of Portugal, and drive Lord Wellington into the sea; but he passed nearly one entire month inactively on the line of the Coa, ere he commenced the siege of Almeida. It was the 15th of August when he began to break ground before that place. Then Lord Wellington moved part of his army to the front, to take advantage of any opportunity for relieving the place. Almeida was defended by a Portuguese garrison, commanded by an English officer. Lord Wellington expected that it would hold out well; but on the night of the 17th of August, under French fire, a magazine blew up, which contained nearly all the powder, and by the explosion a good part of the town and its defences were destroyed; and this obliged the governor to capitulate. Disappointed and vexed—for he reckoned on the place detaining the French until the rainy season set in—Wellington then fell back with the main body of his army to the valley of the Mondego. Soon, however, he had the consolation of knowing practically, and to a certainty, that Massena was not entitled to the reputation which revolutionism and Buonapartism had conferred upon him. The marshal lost many more days; and it was on the 15th of September, when the rain was pouring down, as from hogsheads, that he really began his march along the valley of the Mondego, by the right bank of that river, taking the direction of Coimbra, through our old quarters at Viseu. It was no laughing time; but our great Captain could not help indulging in a smile at Massena's monstrous mistake. "There are, certainly," said he, "many bad roads in Portugal, but the enemy has taken decidedly the worst in the whole kingdom."

Lord Wellington, who had retired by the left bank of the Mondego, now crossed the river, and took up a strong position in front of Coimbra, along the memorable ridge of Busaco. He was joined in good time (on the morning of the 26th) by General Hill, from the south, who had left some of his troops on the left bank of the Mondego, to bar the road to Lisbon on that side. The position at Busaco was grim to look at; but on the evening of the 26th of August, the French were at its

foot, and began skirmishing. "Nothing," says a British officer present, "could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied than the scene from the heights of Busaco. Commanding a very extensive prospect to the eastward, the movements of the French army were thence distinctly perceptible. . . . Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages, the widely extended country contained a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier."

In the course of the night, 70,000 men, formidable for their discipline and the long habit of conquest, were at the foot of that ridge, under conduct of three marshals of France, the chief of whom, Massena, was renowned by a life of great military successes. On the top of the ridge, or, rather, a little upon the backward slope of the Serra—in order that their disposition and numbers might be masked from the enemy—lay 25,000 British soldiers, and a like number of Portuguese.

As early as two in the morning of the 27th, the sentinels on our picket-posts could hear the stir of preparation in the French camp: and the British line stood silently to arms. In the order of battle, Hill occupied the right, with Leith upon his left, and the Lusitanian legion in reserve. Next in order stood the 3rd division, under fiery Picton. Our 1st division was formed near an old convent, at the very top of the Serra, with the brigade of Pack posted considerably in advance on the descent. The light division was formed on the left of Pack, and, in like manner, upon the descent from that lofty culm where the convent stood. A swell of earth and rock concealed their line from the enemy; while, at some distance behind their posts, a brigade of German infantry stood exposed to full view, as if it were the only body to oppose the French. Our 4th division, under General Cole, held the extreme left of the ridge, covering a road which led into a flat country, on which the British cavalry were drawn up in reserve. The British and Portuguese artillery was distributed along the front, at those points where it could be employed with the best effect.

The grey mist of early dawn hung yet upon the mountain; and it was but a doubtful light when the enemy quitted their camp. But as they advance, column upon column, the sun shone forth on their multitudinous array.

I have been told by a brave English officer—then a young ensign, and going, for the first time, into battle—that the sight took away his breath, and that our soldiers, on the ridge of Busaco, gazed for a time at it, motionless and silent. But this was soon over—the French moved up the hills. "Two columns, under Regnier, pressed up to the assault of the third division; and three, under Ney, moved rapidly against the convent. These points of attack were about three miles asunder. The firing first opened in front of Craufurd's division; but, despite its



earnest loudness, at the first faint report of guns from the right, Wellington, anticipating the object of Massena, rode thither, and found, as he had expected, that the main effort of the enemy was to possess themselves of the road which traverses the Busaco, from St. Antonio de Cantara, and to turn his right. They were ignorant of the presence of Generals Hill and Leith, and considered themselves engaged with the extreme right of the British. But, from the summit of that rocky brow, which they had ascended, through a storm of opposing fire with astonishing resolution, and for which they were still contending, though vainly, with the brave division of Picton, they beheld the strong and steady columns of those generals moving swiftly to the scene of action. The right of the third division had been, in the first instance, borne back: the 8th Portuguese had suffered most severely; the enemy had formed, in good order, upon the ground which they had so boldly won, and were preparing to bear down to the right, and sweep our field of battle. Lord Wellington arrived on the spot at this moment, and aided the gallant efforts of Picton's regiments, the fire of whose musketry was terrible, by causing two guns to play upon the French flank with grape. Unshaken even with this destruction, they still held their ground, till, with levelled bayonets and the shout of the charge, the 45th and 88th regiments, British, most gallantly supported by the 8th Portuguese, rushed forwards, and hurried them down the mountain side with a fearful slaughter."

But there was another column of the enemy, which had gained a height beyond the line of Picton's division. Upon this column, Colonel Edward Barnes's brigade of General Leith's corps, headed by the 9th regiment, under Colonel Cameron, made a rush; and the French, though defending themselves with a fierce fire of musketry, were borne over the rocks by the bayonets of the brave 9th. Another hopeless assault was made on General Craufurd, in front of the convent. The French advanced with great ardour, in spite of the musketry of our light troops and the bullets of our artillery, which made great havoc in their columns as they ascended the steep; but they had as yet no footing on the swelling ridge which masked the 43rd and 52nd regiments, when, at the given word, those gallant regiments ran upon them at the charge step, overthrew them with the bayonet, and then poured such a murderous fire upon the *fuyards*, that their line of retreat was strewed a long way down the hill with their dead and disabled.

After this lesson, the French marshals would not think of renewing the combat on the grim *Seira de Busaco*. They had lost one general and about 1,000 in killed, two generals and about 3,000 in wounded; while one general and several hundred men had been made prisoners—in all nearly 5,000. The loss of the Allies did not exceed 1,300, whereof 578 were Portuguese—being their full proportion, and a convincing proof that they had stood to their work like soldiers.

The conduct of the Portuguese was, indeed, worthy of their ancient, but long obscured, fame. By the victory of Busaco they were inspired with a confidence in Wellington, and with a confidence in themselves, which never afterwards forsook them. Their gallant bearing was, to Marshal Beresford especially, and to all the British officers serving under him (who had helped to turn "a lawless rabble" into a fine army), a very high honour, and a well-earned reward.

"This movement," says Wellington, "has brought the Portuguese levies into action with the enemy, for the first time, in an advantageous situation; and they have proved that the trouble which has been taken with them has not been thrown away, and that they are worthy of contending, in the same ranks with British troops, in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving."

One great object of Lord Wellington, in fighting the battle of Busaco, was to give time to the population of the country in his rear to get out of the way of the enemy with their goods and provisions, especially from Coimbra, a populous and rather wealthy town; but the orders he had given to that effect were ill obeyed, and, in many instances, totally neglected until the French marauders were in the towns and villages. North of the ridge of Busaco, there was the pass of Boyalva; and thither Massena now directed the heads of his formidable columns. Lord Wellington had directed Colonel Trant to occupy the Boyalva pass with a Portuguese division; but Trant missed the direct road, and arrived too late; and the French descended through the pass into the maritime plains, seizing on the road leading from Oporto to Coimbra. Massena had thus turned Lord Wellington's position, and got in his rear. But, facing about, the Allies, on the 29th, quitted the ridge of Busaco, crossed the Mondego, and began their retreat towards Lisbon—with full confidence that Massena was not to plant his eagles there this time.

On the 1st of September, the British rear-guard, after some skirmishing with the French, evacuated Coimbra, accompanied by nearly all the remaining inhabitants, who now ran away with whatever movable property they could carry, not knowing whither they were going, or by whom they were to be lodged and fed. The sick, the aged, and the children were put upon carts, mules, and asses; but respectable men and delicate women were seen walking slowly and painfully on foot, under heavy burdens, and encumbering the road, while the French cavalry was hovering on our flank and rear. "It was a piteous sight," says an officer present, "and one which those who saw it can never forget." The French entered the forsaken city of Coimbra, where they found ample stores of provision, which the soldiers pillaged and wasted, instead of husbanding them for the future necessities of their army. Massena halted three days in the town, and then pursued his march, leaving 5,000 sick and wounded behind him. Three days after his departure, Colonel Trant rushed into Coimbra, with a body of Portu-

guese militia, and captured these 5,000 French, together with some effective soldiers who had been left to protect the hospitals. Other bodies of militia and of organized peasants acted also upon the enemy's rear in co-operation with Trant; and every town or post which the French evacuated as they advanced towards Lisbon, was taken immediate possession of.

As the English and Portuguese pursued their leisurely march in echelons of divisions, by the two roads of Espinhal and Leiria, they found the villages deserted, the mill in the valley motionless, the mountain cottages open and untenanted, the bell's of the monastery silent, and the white churches empty. The flank of our columns were now literally covered with the flying population. It was like the uprooting and sweeping away of the population of whole provinces, with their flocks and their herds, their household goods and gods, and everything that was theirs: it was a scene such as Europe might have presented at the first irruption of the Huns.

It is to be remarked, however, that great as might have been the sufferings of this forced emigration, the people must have suffered infinitely more if they had remained in their homes during the French advance, and the infernal retreat which followed it. And better had it been for the general cause in the Peninsula, if Lord Wellington's proclamation had been in all instances more strictly obeyed.

Meanwhile, Massena followed our columns, and talked as loudly as before of driving the English into the sea. When intelligence of these movements reached England, the political party which had always represented the glorious struggle as a hopeless one, said that Wellington had gained another victory only to commence another retreat; and that it was one of the wildest flights of human presumption to think of defending a country like Portugal against the vast, victorious armies and surpassing genius of Buonaparte. They, too, anticipated that our 25,000 British must flee to their ships if they could only escape the ignominy of a capitulation; but no such raven croaked over the tent of our great Commander. The plan of defence which he had formed and matured was still unbroken and entire, and so were his own hopes. Writing to our admiral in the Tagus, during the retreat, he said—"I have very little doubt of being able to hold this country against the force which has now attacked it. There will be a breeze near Lisbon, but I know that we shall have the best of it." And writing to his brother Henry, now ambassador in Spain, he said—"We shall make our retreat to the positions in front of Lisbon without much difficulty or any loss. *My opinion is that the French are in a scrape.* They are not a sufficient army for the purpose, particularly since their late losses, and since the Portuguese have behaved so well; and they will find their retreat from this country a most difficult and dangerous operation."

His own retreat from Busaco, a distance of nearly 200 miles, was performed without loss or irregularity, although the van of Massena's immense column was several times near enough to skirmish with our rear-guard. On the 7th of October, the French came in sight of the chain of hills behind which, at the distance of twenty-four miles, lay the city of Lisbon. And now, up Lines of Torres Vedras, and show the lion in the middle path !

I was at Torres Vedras in the spring of 1815, when the works might be traced, and the whole plan easily understood. For a complete notion of the lines, the reader must consult military and scientific books, and Wellington's own despatches. The following is an outline sketch by an officer who served behind those lines with the 60th Rifles :—

"The line of defence was double. The first, which was twenty-nine miles long, began at Aliandra, on the Tagus, crossed the valley of Armia, which was rather a weak point, and passed along the skirts of Mount Agraça, where there was a large and strong redoubt ; it then passed across the valley of Tibreira, and skirted the ravine of Runã to the heights of Torres Vedras, which were well fortified ; and from thence followed the course of the little river Zizandre to its mouth on the sea-coast. The line followed the sinuosities of the mountain track which extends from the Tagus to the sea, about thirty miles north of Lisbon. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were fixed at Pero Negro, a little in the rear of the centre of the line, where a telegraph was fixed corresponding with every part of the position. The second line, at a distance varying from six to ten miles in the rear of the first, extended from Quintella, on the Tagus, by Bucellas, Monte Chique, and Mafra, to the mouth of the little river S. Lorenzo, on the sea-coast, and was twenty-four miles long. This was the stronger line of the two, both by Nature and art, and if the first line were forced by the enemy, the retreat of the army upon the second was secure at all times. Both lines were secured by breastworks, abattis, stone walls with banquettes, and scarps. In the rear of the second line there was a line of embarkation, should that measure become necessary, enclosing an entrenched camp and the fort of St. Julian. More than two redoubts or forts, and 600 pieces of artillery, were scattered along these lines. Lord Wellington had received reinforcements from England and Cadiz ; the Portuguese army had also been strengthened, and the Spanish division of La Romana, 5,000 strong, came from Estremadura to join the Allies ; so that the British commander had about 60,000 regular troops posted along the first and second lines, besides the Portuguese militia and artillery (which manned the forts and redoubts and garrisoned Lisbon), a fine body of English marines which occupied a line of embarkation, a powerful fleet in the Tagus, and a flotilla of gun-boats flanking the right of the British line. It was altogether a stupendous line of defence, conceived by the mili-

tary genius of the British commander, and executed by the military skill of the British engineer officers."

The highest praise was due and was given by Lord Wellington to these engineer officers, whose labours were directed at first by Colonel Fletcher, and afterwards by Captain J. T. Jones, both of the Royal Engineers.

On the 8th of October, the allied army began entering these lines, each division taking up its assigned quarters as quietly and orderly as if it were marching into a garrison-town of its own; and by the 10th, our entire force was collected on those heights, leaving the French, in the wet plain below, to gaze at our position.

"As famished wolves survey a guarded fold."

Massena's astonishment was equalled only by his mortification! For three days he did nothing but stare at the lines, and examine them through a telescope. He then employed several days in reconnoitring them, and in making demonstrations in order to induce the British general to show out his forces—a thing which Wellington never did, or would do, until the moment when it was absolutely necessary and unavoidable.

"On the 14th of October the French made an attack on a detachment of the 71st regiment, which was in advance of the lines near the town of Sobral, but they were repulsed with the bayonet and driven back into Sobral. Another skirmish occurred near Villa Franca, in front of the right of the line, in which the French general St. Croix was killed by the fire of the English gun-boats. After this, no further demonstrations were made. Massena put the second and eighth corps partly in the villages and partly in bivouacs in front of the right and centre of the British position, leaving the sixth corps at Otta in his rear. He established his dépôt and hospitals, and commenced forming magazines at Santarem, and for this purpose sent movable columns to scour the country for provisions, for he had entered Portugal without magazines, every soldier carrying fifteen days' bread, which many, however, threw away or wasted on the road. The country had been partly stripped by the inhabitants, who had retired to the mountains or within the lines, and the devastation of the French foraging parties destroyed what was left, so that for many leagues in rear of the French the country became a perfect desert. To add to this, the Portuguese militia, under Trant, Miller, and Wilson, came down from the north and cut off all communication between Massena's army and the Spanish frontier."

Massena had now given up all idea of attempting to force the lines unless he received immense reinforcements. On the 15th of November, he began a retrograde movement, with great caution, for the purpose of placing his army in cantonments for the winter. There were terrible discontentments among his officers as well as among his men.

On the 17th, the French second corps was established at and near Santarem, in a very strong position; the eighth corps at Pernes, and the sixth corps at Thomar, farther in the rear. Massena's headquarters were fixed at Torres Novas. The British light divisions and cavalry followed the French movements, and took some prisoners, but nothing of importance occurred. Lord Wellington, leaving part of his troops in the lines, moved forward the remainder towards the Rio Mayor, which separated him from the French position at Santarem. Hill's division was placed on the left bank of the Tagus, opposite Santarem. Wellington's head-quarters were fixed at Cartaxo. Thus ended the campaign of 1810.

In another letter, dated Rio Mayor, October 6, addressed likewise to Mr. Stuart, Lord Wellington says—"You will do me the favour to inform the Regency, and above all the Principal Souza, that, his Majesty and the Prince Regent having intrusted me with the command of their armies, and likewise with the conduct of the military operations, I will not suffer them, or anybody else, to interfere with them; that I know best where to station my troops, and when to make a stand against the enemy; and I shall not alter a system formed upon mature consideration upon any suggestion of theirs. I am responsible for what I do, and they are not; and I recommend them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, and which I long ago recommended to them—viz., to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of their own army and of the people, while the troops will be engaged with the enemy. . . . I have but little doubt of success; but as I have fought a sufficient number of battles to know that the result of any one is not certain, even with the best arrangements, I am anxious that the Government should adopt preparatory arrangements, and take out of the enemy's way those persons and their families who would suffer if they were to fall into their hands."

On the 1st of November, being then at Pero Negro, his lordship wrote a still more remarkable letter to our ambassador. Beginning with a cutting sarcasm on the priests, he said, "I may have mistaken the system of defence to be adopted in this country; and Principal Souza and other members of the Regency may be better judges of the capacity of the troops, and of the operations to be carried on, than I am. In this case, they should desire his Majesty and the Prince Regent to remove me from the command of the army. But they cannot doubt my zeal for the cause in which we are engaged; and they know that there is not a moment of my time, nor a faculty of my mind, that is not devoted to promote it; and the records of the Government will show what I have done for them and their country. If, therefore, they do not manifest their dissatisfaction and want of confidence in the measures which I adopt, by desiring that I should be removed,

they are bound, as honest men and faithful servants to their prince, to co-operate with me by all the means in their power, and thus should neither thwart them by opposition, nor render them nugatory by useless delays and discussions."

It has been truly said, that the perusal of this correspondence is absolutely necessary to enable a person to have a just idea of the difficulties which Lord Wellington had to contend with, and of the strength of mind which enabled him to rise superior to them. There was not another general officer in the army whose patience would have stood the enormous draughts made upon it. As for fiery Picton and impetuous Craufurd, it may be seriously doubted whether they would not have shot patriarch and principal, and involved us in a war with our allies.

*Campaign of 1811.*—During the months of January and February, the hostile armies in Portugal remained in the same respective positions; the French knowing that the English would not be driven from the lines of Torres Vedras, and the English not knowing what movements the French intended to make.

A dear old friend and travelling companion has favoured me with the following amusing and characteristic anecdote:—

"There is one circumstance which I have never forgotten, though it occurred forty years ago. I was staying at head-quarters at Caixao during the winter of 1810-11. My superior officer and friend, Captain H——, was invited one day to dine at the Commander-in-Chief's; for Lord Wellington occasionally invited regimental officers, and even young subalterns, if they attracted his notice or brought any introduction to his lordship. I remember a Tyrolese officer, one of Hofer's sacred band, who had found his way to Portugal; he obtained a commission in a Portuguese regiment, and was killed soon after, in our advance. He had letters for Lord Wellington, presented them, and was asked to dinner the same day. Being a blunt, honest German, and speaking very little English, he must have afforded some entertainment to his noble entertainer and staff. But to return to Captain H——. He dined with Lord Wellington some day either at the end of January or the beginning of February 1811, and when he came back to our quarters at night I asked him—of course with some degree of curiosity and anxiety—if anything had been said at table concerning our prospects in the ensuing campaign. Lord Wellington, as may be supposed, never spoke upon military operations before company; but it so happened that, that evening, some one among the guests, perhaps an officer high in rank, ventured to say—'I wonder what Massena will do next?' Looking at the guest, his lordship said, in a hurried manner—'They will march in March,' and said no more. These were the words that Captain H—— repeated to me that evening, at least a month or five weeks before the breaking

up of the French from Santarem, which, sure enough, took place in the month of March, when they began their retreat to the frontiers of Spain. But at the time the words were uttered we had no idea in the army that the French would be gone so soon ; we knew that Massena was being reinforced, and the opposition papers at home were loud in their forebodings of a formidable renewed attack upon us in the spring."

Meanwhile, Buonaparte's 9th corps, under Drouet, had entered Portugal by the valley of the Mondego, with a large convoy of provisions from Spain, and had reinforced Massena's army. At the same time, Marshal Soult, who commanded the army of Andalusia, received orders from Napoleon himself to act in concert with Massena, by attacking Portugal south of the Tagus ; and a new French army, under Marshal Bessières, was formed in the north of Spain, consisting of about 70,000 men, this Marshal being ordered to support the army of Portugal. Buonaparte was intent on his favorite scheme of crushing by immense masses. "Make a bridge across the Tagus," said he, "and let Massena and Soult form a junction ; meantime keep the English in check, and make them lose men every day by engagements of the advanced guards ; their army is small, and they cannot afford to lose many men ; besides, people in London are much alarmed about their army in Portugal ; and when the season becomes favourable let the main operations be carried on on the south bank of the Tagus."

Such were the gigantic efforts made by the master of half of Europe to crush an English army of 30,000 men, whilst Lord Wellington, after urgent applications to ministers at home, received reinforcements to the amount of from 6,000 to 7,000 men only in the beginning of March. But yet a horrible disaster for the French was at hand. Massena was waiting for Soult to appear on the left bank of the Tagus opposite to his position, but Soult was obliged to maintain the blockade of Cadiz, in which there was a British garrison of 6,000 men ; he was obliged to leave Sebastiani on the side of Granada and Murcia to keep in check the Spanish armed parties, and he could not therefore dispose of more than 20,000 men, with whom he durst not enter Alentejo, leaving the Spanish fortress of Badajoz in his rear. He therefore began by attacking the fortress of Olivença, which he took on the 22nd of January, and then marched to Badajoz. On the 19th of February he defeated a Spanish force of nearly 12,000 men under General Mendizabel, which was posted on the river Gebora, an affluent of the Guadiana, and then sat down to besiege Badajoz.

In the meanwhile, Massena remained in his position at Santarem, waiting for Soult's appearance on the Tagus, till he became so distressed for provisions that he could wait no longer. All the means of collecting provisions by violence were exhausted, large movable columns had been sent at different times both on the side of Ca-tello-



branco and on that of the Mondego, which scoured the country and carried away cattle and provisions, committing horrible excesses, which were retaliated by the infuriated peasantry upon the French stragglers and wounded. The discipline of the army was broken by this barbarous system of warfare; they had no less than 10,000 sick, no news from Spain, and no more provisions left than would serve the troops during their retreat to the frontiers. In the beginning of March, Massena moved his sick and baggage by *detaches* to the rear, and after demonstrations in various directions, the divisions of his army filed off in the direction of Pombal. Santarem was evacuated in the night of the 5th, and next morning it was entered by the English. Massena, however, had gained two days' march, and his army was not overtaken by the English till the 10th, when it was concentrated on a table-land before Pombal, presenting a front of resistance. There was some skirmishing with the light division, whilst Wellington brought up his other divisions, but the French, having gained time for their baggage to file off, retreated on the 11th through the town. A detachment which Ney had left in the castle of Pombal was driven away with some loss by the English, and in the night Massena continued his retreat. On the 12th, the English advance found Ney with the French rear-guard posted on a high table-land in front of the village of Redinha, when another skirmishing took place. As the French seemed disposed to stand their ground, and made a show of considerable force, Lord Wellington formed his army in line and moved on to the attack, when, after a general discharge from the French battalions, which hid them in smoke, the French were again in full retreat through the village, and joined that evening the main body at Condeixa, where one road leads to Coimbra and another ascends the valley of the Mondego. Massena's intention was to seize Coimbra, and, if possible, Oporto, and there to wait for reinforcements from Spain, and he had sent a division under Montbrun to secure the bridge of Coimbra. Wellington had foreseen his intention, and had ordered Wilson and Trant, with the Portuguese militia, to look to the security of the important town of Oporto, and to abandon the line of the Mondego, which river was fordable in many places, and retire across the Douro. Coimbra was thus exposed to attack. But it fortunately happened that Trant lingered behind at that town with a small force, and having destroyed one arch of the bridge and placed guards at the fords, he determined to defend the place, calculating that, if he could parry a *coup-de-main*, Marshal Massena, with Lord Wellington at his heels, would not stay long on the left bank of the Mondego. On the 11th, Montbrun appeared in the suburbs, and on the 12th, making an attempt to force the bridge, he was repulsed with grape-shot. Upon this, Massena relinquished the idea of crossing the Mondego, and determined to retreat by Ponte de Murcella and the left bank. Thus Coimbra

was saved from French fury. If he could have crossed the river he would have found supplies, but the country through which he was now to move was quite exhausted.

Massena resumed his retreat on the 13th in rather a confused manner, being on the point of having his left turned by Picton's division, which had taken a short cut by a rugged path across the mountains of Ancião. Ney, with the rear-guard, set fire to the town of Condeixa, in order to stop the passage of the British artillery and powder-waggons. The mass of our army, having crossed the Alva by a flying bridge, went in pursuit; but was obliged to halt at Moita for the old and cruel want—the want of provisions. Again destroying much of his baggage and ammunition for want of cattle to drag it on, Massena distanced the Allies; being, however, followed and watched by the light division of our cavalry until the 21st, when he reached Celorico and Guarda, and reopened his communications with the captured fortress of Almeida, and with the French on the frontier of Spain.

The retreat of Massena, properly speaking, may be considered as having terminated here. It had lasted a fortnight, during which the marshal and his infuriated soldiers displayed a ruthless spirit. An eye-witness says:—"I pass over the destruction of Redinha, Condeixa, Miranda de Corvo, and many villages on the route; the burning of those towns covered the retrograde movements of the army, and something must be attributed to the disorder which usually attends a forced retreat; but the town of Leiria and the convent of Alcobaça were given to the flames by express orders from the French head-quarters; and, although the laws of war, rigorously interpreted, authorize such examples when the inhabitants take arms, it can only be justly done for the purpose of overawing the people, and not from a spirit of vengeance when abandoning the country. But every horror that could make war hideous attended this dreadful march. Distress, conflagration, death in all modes! from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation! On every side unlimited violence, unlimited vengeance! I myself saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying—and the spirit of cruelty, once unchained, smote even the brute creation. On the 15th, the French general, to diminish the encumbrances of his march, ordered a number of beasts of burthen to be destroyed; the inhuman fellow charged with the execution hamstringed 500 asses, and left them to starve, and thus they were found by the British army on that day. The mute but deep expression of pain and grief visible in these poor creatures' looks, wonderfully roused the fury of our soldiers, and so little weight has reason with the multitude when opposed by a momentary sensation, that no quarter would have been given to any prisoner at that moment. Excess of feeling would have led to direct cruelty. This

shows how dangerous it is in war to listen to the passions at all, since the most praiseworthy could be thus perverted by an accidental combination of circumstances."

Though it had not been starved out, the Spanish garrison of Badajoz had made but a feeble and disgraceful resistance. By signals and otherwise, the governor of that place had been informed that Massena was in full retreat; that he might expect English assistance as soon as it could be sent him; and that Lord Wellington expected he would hold out till the last extremity. His lordship had made all the arrangements for detaching a force on Badajoz; and Sir William Beresford, with a considerable Portuguese force, was actually on his march, when the place surrendered to a corps of Soult's army numerically weaker than the garrison. It appears that on the 9th of March the French had made a breach in the place about eighteen feet wide; but which was by no means practicable. On the same day the Spanish governor acknowledged, by signal, the receipt of the message which Lord Wellington had sent him; yet on the 10th he suspended hostilities, and on the 11th he threw open his gates to become, with all his people, a prisoner of war. That inexplicable rogue or idiot, the governor of Badajoz, had been urged by Wellington to keep secret the intelligence of Massena's retreat, lest, by means of deserters, it should reach the enemy, whom his lordship was in hopes to find engaged in the siege. But the governor published the intelligence as soon as he received it, stating at the same time that he did not believe it. He did more, he communicated the intelligence to the French general. Verily these Spanish officers were enough to craze or disconcert any man co-operating with them. But Wellington calmly wrote—"It is useless to add any reflection to these facts. The Spaniards have lost Tortosa, Olivença, and Badajoz, in the course of two months, without sufficient cause; and in the same period, Marshal Soult, with a corps never supposed to be more than 20,000 men, has taken (besides the last two places) or destroyed above 22,000 Spanish troops!

"However unfortunate the Spanish armies have been in the field, the defences which they have made of several places were calculated to inspire confidence in the exertions of the troops at Badajoz; particularly considering that they had plenty of provisions and ammunition, that their cannons were still mounted on the works; and, above all, that they were certain of being relieved. This confidence has, however, been disappointed. . . . It is useless now to speculate upon the consequences which would have resulted from a more determined and protracted resistance at Badajoz. Sir William Beresford is at Portalegre, and his troops will be collected there on the 22nd. Soult cannot remain north of the Guadiana, even under existing circumstances. If Badajoz were still in the possession of the Allies, we

might expect to free from the enemy, not only Estremadura, but also Andalusia."

His lordship had not recalled Beresford on learning the fall of Badajoz, it being necessary that that general should be on the Guediana to watch Soult, and manœuvre on his right. And on the 18th of March, while yet at Pombeiro, on the Alva, his lordship had written to Beresford—"Lose no time in moving up, and attack Soult, if you can, at Campo Mayor. I will come to you, if I can; but if I cannot, do not wait for me. Get Castanos to join you, from Estremoz, with any Spanish troops he can bring with him."

Soult was kept in check by Beresford, and Wellington was still delayed for want of forage and provisions and draught cattle. On the 25th of March, the French abandoned Celorico, but retained possession of Guarda, which Massena was unwilling to give up, because he expected every hour to hear of Soult's advance, and dreaded the responsibility of abandoning Portugal altogether, without orders from his emperor. Warm and passionate discussions took place between him and Marshal Ney, who urged the necessity of an immediate march upon Almeida. Ney gave up his command in disgust, and went to Salamanca, and Massena gave Ney's corps to Loison.

Considerably more than half of the invading army had perished. On the 9th of April, Wellington wrote to Lord Liverpool—"The enemy's loss in this expedition to Portugal is *immense*; I should think no less than 45,000 men, including the sick and wounded."

"In the latter part of the following December, Massena sent a body of 2,000 men, cavalry and infantry, to forage, or, in other words, to plunder the district of Castello Branco. The town of Castello Branco was a considerable place, and as its situation was remote from the actual scene of warfare, the people were off their guard. On Christmas-eve, whilst most of the inhabitants were in the churches, the French rushed in, and a scene of outrage and bloodshed ensued, which is easier to imagine than to describe. Next morning, some order being restored, the officer who commanded the division demanded of the local magistrates a supply of stores, shoes, clothes, &c., for the army, which being complied with, in a few days the French quitted the place."

This will give the reader some idea of the system of war carried on by Buonaparte's armies, according to his once applauded principle—"Let war support war." It was, indeed, a principle of the Tartar kind! The French general, Foy, himself, says, "Like the avalanche rushing down from the summit of the Alps into the valley beneath, our innumerable armies, by their mere passage, destroyed, in a few hours, the resources of a whole country. They habitually bivouacked, and where they had our soldiers demolished houses which had stood for half a century, in order to construct with their materials those long

right-lined villages which were frequently destined to last but for a day. When forest timber was not at hand, fruit-trees of the most valuable kind, such as the olive, mulberry, and orange-trees, were felled for fuel."

But let me now quote Lord Wellington's calm observations to those who asked why he could not make war like the French, and go on with his army, as the French troops did, without pay, provisions, or magazines. "The French army is certainly a wonderful machine; but if we are to form such an one, we must form such a government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose one-half of the troops employed in the field every year, only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them. Next, we must compose our army of soldiers drawn from all classes of the population of the country; from the good and middling, as well in rank as in education, as from the bad; and not as other nations, and we in particular do, from the bad only. Thirdly, we must establish such a system of discipline as the French have; a system founded upon the strength of the tyranny of the government, which operates upon an army composed of soldiers, the majority of whom are sober, well-disposed, amenable to order, and in some degree educated. When we shall have done all this, and shall have made these armies of the strength of those employed by the French, we may require of them to live as the French do—viz., by authorized and regular plunder of the country and its inhabitants, if any should remain; and we may expose them to the labour, hardships, and privations which the French soldier suffers every day; and we must expect the same proportion of loss every campaign—viz., one-half of those who take the field."

On the 10th of April, when the last of the French had cleared out of the country, his lordship issued a proclamation to the Portuguese nation in which, among other things, he said:—"The Portuguese now know by experience, that the Marshal-General was not mistaken either in the nature or the amount of the evil with which they were threatened, or respecting the only remedies to avoid it—viz., decided and resolute resistance, or the removal and concealment of all property, and of everything which could tend to the subsistence of the enemy, or to facilitate his progress.

"Nearly four years have now elapsed since the tyrant of Europe first invaded Portugal with a powerful army. The cause of this invasion was not self-defence; it was not to seek revenge for insults offered, or injuries done by the benevolent sovereign of this kingdom; it was not even the ambitious desire of augmenting his own political power, as the Portuguese government had, without resistance, yielded to all the demands of the tyrant; but the object was, the insatiable desire to plunder, the wish to disturb the tranquillity, and to enjoy the riches, of a people who had passed nearly half a century in peace."

The people of Beira and Portuguese Estremadura, who had with

drawn from the open country upon the advance of Massena after the battle of Busaco, had caused a vast influx of population within, or rather behind, the lines of Torres Vedras. A part of this living stream had flowed down to Lisbon, and another had crossed to the south bank of the Tagus, entering districts which were safe from the French, and had not been devastated. These people were assisted partly by their own countrymen and partly by a gift of 100,000*l.*, voted by Parliament, and by voluntary subscriptions raised in England. They came in for a share of the cares, toils, and troubles which—apart from his duties as a military commander—constantly beset Lord Wellington, and it may safely be said that, but for his exertions and moral influence, many of those poor people must have perished for want. After the exit of Massena they returned to their homes, where the poorer classes received further assistance during the remainder of the year and in the following spring.

Having placed his army in cantonments between the Coa and the Agueda, his lordship set out for the south in order to see the state of affairs on the Guadiana. For a long time Soult had had his own way in that quarter; but the defeat of Marshal Victor at the battle of Barrosa, in Andalusia, by General Graham (the late veteran and venerable Lord Lynedoch), the advance of Beresford, and other incidents, had compelled Soult to return to Cadiz. Mortier, who succeeded Soult in command in Estremadura, laid siege to Campo Mayor, a weak place within the frontiers of Portugal, and very weakly garrisoned. The Portuguese commandant was obliged to surrender at last. Marshal Beresford, having been reinforced from the north by Lord Wellington, was advancing at the head of 22,000 men; and at his appearance, on the 25th of March, the French, evacuating Campo Mayor, withdrew to Badajoz, after a warm skirmish with some of the British cavalry. Beresford had received orders from Wellington to invest Badajoz before the enemy should have time to provision and repair that fortress which they had so recently taken. Crossing the Guadiana, Beresford advanced into Spanish Estremadura—Mortier having retired before him—and placed his army in cantonments to cover the siege of Badajoz. He began by besieging and capturing Olivença. Affairs were at this point when, on the 20th of April, Lord Wellington arrived from the north, reconnoitred Badajoz, and ordered Beresford to push on the siege with vigour. Until that place should be recaptured, the allied armies could not safely penetrate into Spain, while the French could command an easy entrance into the southern provinces of Portugal, to which Badajoz was the key. While arrangements were making for the siege, his lordship was recalled to the north by Massena's movements; and, on the 28th of April, he was back again to his main army, and fixed his headquarters at Villa Fermo-a, near the Coa.

Having recruited his army to a considerable extent at Salamanca, and having obtained a reinforcement of cavalry from Marshal Bessières, Massena moved from Ciudad Rodrigo, and crossed the Agueda, with 40,000 infantry, 5,000 horse, and about 30 pieces of artillery, for the purpose of relieving the French garrison in Almeida. Expecting every day to be superseded in his command, he wished, before returning to Paris, to make one effort more for the sake of his own military character. To face him Lord Wellington could muster no more than 32,000 men, of which force only 1,200 were cavalry. His lordship, however, determined to fight rather than give up the blockade of Almeida. He drew back his army half-way between the Agueda and the Coa, and placed it in an extended line on a table-land between the two parallel rivers, Turones and Das Casas, which are both affluents of the Agueda; his left, leaning on Fort Conception, covered the blockade of Almeida; his centre lay opposite the village of Almeida, and his right was at Fuentes de Onoro, a fair village, and extended towards the hill of Nava d'Aver, on the road to Sabugal: the whole length of the line was about seven miles. The river Coa flowed in our rear, and there was only one bridge whereby to cross it in case of a retreat, the bridge of Castello Bom. The ground was open on the side of Fuentes de Onoro, which village soon merited the name of "The Fountains of Honour," and there Massena resolved to attack in force, hoping to gain the village, turn Lord Wellington's right, push it upon its centre, and then drive the whole of that army back upon the Coa and its one narrow and perilous bridge. Towards evening, on the 3rd of May, the French left, under cover of a hot cannonade from a ridge which commanded the village, made a resolute assault upon Fuentes de Onoro. They carried the lower part of the village, and drove the English to the upper part, where the defence was, for a time, confined to a few strong houses and a chapel, which stood upon a rock. But Wellington, at the opportune moment, sent down a fresh brigade, and the French were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Massena led his columns of attack with more and more reinforcements, and the struggle in the narrow streets of the village was awful. Repeatedly bayonets were crossed (that very rare occurrence in war), the French and English being occasionally intermixed. But no French troops ever yet stood such a contest with the British, and the assailants were soon driven out of the lower part of the village, and across the Das Casas river. Completely foiled in this desperate effort, Massena passed all the following day in reconnoitring, and in making plans of attack, which were all foreseen by Wellington and provided for. In the course of that day (the 4th of May) Marshal Bessières, who had come up and joined Massena with a body of Buonaparte's Imperial Guards, reconnoitred also, declaring to his impatient and irritated colleague, that great caution and circumspection would be necessary against a commander so skilful and troops

so steady as those now before them. On the morrow (5th), as early as three o'clock in the morning, the French columns were in motion, and at about six Massena made a grand attack on the British right with the greater part of his army, including the entire mass of his cavalry. Some irregular Spanish cavalry, under Don Julian Sanchez, which Wellington had placed on the hill of Nava d'Aver, at his extreme right, were very soon swept away; and our 7th light division, and other troops on our right, had to sustain the whole force and fury of Massena's columns. Our men formed into squares; but the numerous French cavalry fell upon the 7th division before it could effect that formation. The troops, however, stood firm; and although some were cut down by Montbrun's heavy horse, the enemy was checked by the steady fire of the Chasseurs Britanniques, a foreign regiment in the British service, and of the other regiments of the 7th division. Lord Wellington, however, considering his position too far extended to the right, gave up the ground near Nava d'Aver and his communication with Sabugal, and ordered the 7th and light divisions to retire across the plain, and the 1st and 3d divisions to wheel back and take up a new alignment on a steep ridge which runs from the Das Casas to the Turones. Such a movement, in the midst of a battle, is, at all times, difficult, and never to be attempted except with the steadiest troops. At this time the movement was well executed, though under very critical circumstances, for the British squares had to cross a vast open plain exposed to the charge of that numerous French cavalry, supported by artillery, the British cavalry being too weak to give much protection. The non-combatants, who had gathered behind the first British line for protection, were hurrying away in panic and with loud lamentations, being driven and goaded by the French horsemen across the plain. It was a dangerous hour for England! and a most trying one for her greatest general!

"The whole of the vast plain, as far as the Turones, was covered with a confused multitude, amidst which the squares appeared but as specks; for there was a great concourse, composed of commissariat followers of the camp, servants, baggage, led horses, and peasants attracted by curiosity, and, finally, the broken pickets and parties coming out of the woods. The 7th division was separated from the army by the Turones; 5,000 French cavalry, with fifteen pieces of artillery, were close at hand impatient to charge; the infantry of the 8th corps was in order of battle behind the horsemen; the wood was filled with the skirmishers of the 6th corps; and if the latter body pivoting upon Fuentes, had issued forth, while Drouet's divisions fell on that village, while the 8th corps attacked the light division, and while the whole of the cavalry made a general charge, the loose multitude encumbering the plain would have been driven violently in upon the 1st division, in such a manner as to



have intercepted the latter's fire, and broken their ranks. No such effort, however, was made; Montbrun's cavalry merely hovered about Craufurd's squares, the plain was soon cleared, the cavalry took post behind the centre, and the light division formed a reserve to the right of the 1st division, sending the riflemen among the rocks to connect it with the 7th division, which had arrived at Freneda, and was there joined by Julian Sanchez. At the sight of this new front, so deeply lined with troops, the French stopped short, and commenced a heavy cannonade, which did great execution, from 'the closeness of the allied masses; but twelve British guns replied with vigour, and the violence of the enemy's fire abated; their cavalry then drew out of range, and a body of French infantry attempting to glide down the ravine of the Turones was repulsed by the riflemen and light companies of the Guards."

By the movement which had been effected, the village of Fuentes de Onoro was now the left of our position, and Freneda beyond the Turones was our right. All the time of the combat on the ridge, and the movement across the plain, a fierce battle had been going on at Fuentes.

Massena had directed Drouet to carry the village as soon as Montbrun's cavalry should turn our right. But the village was again defended as stoutly as it had been on the 3rd. Again, there seemed different shiftings and changes of fortune: early in the contest that noble Highlander, Colonel Cameron, was mortally wounded, and three brave regiments (the 24th, 71st, and 79th) were driven from the lower parts of the village, by an attacking column of tremendous strength. At one time the very chapel on the rock, in the upper part of the village, was abandoned. The upper part of the village was, however, stiffly held; and the rolling of the musketry was there incessant. Lord Wellington, having all his reserves in hand, detached considerable masses to the support of the regiments in Fuentes; and Massena sent mass after mass to reinforce General Drouet. Having got the 71st and 79th into good order, and having joined the 88th to those two regiments which had severely suffered, Colonel Mackinnon turned upon the French with his infuriated brigade—

"Wild from the plaided ranks the yell was given!"

and the Highlanders rushed to take vengeance for the fall of noble Cameron. The entire village was recovered; and, cleared of all the French, save their dead and their badly wounded. The battle was prolonged round the village, and on the banks of the stream, till the fall of night, when Massena's column crossed the river, and retired to the distance of a cannon-shot from its banks. The French generals had committed various and gross blunders, scarcely to be expected from officers who had obtained so much celebrity; but on the British side there does not appear to have been a single mistake. Our total loss from the beginning

of the fighting on the 3rd, was 235 killed, 1,234 wounded, and 317 missing or prisoners. The loss of the French was far greater; 400 of their dead were counted in the village of Fuentes alone, strewn the streets or piled upon one another; many prisoners were taken, and intercepted letters showed that from 3,000 to 4,000 had been wounded either in the attacks on the village on the 3rd, or in this more general affair of the 5th.

Massena avowedly fought the battle of Fuentes de Onoro, for the purpose of relieving Almeida; and in that purpose he completely failed. The French army remained quiet throughout the 6th and 7th. Lord Wellington, expecting a renewal of the struggle, threw up some works in the upper village, and upon the position behind it. But upon the 8th the French testified that they would fight no more there, by withdrawing from their ground; and upon the 10th, they crossed the Agueda into Spain.

Buonaparte, before this, had come to the conclusion that Massena was not the man to drive Wellington out of Portugal, and he had sent Marshal Marmont, a younger officer, to supersede him. The order by which the former "Favourite of Fortune" was ordered to give up the command, was harsh, ungenerous, and unfeeling; but Massena had slight claims to the sympathy of any one, and this measure was what Buonaparte meted to nearly all his unsuccessful generals. Massena was allowed to take with him to Paris only his son, and one aide-de-camp. He had finished his last act, and played out its last scene in defeat and disgrace: he appeared no more on the stage where he had first presented himself as a common sergeant, a deserter, and a traitor.

Nearly at the same time Marshal Ney, General Junot, and General Loison repaired to Paris, whither Joseph Buonaparte had gone before them. They all left behind them evil names, and carried with them hatreds, jealousies, and fierce recriminations of one another. *La guerre d'Espagne*, a word of ill omen before their return, took a more sinister sound and signification when Massena, Ney, Loison, and the very rash and talkative Junot had been a week in the French capital.

Lord Wellington had frequently occasion to report the humanity and generosity of his British soldiers. A few days after the battle of Fuentes de Onoro, in a letter addressed to Mr. Perceval, then our prime minister, thanking him for attending to his charitable recommendation in favour of the distressed Portuguese people, his lordship said—"My soldiers have continued to show to them every kindness in their power, as well as to the Spaniards. The village of Fuentes de Onoro having been the field of battle the other day, and not being much improved by this circumstance, they immediately and voluntarily subscribed to raise a sum of money, to be given to the poor inhabitants as a compensation for the damage which their properties had sustained in

the contest." At the same time the wounded and the sick Portuguese soldiers, having no hospitals of their own, were taken into our hospitals, where our men shared with them whatever little comforts they could procure.

A few days after Massena's retreat, the French garrison in Almeida evacuated the place, blew up some of the works, fled by night, and getting across the Agueda, joined their main army, though not without the loss of 400 men, the third part of their entire force, and the loss of their artillery, ammunition, baggage, and everything except the ragged clothes on their backs, their side-arms a'd muskets. But for some negligence on the part of our blockading divisions scarcely a man of that garrison could have escaped. Lord Wellington was exceedingly annoyed; and he did not fail to express his sentiments to some of the commanding officers, who ought to have been better prepared for the sortie of the French, seeing that they had no alternative but to make a desperate attempt to fly by night, or surrender at discretion.

Marmont had been ordered to take the command of the army of Portugal with a firm hand; but this marshal, finding that he could do nothing more than continue the retreat which Massena had commenced, retired to Salamanca, and put the disheartened, half-naked, and half-starving army into cantonments.

Lord Wellington set out once more for the south. But before he could arrive on the Guadiana, great events had taken place in that quarter. By the 4th of May—the day which intervened between the two conflicts at Fuentes—Beresford had invested Badajoz. Very little progress had been made in the siege when Beresford received intelligence that Soult was rapidly advancing. This was on the night of the 12th of May; and on the following morning our General, far too weak to attend to two objects at once, raised the siege and prepared to fight Soult in a pitched battle, and on an open field.

Having removed their artillery, &c., the Allies took post on the memorable ridge of ALBUERA: they were between 7,000 and 8,000 British infantry, several of the Portuguese brigades, which Beresford had so admirably disciplined, the Spanish corps of Blake and Castaños, and about 2,000 cavalry—in all about 27,000 men. But the Spaniards, who formed more than 10,000 of this total, had scarcely been disciplined at all, and were but little to be depended upon. Another Spanish brigade, under Don Carlos d'España, arrived at Albuera on the 14th; and on the evening of the 15th (while Lord Wellington was still on the Coa), after a day of heavy rain, Soult came up with about 19,000 chosen infantry, about 4,000 cavalry, and 50 guns. As at Fuentes de Onoro, the ground was very favourable for cavalry. The French marshal immediately reconnoitred our position, and determined upon an attack, in force, on the right flank, which was occupied

by Blake's Spanish corps, the British holding the centre, and the Portuguese the left.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, the French troops were seen in full motion, dense masses of infantry and clouds of cavalry rolling towards Blake's division, while two heavy columns of infantry and some horse, marching out of a wood, pointed towards the front of the allied position, as if to attack the bridge and the unroofed, ruined village of Albuera. Other demonstrations were made, as though Soult intended to attack the British centre in front; but Beresford saw that this was but a feint, and he immediately sent the alert Colonel Hardinge to request that Blake would change his front so as to face the French, who assuredly meant to attack the Spanish right. The Spanish general refused, doggedly insisting that the real attack of Soult was against the centre, by the bridge of Albuera. The truth appears to have been that Blake knew very well that if he attempted, with his undisciplined rabble, to change front, or to make any other evolution in the presence of an active and highly disciplined enemy, they would fall into irremediable confusion, and either throw down their arms and ask for quarter, or fly—to be pursued and cut to pieces. But when the attempt to manœuvre had become infinitely more difficult than it was when Colonel Hardinge gave Blake his order to change front—when the French were actually appearing on the table-land on his right, and getting ready to enfilade nearly the whole position of the Allies—that presumptuous, self-willed man proceeded to make the evolution with pedantic slowness. And forthwith, attacked by the French, the Spaniards gave way in disorder, leaving, for a moment, the British centre entirely exposed, and too truly telling the English soldiers what little assistance they were to expect from such allies. The day might have been considered by a less brave man than Beresford as already lost. "Two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle on a line perpendicular to his right, and his army, disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. . . . The Spaniards were in disorder at all points, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and General Rutly placed all the batteries in position."

As the heights the enemy had gained raked and entirely commanded our old position, it became necessary to make every effort to retake and maintain them; and a noble effort was made by the brigades of the 2nd British division. The 1st of these brigades (General Colborne's), while in the act of deploying on the ascent of the hill under a heavy fire of French artillery from the ridges which Blake and his Spaniards ought to have held, was attacked in front and rear by the French cavalry and the fierce Polish lancers, who, concealed by a heavy storm of rain and the

thick smoke from the firing, passed round the flank of the hill, and committed dreadful havoc. Wherever these Poles had served the French—whether in Italy, Egypt, Germany, Spain, or Portugal—they had distinguished themselves by their savage ferocity as much as by their bravery and their address as light cavalry. On the present, as on other occasions, these lancers, with their blood-red pennons shaking under the heads of their lances, rode madly over the field to spear the wounded and finish them where they fell. The tremendous slaughter made upon Colborne's brigade would, however, have been still greater, if these Poles had not thus lost time in gratifying their unsoldierlike appetite for blood and death; or if, instead of scattering themselves over the hill, they had kept together with the French dragoons, and pursued their first advantage, which had been chiefly owing to surprise. Two British regiments were almost annihilated; but the 31st (the left of Colborne's brigade of three regiments), which fortunately had not begun to deploy, escaped the cavalry charge and manfully kept its ground under Major l'Estrange. While this stern fighting was in progress on the hill, some Spanish corps, regardless that their fire was falling fast, not upon the French, but upon the English ranks, kept up a mad, blind, unabating fusillade; but when ordered to advance, and succour men who were perishing through the celerity with which they had rushed to cover and assist them, no power could move them forward. At one time Beresford seized a Spanish ensign and dragged him forward with the colours, hoping that the useless regiment would be inspirited to follow. Not a man stirred, and the standard-bearer flew back to his herd, as soon as the marshal relaxed his grasp. Houghton's brigade, the next of the two brigades which had been sent forward to recover possession of the ridge, soon reached the summit, joined the immovable 31st, and maintained a most desperate struggle against an immensely superior force, and against all arms—artillery, infantry, cavalry, both light and heavy. When we shall see a well-authenticated instance of the troops of any other nation gaining and keeping such a position against such odds, then we may qualify, or waver in, our national faith that the British infantry is the best in the world. Houghton's men, however, fell fast, and his ammunition, expended in a rapid, sustained fire, began to fail. At the same moment another and a fresh French column appeared moving round the right flank of the hill. Marshal Beresford now thought of retreat, and it is said that orders were on the point of being issued to commence it. But there was a young, quick-sighted, noble-hearted officer on the field, who saw that the battle might yet be won. This was Colonel, now General Viscount Hardinge, who had shown the greatest intrepidity, activity, vigilance, and address in Sir John Moore's unfortunate campaign, who had been at the side of that general on the hard-fought field of Corunna when he received his death-wound, who

had raised the dying veteran from the ground, tried to stop the effusion of blood with his sash, and then assisted in carrying him to the rear, displaying the delicate tenderness of a woman united with the fortitude of a Christian warrior. Colonel Hardinge, who was now acting as deputy quarter-master-general to the Portuguese troops, without waiting for Marshal Beresford's orders, hurled General Cole's division against the French. With this division, which consisted only of the English fusilier brigade and of one Portuguese brigade, Cole moved forward. It was this British fusilier brigade that restored the fight, and saved the allied army from a fearful catastrophe. While the Portuguese brigade, under General Harvey, moved round the shoulder of the hill on the right, and some troops under Colonel Abercrombie moved round on the left, Cole himself led the matchless fusiliers straight up the fatal hill, which was now completely crowned by the French masses and their artillery. Two or three flags of regiments and six British guns were already in the enemy's possession, and the whole of Soult's reserve was coming forward, *en masse*, to reinforce his columns on the ridge, from which the 31st and Houghton's thinned brigade seemed, at last, on the point of being swept. On the ridge and on the slopes the ground was heaped with dead bodies, and the Polish lancers were riding furiously about the captured English guns. But General Cole, at the head of his fusiliers, moved steadily onward and upward, dispersed those savage lancers, recovered our six guns, and appeared on the summit of the hill and on the right of Houghton's brigade, just as Abercrombie took post on its left. The military historian of these exciting events has given a most animated and perfect picture of the scene which followed. His description has often been quoted; but it would savour of presumption in any man to attempt to write another.

"Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory: they wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Sir William Myers was killed, Cole, and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardest veterans, extorting themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up,

and, fiercely arising, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitudes, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

"It was observed," wrote Beresford to the Commander-in-Chief, "that our dead, particularly the 57th regiment, were lying, as they had fought, in ranks, and that every wound was in front."

The day was now won as Hardinge had seen it might be, and Beresford ordering the Portuguese and Spaniards to advance, the French retreated in dismay and confusion across the Albuera river. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the firing, which had begun hotly at about 9 o'clock in the morning, ceased. The Allies had lost, in killed and wounded, about 7,000 men, of whom more than two-thirds were British. The French were computed to have lost not less than 9,000 men, including two generals killed and three generals wounded.

On the evening of the 16th, the day which had witnessed one of the most murderous conflicts of modern times, considering the number of troops engaged, Beresford improved his position; his freshest troops were placed in front, and some hundreds of spears and flags, taken from the Poles, were planted in defiance along the crest. On the morrow, the 17th of May, the two armies remained in their respective positions, Beresford fully expecting to be attacked again. But the morning passed, and the afternoon, and the evening, and the night, without any movement on the side of Soult; and on the 18th, Kemmis's brigade of 1,500 English came up and joined Beresford on the ridge of Albuera, and then, late at night, Soult began to move off his wounded, and to prepare for his retreat upon Seville, which he commenced on the morning of the 19th, leaving behind him 800 soldiers, severely wounded, to the generosity and humanity of the English. The French marshal had no doubt heard of the approach of Lord Wellington. On the very next day his lordship arrived at Albuera with two fresh divisions, and ordered that the siege of Badajoz should be instantly resumed. Through our

deficiency in cavalry, Soult's retreat was not so much molested as it ought to have been; but, nevertheless, he lost some hundreds of men, and our weak horse defeated his strong rear-guard at Usagre.

Trenches were opened before Badajoz, and on the 5th of June, a breach being made, the assault was given. Through various wants and deficiencies in our siege appointments, this failed completely, nor did another attempt on the 9th prove more successful. These two assaults cost our army, in killed and wounded, 400 of our very best men. On the 10th, his lordship received certain intelligence that Marmont was marching from Salamanca to join Soult with the whole of his forces, and that Drouet's corps was advancing from Toledo, and would probably join Soult that very day. He therefore fell back, and took up a position on the heights near Campo Mayor, along the Portuguese frontier. Although the French brought together from 60,000 to 70,000 infantry, and 8,000 horse, while Wellington, counting Portuguese and some Spaniards, had not more than 56,000, of which only 3,500 were horse, the two French marshals would not venture to attack him on those heights; and after losing many days, Marmont, about the middle of July, separated from Soult, and marched back upon Salamanca. This rendered indispensable a corresponding movement to the northward on the part of Wellington; and his lordship, leaving General Hill with one British division, and the Portuguese troops in the Alentejo, marched back to his old line of the Agueda, and established his head-quarters at Fuente Guinaldo. Here he was at no great distance from Ciudad Rodrigo, and, aiming at the recovery of that fortress, he caused it to be watched. Towards the end of September, Marmont, having received large reinforcements from France, advanced to the Agueda, and by his superiority of numbers, and especially of cavalry, obliged Wellington to withdraw to his old position on the Coa—whither the French did not choose to follow him.

Meanwhile General Hill obtained signal successes in the south. Marshal Soult had gone back again to Seville, and thence to Cadiz, to have an eye upon the interminable blockade of the latter city. The French general, Gerard, was left near the Guadiana, at Arroyo Molinos; and here, on the 28th of October, he was surprised, surrounded, and completely routed by Hill, who took 1,500 men and several officers of rank prisoners, and seized the whole of his artillery, ammunition, stores, and baggage. General Hill then advanced to Merida, where he placed his troops in cantonments. In all Spanish Estremadura the French had now no firm footing except within the walls of Badajoz.

Thus terminated the campaign of 1811. Lord Wellington in the course of this year, besides having firmly established his complete pos-



session of Portugal, had, by his operations within the Spanish frontiers, given employment to two French armies, and prevented the French from acting with vigour either against Galicia in the north, or against Cadiz in the south. He had more than redeemed his pledge and promise to retain possession of Portugal, and make it a *point d'appui* for future operations against the French in Spain.





### CHAPTER III.

Siege and Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—Capture of Badajoz—Battle of Salamanca—Entrance into Madrid—Retreat to Portugal—A Sharp Lesson to Officers—Battle of Vittoria—Battles of the Pyrenees—Entrance into France—Further Advance into France—Battle of Orthes—Battle of Toulouse—Siege of Bayonne—Peace—The Duke at Paris, and at Madrid—Honours and rewards.

*Campaign of 1812.*—LORD WELLINGTON, from his head quarters at Frenada, had been preparing the means of recapturing the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. These cares had occupied him ever since he retired before Soult in the preceding autumn. Great things were done secretly and without any noise. Under the appearance of repairing and fortifying Almeida, he had collected there a battering train, and abundant stores. A portable bridge on trestles was also constructed in the same place. He also effected the formation of a commissariat waggon-train, with several hundred waggons constructed for the purpose, in order to supercede the rude carts of Portuguese construction which had been hitherto used as a means of transport for the army, but which would have often proved quite ineffectual without the assistance of a large body of Spanish mules and muleteers, which followed all the movements of the divisions of the British army. By the exertions of the engineer officers, the river Douro had been rendered navigable as far as the confluence of the Agueda ; that is to say, forty miles higher than boats had ever before ascended it. All this was done with so little outward bustle and show, that Marmont does not seem to have anticipated any attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo, at least for the remainder of the winter. The French marshal had placed his army, the "Army of Portugal," in extensive cantonments about Placencia and Talavera, towards the Tagus, and had detached part of it eastward towards La Mancha, and two divisions to the north, to occupy the Asturias. Suddenly Lord Wellington, on the 6th of January, moved his head-quarters forward to Gallegos, and on the 8th part of the army crossed the Agueda, and immediately invested Ciudad Rodrigo.

That very night an external redoubt, on a hill, called the Great Teson, was stormed by a party of our light division ; by the 15th two

strongly fortified convents outside the walls were carried by assault, our second parallel was completed, and fresh batteries were established. Two practicable breaches were made on the 19th, and that very evening orders were given to storm the place. No time was to be lost, for Marmont was advancing to relieve the garrison. The assault was made by two breaches and by the gate of St. Jago, and in less than half an hour the Allies were in possession of, and formed on the ramparts, and then the French garrison surrendered. But the fighting had been awful, and an accident had swelled our great loss, General Mackinnon and many of his men having been blown up by the explosion of a magazine on the ramparts. General Craufurd, the gallant commander of the light division, was mortally wounded, and soon died; General Vandeleur and Colonel Colborne were wounded less seriously, as was also Major G. Napier, who led one of the storming parties, and who was not hit for the first time. The total loss of the British and Portuguese amounted to about 1,000 killed and wounded. The loss of the garrison was about the same, besides 1,700 prisoners. More than 300 pieces of cannon, a battering train complete, an armoury of small arms, a well-stocked arsenal, and military stores of all descriptions, were found in the place. Marshal Marmont had collected 60,000 men, and had advanced as far as Salamanca, nothing doubting of success; when, to his astonishment and dismay, he learned that the British flag was flying on the walls, that the trenches were filled in, and the breaches already in a defensible state.

The Spanish Cortes assembled at Cadiz passed unanimously a vote of thanks to his lordship, and conferred on him the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. In England he was raised to the dignity of an earl of the United Kingdom, and Parliament, in addition to a vote of thanks to him and his brave army, annexed to the title an annuity of 2,000*l*. In the debate in the Lower House, when the grant was proposed, Mr. Canning stated that a revenue of 5,000*l*. a year had been granted to Lord Wellington by the Portuguese Government when they conferred upon him the title of Conde de Vimeira; that as Captain-General of Spain, 5,000*l*. a year had been offered him, and 7,000*l*. as Marshal in the Portuguese service, all of which he had declined, saying, "he would receive nothing from Spain and Portugal in their present state; he had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he would look for reward."

Marshal Marmont retired again to Valladolid, his troops exhausted by forced marches which had no result, and himself unable to comprehend what next objects his dangerous adversary might have in view.

His lordship's first object of all was to take Badajoz before Marmont and Soult could unite for its defence. Having repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, and handed over the command of the place to

a Spanish general on the 5th of March, he, on the afternoon of the same day, began to move to the south, leaving one division of his army on the Agueda. Again his preparations were carried on with all possible secrecy. The artillery for the siege was embarked at Lisbon for a fictitious destination, then transhipped at sea into small craft, in which it was conveyed up the Setubal river to Alcacer do Sol, and thence by land across the Alemtejo to the banks of the Guadiana. In this manner fifty-two heavy guns and twenty-four-pounder howitzers, and an enormous quantity of powder, shot, and shell, were got up to Badajoz before the French knew anything about it. But the exertions and anxieties all this had cost Lord Wellington, had nearly broken up even his iron constitution.

On the 16th March our army crossed the Guadiana, and Badajoz was immediately invested, while several of our divisions advanced to Llerena and Merida to cover the siege.

When Lord Wellington thus sat down before Badajoz, its garrison consisted of 5,000 effective men, under the command of a most distinguished engineer, Philippon, who had already defended the fortress with success, and who had been labouring for many months to increase its strength and to provide means of destruction for its assailants. More guns had been mounted, more retrenchments made, more covered ways established, more shafts sunk, and more mines formed; the place had been well provisioned, and nearly all the Spanish inhabitants had been expelled from it. Such was the condition of Badajoz when, limited both in time and means, Lord Wellington determined to attack it. Although his battering train was respectable, he was unprepared to undertake a slow formal siege. Mortars he had none—his miners were few and inexperienced—and if his operations were delayed, an advance of the French armies, or even stormy weather, must certainly interrupt the investment.

While getting ready for his first assault on the outworks, his lordship's attention was distracted and his spirit vexed by intelligence from the south. He received a letter from Don Carlos d'España, stating that Ciudad Rodrigo was provisioned for only twenty-three days, that the garrison had no money, that the repairs of the works could not be completed unless his lordship sent back some English workmen, and finally, that if Marmont should only establish a single division between the Coa and the Agueda, that place, whose reduction had cost so much British blood and treasure, must assuredly pass again into the hands of the French. Lord Wellington, who had reduced his own magazines to provision Ciudad Rodrigo, and who had almost emptied his military chest by leaving 12,000 dollars to repair the works, was justly incensed; and he wrote to the incapable Don: "The report which you make of Ciudad Rodrigo distresses me much. I had hoped that when, by the

labour of the British and Portuguese troops, and at the expense of the British Government, I had in concert with General Castaños, improved and repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, so that at all events the place was made secure from a *coup-de-main*, and had left money in order to complete the execution of what our troops had not time to complete, I should not have been told by your Excellency that, for want of the assistance of fifteen or twenty British soldiers, who are artificers, and whose services are required for other objects essential to the cause of Spain, the whole business is at a stand. Is it possible that your Excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castile cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stone-cutters, masons, and carpenters for the repair of this important post? How have all the great works been performed which we see in your country?

"But your Excellency's letter suggests this melancholy reflection that everything, as well of a military as of a laborious nature, must be performed by British soldiers. . . . In writing this letter to your Excellency, I do not mean to make any reproach. I wish only to place upon record the facts as they have occurred, and to show to your country, and to my country and to the world, that if this important place should fall, or if I should be obliged to abandon plans important to Spain, in order to go to its relief, the fault is not mine."

Five days after writing this letter, on the 25th of March, his lordship ordered an attack to be made on the Picuina, an advanced post, separated from Badajoz by the small river Rivillas. That post was bravely carried by storm; and, on the 26th, two breaching batteries opened a heavy fire on the town, in the midst of rainy, deplorable weather.

In the meantime, Soult was collecting his disposable force at Seville for the relief of the place, and Marmont, in order to effect a diversion, entered Portugal by Sabugal and Penamacor, and ravaged the country east of the Estrella. This compelled Lord Wellington to accelerate the operations of the siege. On the 6th of April, three breaches having become practicable, orders were given for the assault in the evening. The various divisions passed the glacis under a tremendous fire from the garrison, which greatly thinned their ranks; they descended into the ditch, and ascended the breaches, but here they found obstacles which appeared insuperable. Planks studded with iron spike-like harrows, and chevaux-de-frize formed of sword-blades, effectually stopped the way, and the ramparts and neighbouring buildings were occupied by light infantry, which showered their volleys upon the assailants. Shells, hand-grenades, every kind of burning composition, and missiles of every sort, were hurled at them. At last (about the hour of midnight) Lord Wellington ordered them to withdraw, just as a report came that General Picton's division had taken the castle by escalade, and soon after General Walker's brigade also entered the town by escalade on the side of the

Olivença gate. The other divisions then formed again for the attack of the breaches, when all resistance ceased. The French governor, Philippon, with a few hundred men, escaped across the Guadiana to Fort San Christoval, where he surrendered the following morning. Many excesses and outrages were committed by the soldiers, until severe measures on the part of Lord Wellington restored order. The prisoners, however, were spared.

"Never," says Colonel Jones,— "probably never since the discovery of gunpowder, were men more seriously exposed to its action." The loss of the Allies had been dreadful; including the Portuguese, 72 officers and 963 men were killed, and 306 officers and 3,480 men wounded. Covered as they were, the French lost from 1,200 to 1,500 men during the siege and in the assault. Philippon, in surrendering with the survivors of the garrison, gave up from 3,000 to 4,000 prisoners, Spaniards, Portuguese, and English, who had been collected in Badajoz as a safe dépôt. Writing to Colonel Torrens, the day after this dearly-bought triumph, his lordship said,— "Our loss has indeed been very great; but I send you a letter to Lord Liverpool which accounts for it. The truth is, that, equipped as we are, the British army is not capable of carrying on a long siege." This letter to the Earl of Liverpool has not been found; but from documents in the Ordnance Office, and from other sources, it appears that it recommended the immediate formation of a corps of sappers and miners; the want of such an establishment with the army being a chief cause of the great loss of lives in our sieges.

It was not until daybreak on the 7th of April, that his lordship was completely master of Badajoz. On the 8th, Soult collected his army at Villafranca, between Llerena and Merida, at a short distance from Badajoz; but hearing of the fall of that place, on the morning of the 9th, long before daylight, he began to retreat once more to Seville. Again the French were warmly pursued by the British cavalry, who cut up Soult's rear-guard at Villa Garcia.

On the 13th of June, Wellington, having completed his preparations for an advance into Spain, broke up from his cantonments with about 40,000 men, leaving General Hill on the Tagus, near Almaraz, with about 12,000 more. On the 17th, he appeared before Salamanca, to the surprise of Marmont, who retired on his approach; leaving about 800 French in some forts, constructed on the ruins of convents, which commanded the only bridge which crossed the river Tormes into the town. The Allied Army forded the river and entered Salamanca, to the great joy of its inhabitants, who had been scandalously treated by the enemy. His lordship himself wrote,— "They have now been suffering for more than three years, during which time the French, among other acts of violence and oppression, have destroyed thirteen out of twenty-five convents, and twenty-two of twenty-five colleges,

which existed in this celebrated seat of learning." The convent forts, which were found to be of great strength, were immediately invested by General Clinton's division; Marmont retired to Toro on the Douro, and the British advance took up a position at San Christoval, a few miles in front of Salamanca. In a rash attempt to carry the forts by escalade, Major-General Bowes was slain, and 120 men were killed or wounded. On the 20th, Marmont, wheeling round, came in front of our position at San Christoval, and made a demonstration with his cavalry, which brought on a skirmish, but nothing more. The French marshal remained in our front all that night and all the next day, and on the following night established a post on our right flank, the possession of which would have deprived Wellington of an advantage which might eventually be of importance. Accordingly, on the following morning, the 22nd, that post was attacked by the hero of Barrosa, General Sir Thomas Graham, who drove the French from the ground immediately with some loss. "Our troops conducted themselves remarkably well in this affair, which took place in the view of every man of both armies." Marmont retired during that night; and on the following evening he posted his army with its right on some heights, its centre at Aldea Rubia, and its left on the Tormes. There was no mistaking his intention—he wanted to communicate with and aid the garrisons in the convent forts at Salamanca, by the left bank of the Tormes. Wellington changed his front, and extended his troops so as to cover Salamanca completely, retaining the power of crossing and recrossing the Tormes, and of concentrating his army on any one point at a short notice. More than once Marmont made a false move, and exposed himself to attack; but, for the present, his adversary did not think it advisable to avail himself of his opportunities. Every effort that Marmont could make for the relief of the forts was completely baffled; those forts had all surrendered or been taken by the 27th; and thereupon the marshal retreated once more. In the beginning of July, Marmont was in a strong position on the northern bank of the Douro, and Wellington in lines on the southern bank of that river, the British and Portuguese facing the French. Marmont, who is taxed with being rather too fond of displaying his skill in directing the movements of large masses of men, changed front repeatedly, marched and countermarched, and perplexed his own people far more than his able opponent by numerous and complicated manoeuvres. In the interval, the French marshal was reinforced by Bonnet's division, which had marched from the Asturias, not without having been harassed by the guerillas. On the 11th of July, Marmont threw two divisions across the Douro at Toro, when Wellington moved his army to the left to concentrate it on the Guareña, an affluent of the Douro. On the same night, the two French divisions recrossed

the Douro where they had crossed it in the morning, and then Marmont, with his whole army, ascended the northern bank of the river to Tordesillas. Here he again crossed over to the southern bank, and thence, making a forced march, assembled at Nava del Rey on the 17th. On the 18th, he attempted to cut off Wellington's right wing; but his troops were repulsed by the charges of the British and Hanoverian cavalry, and the smart advance of the British and Portuguese light infantry. By his manœuvres, however, Marmont had now succeeded in re-establishing his communications with Joseph Buonaparte and the army of the centre, which was advancing from Madrid to join him.

The two armies of Marmont and Wellington were now in line on the opposite banks of the narrow Guareña. But on the 20th, the French marshal crossed that stream on Wellington's right, and advanced towards the Tormes, in the design of cutting off his communications with Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo. This must not be! Wellington's columns were in motion as soon as Marmont's, and during part of that day's march, the two hostile armies moved towards the Tormes in parallel lines, and within half cannon-shot of each other. This striking spectacle has been described by several British officers who were eye-witnesses.

"A sight more glorious, and more solemn, war does not often present. Ninety thousand combatants marched side by side, as it were, without collision, each host admiring the array of its opponent, all eyes eager in their gaze, and all ears attent for the signal sound of battle."

"Nothing intervened to obstruct a view of the columns of enemies that thus continued to pursue their course without the least obstacle to prevent their coming into instantaneous contact; for the slightest divergence from either line of march towards the other, would have brought them within musketry distance. I have always considered this day's march as a very extraordinary scene, only to have occurred from the generals opposed commanding highly disciplined armies, each at the same time pursuing an object from which he was not to be for an instant abstracted by minor circumstances; the French marshal pressing forward to arrive first on the Tormes, Lord Wellington following his motions, and steadily adhering to the defensive, until substantial reasons appeared to demand the adoption of a more decided conduct. . . . No spectator would have imagined that the two immense moving columns that filled the whole country, and seemed interminable—being lost to the eye in dust and distance—composed two armies, animated with earnest desires for the destruction of each other, but who, although possessed of numerous artillery and cavalry, were persevering on their way, as if by mutual consent refraining from serious hostility, until



arrived at the arena destined for the great trial, to which either was now advancing with confidence and without interruption."

On the 21st of July, both Marmont and Wellington crossed the Tormes, the Allied Army passing by the bridge of Salamanca, the French by the fords higher up the river. Night closed in before this passage was completed; and our troops had scarcely reached their bivouacs, ere a tremendous thunderstorm commenced. The rain fell in torrents, the most vivid flashes of lightning were succeeded by instantaneous peals of thunder. A more violent clash of the elements had seldom been witnessed. General Le Marchant's brigade of cavalry had halted; the men, dismounted, were seated or lying on the ground, holding their horses, which, alarmed by the storm, snorted and started with such violence that many of them broke loose, and galloped across the country in all directions. "This dispersion, and the frightened horses, passing without riders in a state of wildness, added to the awful effect of the tempest; nor was the situation in which we were otherwise placed one of great brightness."

The storm died away in the night. The rising sun of the 22nd shone upon the two hostile armies in their near positions, and upon many a brave soldier who was not to see the setting of that sun. The British general had placed his troops in a position the left of which rested on the Tormes, below the ford of Santa Martha, and the right on one of two steep hills which rise abruptly in the midst of the plain, and from their similarity and contiguity are called Dos Arapiles. The French marshal nearly faced him, occupying the heights of Lapeña, holding the village of Calvarasso de Ariba, and inclining his left towards the roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo.

Soon after dawn skirmishing began, and this was followed by the advance of a strong French detachment, which seized the more distant and stronger of the two hills, called Arapiles. The right of Wellington's position being thus rather open to annoyance, his lordship instantly extended it *en potence* to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, and occupied that hamlet with light infantry. Still persevering in his attempt to turn our right, or make Wellington believe he might turn it, and get on the Ciudad Rodrigo road, Marmont, after a variety of evolutions and manœuvres, in which many hours were consumed, began to extend his troops considerably to his left. This manœuvre—accompanied with a great display, with a noisy cannonade, and a cloudy cover of skirmishers—was performed by the marshal upon some heights, not above half a mile in front of the British. No sooner was Wellington fully aware of the error which Marmont was committing by over-extending and weakening his line, than he uttered a joyful exclamation, and made dispositions for the attack. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. Ignorant of our great Captain's intention, the French were, at

this moment, engaged in a partial combat with a detachment of our Guards, which held the village of Arapiles, and resisted all efforts to dislodge them. Wellington had disposed his divisions so as to turn the French left, and to attack them in front at the same time.

Suddenly our 3rd division, under General Packenham, supported by two brigades of artillery and several squadrons under d'Urban, rapidly and steadily ascended the ridge occupied by Marmont's extreme left, formed line across the flank of the French, and then moved on towards the centre of the enemy, driving everything before him. "Wherever the French attempted to make a stand, they were charged with the bayonet; the cavalry at the same time charged the enemy in front, and the whole left wing of the French made a disorderly retreat towards their right, leaving many killed and wounded behind, and about 3,000 prisoners. Meantime the 4th and 5th divisions, after a very severe struggle, succeeded in driving in the centre of the enemy, whose right, however, remained unbroken, when General Clausel, who, having joined the French army that day, succeeded to the command in consequence of Marshal Marmont being wounded, withdrew his troops with great skill, and formed them in a new position, nearly at right angles with the original one. His cavalry was numerous, and his artillery formidable. Lord Wellington directed a fresh attack, and the 6th division, ascending to the enemy's position, under a sweeping fire of artillery and musketry, gained the level ground, when they charged with the bayonet, and the 4th division coming up at the same time, the French abandoned the ground in great confusion, retreating towards Alba de Tormes, followed closely by the British, till night stopped the pursuit, which was renewed by the cavalry on the morning of the 23rd. The cavalry came up with the French rear near La Seña, when three battalions surrendered, being forsaken by their own cavalry. Clausel retired by Peñaranda to Arevalo, whence he took the direction of Valladolid. The loss of the French was very severe; three generals killed, four wounded; one general, six field-officers, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6,000 and 7,000 men taken prisoners, besides two eagles. Their total loss in killed and wounded could not be ascertained. The Allies had 694 killed, and 4,270 wounded; but the proportion of officers was very great. General Le Marchant was killed, and Generals Beesford, Leith, Cole, Cotton, and Spry were wounded. The consequences of the victory of Salamanca were considerable; but they would have been much greater if the promised Anglo-Sicilian expedition had been sent in time, and in sufficient numbers, to the eastern coast of Spain. The French would then, probably, have been obliged to withdraw to the Ebro. But the expedition arrived late, and then consisted only of 6,000 men, and effected little or nothing. Yet the ultimate though not immediate results of the victory of Salamanca

were great, and a French historian, generally very warm in the cause of Napoleon, does not hesitate to attribute to the military and political consequences of that battle the ultimate loss of Spain by the French. (Thibaudeau, "Histoire de l'Empire," ch. 83.) Among the political consequences must be reckoned the obliteration of any tendency that there might have been in the minds of some of the influential men in Spain, and even in the Cortes, to give up the English alliance, and make their peace with King Joseph, on condition of his acknowledging the constitution proclaimed by the Cortes assembled at Cadiz in March of that year.

Having crossed the Douro, Lord Wellington reached Valladolid on the 30th of July, Clausel clearing out of that city on his lordship's approach, and continuing his retreat towards Burgos, with almost incredible speed. The British general entered Valladolid amidst the rejoicing of the people, and there captured seventeen pieces of artillery, considerable stores, and 800 sick and wounded French, left behind by Clausel. The priests would have made processions and have sung *Te Deum*, as had been done at Salamanca, but Wellington had no time to spare. Joseph Buonaparte, with all the troops he could muster at Madrid and pick up on his road (in all, he had about 20,000 men), had marched from the Escorial on the 21st of July, the day before the battle of Salamanca, to join Marmont. On arriving at Arevalo, Joseph, to his consternation, heard of Marmont's defeat; and thereupon he changed his route, striking off by the right to Segovia to attempt a diversion in favour of Clausel and the retreating army. Lord Wellington, therefore, quitted Valladolid the day after he arrived at it, recrossed the Douro, and marched against Joseph, leaving a force on the Douro to watch Clausel.

On the 12th of August, Wellington entered Madrid, and was received with enthusiastic acclamations. He rode instantly through the town to reconnoitre the defences of the Retiro palace, where Joseph had left a weak garrison, which surrendered on the morning of the 14th, and put into his lordship's possession 20,000 stand of arms, 180 pieces of ordnance, and military stores of every description.

Now all was joy in Madrid. I quote from an officer who was present. "The entire population poured into the streets and squares; every tongue was loosened; on all sides were heard the accents of joy; laurels and flowers decorated the gay scene; tapestry and carpets were hung from the balconies; holiday dresses were put on; holiday greetings were given; and the holiday smiles of men, women and children repaid the army for all its toils. But Wellington was more especially the object of their praise and honour: wherever he appeared, cries rent the air of 'Long live the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo!' 'Long live Wellington!' Green boughs, and flowers, and shawls were strewn

before his horse's feet. Here it should be recorded, that when, upon the 22nd of August, the new council waited upon him with all the ceremonies of state to offer to him a congratulatory address as Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, conceived in those glowing terms which are fitting towards a deliverer, Wellington replied with simple dignity and unaffected modesty; nor did he notice in his reply their proud and swelling enumeration of his great successes, further than by one line—'The events of war are in the hands of Providence.' In this spirit he looked back upon his past achievements; in this spirit he contemplated the severe trials and arduous duties which coming events might yet impose on him."

The municipal authorities gave a grand bull-fight in his honour, and when he appeared in the amphitheatre on the seat which had been usually occupied by royalty, the air rang with the prolonged shouts of more than 12,000 spectators. "He could not walk abroad by daylight, because of the pressure of the multitudes who gathered round him; even in the dark, when he went into the Prado, though he and his suite were dressed in blue greatcoats in hopes of escaping notice, they were generally recognised and followed by crowds, the women pressing to shake hands, and some even to embrace them."

The situation of Lord Wellington at Madrid was, however, critical. Clausel's army in the north had been largely reinforced, and Soult, and Suchet, and King Joseph, by forming a junction, might advance from the south, and thus the Allies would be attacked by a combined force nearly treble in number to their own. The Anglo-Sicilian expedition on the eastern coast was a disappointment and a failure; instead of 12,000 or 15,000 men, only 6,000 came from Sicily; of these a good part were unreliable foreign auxiliaries, and now the whole force was cooped up in Alicante, and could not effect any powerful diversion. There was no Spanish force of any magnitude upon which Lord Wellington could depend for field operations. The Gallician army under Santocildes, which was the most effective Spanish corps, after taking Astorga, had advanced towards Zamora, but was driven back by Clausel. Ballasteros, who commanded a Spanish force in Andalusia, refused to be directed by Lord Wellington, and O'Donnell had been defeated in Valencia by Suchet, and driven into Murcia. In Castile and at Madrid, Lord Wellington heard many expressions of good-will, but no active exertions were made in the common cause. The country was exhausted, the people appeared disheartened, and the British Commander-in-Chief could not realize at Madrid, upon drafts on the British Treasury, a sum of money adequate to his most pressing wants.

Nothing was heard of General Castaños, who had promised to join his lordship soon after the battle of Salamanca. Before he had been twelve days in Madrid, Wellington wrote: "I do not expect much

from their exertions; notwithstanding all we have done for them. They cry *Viva*, and are very fond of us, and hate the French; but they are in general the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known: the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military affairs, and above all, of military affairs in their own country." The constitution made by the Cortes at Cadiz had been proclaimed in Madrid, as in the other liberated cities; a regency, restricted by parliamentary vows, had been formed; and the affairs of government were supposed to be conducted on constitutional principles; but it was not found that government appointments were made upon purer motives, or that better men were named than under the old absolutism of the Bourbon monarchs. His lordship repeatedly complained that the appointments to offices, and great situations and military commands, were given to inefficient persons and to men without character. "What," said he, "can be done for this lost nation? As for raising men or supplies, or taking any one measure to enable them to carry on the war, that is out of the question. Indeed, there is nobody to excite them to exertion, or to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the people, or of their enmity against the French. Even the guerillas are getting quietly into the large towns, and amusing themselves, or collecting plunder of a better and more valuable description; and nobody looks forward to the exertions to be made, whether to improve or to secure our advantage.

"This is a faithful picture of the state of affairs, and though I still hope to be able to maintain our position in Castile, and even to improve our advantages, I shudder when I reflect upon the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers myself to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards, or, I may say, from any individual of the Spanish nation."

To other annoyances at this crisis of the war to which his lordship was exposed, the following must be mentioned:—The Portuguese Government had an old money-claim upon the Spanish Government; and, instead of providing funds for the maintenance of their own troops, they made an arrangement to take provisions in lieu of cash; the Spaniards were to support the Portuguese troops; and, when their own armies were half starved, they undertook to feed another! If the Portuguese army had been left to depend upon this precious bargain, it must have been disbanded. But Lord Wellington, with his habitual promptness and firmness, ordered the suspension of the subsidies which England was paying to Portugal, and this brought the regency at Lisbon to their senses.

In every sense, for Wellington to remain at Madrid was impracticable; he must either advance to the north against Clausel, or to the south against Soult, and he determined on the first of these movements, for the

purpose of striking a blow at Clausel before the French in the south and east could advance to his support. Leaving two divisions at Madrid, he marched with the remainder, on the 1st of September, for Valladolid, which he entered on the 7th, and, continuing his march towards Burgos, was joined at Valencia by the Spanish army of Galicia, which scarcely mustered 10,000 men, undisciplined and deficient in equipment. On the 19th, the Allied Army entered Burgos, and the French, under General Souham, who had assumed the command in the north, fell back to Briviesca, leaving 2,000 men, under General Dubreton, in the castle of Burgos, strong by its position, which had been fortified with care.

The possession of that fort was necessary for the security of the Allied Army in its present advanced and exposed position, and Lord Wellington directed it to be invested forthwith, though he was ill furnished with siege-artillery. A horn-work on a hill, which commanded several of the works of the castle, was carried by assault. The fort itself was battered, but with little effect, and sapping was then resorted to. On the 29th, a breach being effected in the outer wall by the explosion of a mine, an attempt was made to storm it, but failed. Another breach was effected in like manner on the evening of the 4th of October, and being stormed with success, the besiegers were established within the exterior line of the works of the castle. The garrison made two sorties, by which they materially injured the works of the Allies, and occasioned them great loss. Want of ammunition greatly retarded the operations of the siege. A breach at last being effected, by mining, in the second line on the 18th, orders were given to storm it. A detachment of the King's German Legion carried the breach, and a detachment of the Guards succeeded in escalading the line; but the enemy brought such a fire upon them from the third line and from the body of the castle, and attacked them with numbers so superior before they could be supported, that they were obliged to retire with considerable loss. General Dubreton had made a brave stand and a skilful resistance, but no bravery or skill could have saved the castle in the face of so bold and persevering an enemy. But now the French army of the north advanced with evident intention to raise the siege; and at the same time Lord Wellington learned from General Hill that the armies of the south and centre, which, being united, mustered 70,000 strong, were advancing from Valencia towards the Tagus, and that the Spanish General Ballasteros had not assumed a position in La Mancha which the Spanish Government, at Lord Wellington's suggestion, had directed him to take, in order to intercept the enemy's movements. The British commander was therefore under the painful necessity of abandoning the siege of Burgos, and of effecting a retrograde movement in order to draw near to General Hill, who, at the approach of Soult, abandoned Madrid, and retired slowly towards Salamanca. On the 21st of October the siege of Burgos was raised, and

Lord Wellington retired in good order to Valencia, and was joined by a brigade from England under Lord Dalhousie, which had landed at Corunna. The French, under Souham, repeatedly attacked the rear-guard of the Allies until they reached the Douro at Tudela, when Souham halted, waiting to be joined by Soult from the south. Lord Wellington continued his retreat to the Tormes, being joined on the 3rd of November by General Sir Rowland Hill.

On the 8th of November, the Allies took up their old position on the heights of San Christoval, in front of Salamanca. On the 10th, Souham and Soult joined their forces, which amounted to 75,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry, whilst Lord Wellington's army did not exceed 48,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. On the 14th, the French crossed the Tormes in force near Lucinas. Lord Wellington took position at the Arapiles, being the ground of his former victory; but as the enemy, through his superiority of numbers, and especially of cavalry, was in motion to intercept his communications with Ciudad Rodrigo, he withdrew through Salamanca, and continued his retreat towards the Agueda. The French might have given battle at Salamanca—and did not. As he moved from the Arapiles, Wellington saw them still fortifying the position they had taken up—so cautious had they been rendered by his lordship's skill and successes, and by their own defeats and reverses.

Putting the Allied Army in march in three columns, and crossing the Zurguen, which Sir Edward Paget had guarded, and then turning and passing the enemy's left flank, his lordship encamped the night of the 15th on the Valmuza. On the following day, the 16th of November, the French followed his movements with immense masses of cavalry and a considerable body of infantry; but they did not attempt to press upon his rear. On the 17th, they took advantage of the ground to cannonade our light division, which formed the rear-guard, and was now commanded by General Alten, on its passage over the river, and caused it some loss. In the course of the same day, General Sir Edward Paget, who had ridden to the rear to discover the cause of some delay in the march of the 7th division of infantry, was surprised, when on the top of a hill, with a spy-glass in his hand, and was taken prisoner by some Italian cavalry which issued from a wood. I was well acquainted with the officer who had the principal share in this capture. It was Don Marc Antonio Colonna, son of the Prince of Stigliano, a branch of the most ancient and noble family of the Colonna, long settled in the kingdom of Naples. He discovered, with his glass, an English general officer on the top of a hill, and, galloping to the spot, surrounded the base of the hill. I have often heard him give a graphic and touching account of the behaviour of the stately and gallant veteran, who had already lost an arm, and was very short-sighted. Sir Edward, upon

first seeing the dragoons, put spurs to his horse, and would have galloped down the hill, but Colonna cried out that it was surrounded, that escape was impossible, that the attempt might lead to destruction; and, as he closed upon him with several troopers, Sir Edward presented his sword and surrendered. Upon learning the capture, Lord Wellington wrote the following considerate, delicate, warm-hearted, and nobly characteristic letter:—

“Head-quarters, 19th Nov. 1812.

“MY DEAR PAGET—

“I did not hear of your misfortune till more than an hour after it had occurred, nor was I certain of it till the enemy attacked our rear-guard, and the firing had continued for some time, and I found you were not on the field; and you will judge of my concern by the sense which I hope you feel I entertain of the cordial assistance which I received from you during the short time that you have been with us.

“I cannot account for your misfortune, excepting that you were alone, and could not see the approach of the enemy's cavalry.

“That which must now be done, is to endeavour to obtain your exchange.

“I have no French general officer in the Peninsula; but I beg you to make it known to the king and to the Duke of Dalmatia, that I will engage that any general officer they will name shall be sent from England to France in exchange for you. If you should find that there is any prospect of your being exchanged, I recommend to you to endeavour to prevail upon the king not to send you to France. It is not necessary to enter into the reason for giving you this advice. If the king or the Duke of Dalmatia will not name an officer to be exchanged for you, the sooner you are sent to France the better.

“I send you some money—200*l*. I will take care of your friend Morley. You cannot conceive how much I regret your loss. This is the second time I have been deprived of your assistance, at an early period after you had joined us, and I am almost afraid to wish to have you again; but God knows with what pleasure I shall hear of your being liberated, and shall see you with us.

“Believe me, &c.,  
(Signed) “WELLINGTON.

“Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir E. Paget, K.B.

P.S.—“Let me know your wishes on any subject, and they shall be carried into execution.”

On the 18th, the day after losing brave Paget, Lord Wellington, without let or hindrance, established his head-quarters at Ciudad Rodrigo, the French having kept at a cautious distance all that day. Soult, in fact, after he had crossed the Tormes, made no serious move-



ment, being called upon by Joseph to send some troops into old Castile. "I believe, too," said his lordship, "that the enemy require repose as much, if not more, than we do; and that their immense numbers are rather embarrassing to them in a country already exhausted. But I am not quite certain that they do not propose to penetrate into Portugal this winter. I hope the enterprise will end fatally to them; but our troops will suffer a good deal if they are to have a winter campaign, and if the weather should continue as severe as it has been since the 15th of November."

The main army of the British and Portuguese were now distributed in their old quarters within the frontiers of Portugal, their left resting at Lamego on the Douro, whilst General Hill's corps moved into Spanish Estremadura, into cantonments, near Coria, and towards the Tagus, placing strong posts at the passes of Baños and Bejar. The campaign of 1812 was terminated.

*Campaign of 1813.*—During the winter and spring months discipline was restored and improved, our officers profited by the lesson which had been given to them by their great leader; and our army was in admirable condition, and in high spirits before its services were required. By command of his lordship, the large lumbering iron camp-kettles were no longer to be used, and the mules which had hitherto carried them were now to carry tents for the soldiers. Every company was to have three tents. Thus the men off duty would always be provided with some cover in the field, which would save many casualties from sickness. Moreover, expedition in preparing their food as well as real comfort was gained by issuing small kettles, and dividing the companies into small messes. These changes were vast improvements, promoting comfort and health in a manner not before thought of in our armies. In this winter, also, a pontoon train had been prepared to accompany the line of march in the next campaign.

The grand army of Buonaparte had perished in Russia. Taken as a mass, the men who had formed it were veterans in crime as well as in war. "*C'était une race gangrenée qui n'était plus bonne qu'à mourir!*"

The Russian catastrophe not only prevented Buonaparte from reinforcing his marshals in Spain, but it also obliged him to recall the best of them, and the only one among them whose generalship had cost Lord Wellington any very serious thoughts. This, of course, was Marshal Soult, who, early in the year, was removed from the Peninsula to oppose the Russians, then about to advance through Germany to the banks of the Rhine and the old frontier of France. Soult, however, took only 20,000 men with him, thus leaving about 70,000 to oppose Wellington, besides the army of Suchet in the eastern provinces. "The army of Portugal," as it continued to be called, was now placed under the command of General Reille, who had his head-quarters at Valladolid; the

"Army of the Centre," under Drouet, was distributed round Madrid; and the "Army of the South" had its head-quarters at Toledo. All these forces were nominally under the command of King Joseph; but as Joseph was no soldier, and never could learn to be one, he was assisted by Marshal Jourdan, who could only have earned his great reputation of former days by being opposed to incompetent or unfaithful commanders. General Clausel and Foy, commanded separate divisions in Arragon and Biscay. Before the campaign began, Andalusia and Estremadura in the south, and Galicia and Asturias in the north, were entirely free from the French.

Doing at last that which they ought to have done at first, the Spanish Provisional Government, with the consent and approbation of the Cortes, had appointed Lord Wellington to be commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, and had taken some measures to improve the discipline and effectiveness of their troops. As, however, the Regency had hardly any money except the subsidies they received from England, these things remained only as so many good intentions. Nor were the pride and ignorance of the Spanish commanding officers, and the slothfulness and indocility of their troops, evils that could be remedied of a sudden, or in the course of one trying campaign. And, therefore, the only army upon which Wellington could firmly rely for field operations, consisted of about 63,000 British and Portuguese infantry, and about 6,000 cavalry.

It was the middle of May before his lordship took the field. Then, breaking up from his Portuguese cantonments, he put his army in motion for Spain in three separate bodies; the left under Sir Thomas Graham, the hero of Barrosa; the right under the indefatigable Hill; and the centre under his own immediate command. The combined movements of these three divisions were admirably managed, and with- out precision and perfect concert such movements never succeed. His lordship directed Graham to pass to the north of the Douro at Lamego, and march through Tras-os-Montes to Braganza and Zamora, and thence upon Valladolid, thus securing the position along the northern bank of the Douro, which the enemy had taken up, and which, with great pains, they had been strengthening. The French were taken completely by surprise, never having anticipated this movement through Tras-os-Montes. Graham reached the Esla, an affluent of the Douro, without meeting a foe. On the 1st of June, having crossed the Esla, Graham encamped near Zamora, the French retreating before him. On the same day, Lord Wellington came up from Salamanca, and joined Graham. On the morrow, the 2nd of June, these two reunited columns were in full march for Valladolid, the French column still retreating. On the 3rd, General Hill, who had crossed the Douro at Toro, came up with his division, and the Allied Army was also joined by several Spanish corps.

As Lord Wellington advanced, Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid,

for the last of many times. He was followed by his court and retainers who hastily packed up whatever they could carry off with them. The French army retired to Burgos, where they had strengthened the works of the castle. But on the 12th of June, Wellington being near at hand, they abandoned Burgos, blew up the fortifications, and retreated to the Ebro. This line, so much nearer to their own frontiers, the French thought they could defend, and they threw a strong garrison into the fortress of Pancorvo, a little in advance of the river. They were much mistaken. Taking care of the lives of his men, avoiding the fortress and everything which rendered the passage of the Ebro dangerous or difficult, and finding out a new road across a rugged country, towards the sources of the Ebro, his lordship completely turned their position on the river, and drove the French back upon Vittoria, after a sharp affair on the mountain side near Osma. The French were now cut off from the sea-coast, and their immediate evacuation of all the ports in that part of Spain, excepting Santona and Bilbao, was one of the important results. Portugal was no longer to be the *dépôt* for Wellington's supplies; a new base of operations was obtained, and the Tagus was abandoned for the sea-coast of Biscay.

By the 20th of June, the whole of the Allied Army was beyond the Ebro, and concentrated near the picturesque old town of Vittoria, within sight of the ground on which Edward the Black Prince, in the olden time, had gained a splendid victory over the best troops of France. The whole of the 20th was employed by Wellington in closing up his columns, and in reconnoitring the positions of the French.

The day before, on the 19th, the enemy, commanded by Joseph and Jourdan, had taken up strong ground in front of the town, their left resting upon the heights which terminate at La Puebla de Arganzon, and extending from thence across the valley of the Zadorra, in front of the village of Arinez, the right of their centre occupying a height which commanded all the valley to the Zadorra, and their right being stationed near to the walls of Vittoria, being destined to defend the passages of the river Zadorra. The French had also a reserve, in rear of their left, at the village of Gomecha. By this disposition they covered the three great roads from Madrid, Bilbao and Logrono, which unite at Vittoria. The two hostile armies were nearly equal in numbers, amounting to from 73,000 to 75,000 each. The French lay on their arms as if confident that they could maintain their ground. The evening and the night passed quietly away; but early on the 21st of June, the glorious battle of Vittoria was begun.

Lord Wellington moved his army for the attack in three great divisions. The left, under General Graham, was directed by a circuitous movement to turn the enemy's right across the Bilbao road, and cut off his retreat to France by the Bayonne road; the right, under General Hill, was to commence the action by crossing the river Zadorra where

the road from Madrid to Vittoria intersects the river, and to attack the enemy's left on the high ridge behind the village of Subijana de Alava; and the centre, consisting of the 3rd, 4th, 7th, and light divisions, in two columns, was to attack the French centre. Hill's advance being the first to get into action, obtained possession of the ridge of La Puebla, on which the enemy's left leaned. Marshal Jourdan made repeated and desperate efforts to recover the ridge; but all was in vain, and Hill's battalions, among whom was a Spanish brigade under General Murillo, kept possession of that important post throughout the battle. The contest here was, however, dreadfully severe, and our loss considerable. Murillo was wounded, but remained on the field; Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Cadogan was mortally wounded, but would not be removed. Under cover of the possession of these well-defended heights, the rest of Sir Rowland Hill's division successively crossed the Zadorra, and attacked and gained the village of Subijana de Alava, which also stood on a height. Here, too, the French made desperate efforts to dislodge the Allies. The combat was of the deadliest. In the meanwhile, our other two columns of attack were coming up, or round. But of a sudden Lord Wellington, with the centre, was seen to pause. The French believed then, and reported afterwards, that Wellington was awed by their determined countenance, and that, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, his column of attack wavered and trepidated. Even English writers, who might have been better informed, took up and repeated the same tale. It was a pure fable. There was no wavering or trepidation whatever; but General Sir George Murray, the admirable quartermaster-general, knowing that Graham would require a little more time to get into action, rode up to the Commander-in-Chief, and advised him to wait a short quarter of an hour. Of this fact I was assured by Sir G. Murray himself, at the Ordnance Office in 1845, not many months before his lamented death. The difficult nature of the country prevented communication between our three several columns, so that, for a short time, the centre knew neither what was doing by the right, nor by the left. But in the end everything went well, and the combined movements were executed with what might be called a rare precision, both as to place and time. As the divisions forming our centre crossed the river, the scene exhibited to those on the heights was one of the most animating ever beheld by soldiers. "The whole country," says one, who was both an actor and a spectator, "seemed to be filling with troops; the sun shone bright; not a cloud obscured the brilliant and glowing atmosphere. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, scarcely the most diminutive space intervened between bodies of troops, either already engaged, or rapidly advancing into action. Artillery and musketry were heard in one continued, uninterrupted volume of sound; and, although the great force of French cannon had not yet opened upon the assailants, the fire had already become exceedingly violent."

The column under the Earl of Dalhousie, about which some momentary apprehension had been entertained, got to its assigned place. The 4th and light divisions under General Cole, and forming part of our middle column, crossed the Zadorra by the bridges of Nancarras and Tras Puentes, immediately after Hill had got possession of Subijana de Alava; and shortly after our 3rd and 7th divisions crossed the river higher up, and these four united divisions marched with firm steps against the centre of the French, who met their advancing columns with a destructive fire of artillery. General Picton's division—the always foremost and always fighting 3rd—coming in contact with a strong body of the enemy, drove it back and captured its guns. With very little more fighting the French centre abandoned its position, and began to retreat in good order towards Vittoria. As Jourdan thus fell back, closing up his long line, which—like those of Marmont, at Salamanca—had been far too much extended, our troops continued to advance in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficult nature of the ground.

While this was passing in front, General Sir Thomas Graham, moving along the road from Bilbao with our left, had attacked the French right, which was posted on the heights beyond the Zadorra, above the village of Abechuco, and had dislodged it from thence, and then, ascending the right bank of the Zadorra towards the Bayonne road, he carried the village of Gamarra Mayor; and, at nearly the same time, the Spanish division of Longa carried the village of Gamarra Menor, on the right bank of the river opposite the Bayonne road, which runs along the left bank of the river, the heights of which were occupied by two divisions of French infantry in reserve. In the execution of these services Graham's division, including Spanish as well as Portuguese troops, were closely and desperately engaged; and all behaved admirably—more especially some of the Portuguese light troops, called *Caçadores*. Both at Gamarra Mayor and at Abechuco—which had been strongly occupied as *têtes-de-ponts*, and garnished with great guns—they had advanced under a murderous fire of artillery, with bayonets fixed, and without firing a shot.

Towards the evening, the main body of the French army having been driven right through the town of Vittoria, the divisions on their right withdrew hastily from their positions; then General Graham (he was there for that purpose), dashing across the Zadorra, took possession of the Bayonne road by which the enemy meant to retreat towards France; and this movement threw their entire army into irretrievable confusion. The French were obliged, in this state, to alter their line of retreat, and take the road leading to Pamplona; and they were unable to hold any position beyond Vittoria for a sufficient length of time to allow their baggage stores and artillery to be drawn off. The whole, therefore, of the artillery which had not already been taken by

Lord Wellington's troops in their successive attacks of positions, together with all their ammunition and baggage, and nearly everything else they had, were captured close to Vittoria. "We had beaten them," said one of our officers, "before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town." "I have reason to believe," wrote his lordship, "that the enemy carried off with them one gun and one howitzer only." As darkness set in, the broken French columns mixed and dispersed, running off in all directions. The intruder Joseph had a very narrow escape, the 10th Hussars entered Vittoria at the moment that he was hastening out of it in his carriage; one squadron of the 10th, under Captain Wyndham, gave pursuit and fired into the carriage; Joseph had barely time to throw himself on a horse and gallop off under the protection of a body of dragoons; the carriage was taken, and in it the most splendid of his trinkets, and some of the most precious articles he had abstracted from the palaces, monasteries, and churches of Spain. M. Lalande, his private secretary, was overtaken and put to death, and several of his attendants were captured or cut down, or shot in their flight by the revengeful Spaniards. In some instances French veterans were seen flying in the dark before handfuls of our camp followers—mere Spanish and Portuguese striplings armed with nothing but their long knives and their implacable fury. Now did the French pay dearly for their burnings of towns and villages, for their massacres *en masse*, and for all the atrocities they had perpetrated.

It was not a retreat; it was a *débauche*. The French army rallied at no point of its line; nor was the slightest effort made, after passing the city of Vittoria, to check the rapid progress of the Allies. To escape with nothing but life and the clothes on their backs seemed to be their sole object. Their artillery drivers cut their traces, left their guns on the heavy road, and galloped off with their horses. The amount of spoil gathered by the pursuers was immense, and of the most varied description, resembling in many particulars the spoils of an Oriental rather than those of an European army. Joseph Buonaparte—who had been nicknamed by the sober Spaniards "King of the Cooks," "Little Joseph of the Bottles"—was a self-indulging, luxurious, sensual voluptuary; and wherever he went he carried with him all his luxuries and means of enjoyment. His splendid side-board of plate, his larder, and his cellar, or its choicest contents, fell into the hands of the conquerors; his fine wardrobe, some of his women, and some of his plunder—including splendid pictures by the old Spanish masters—were also taken. Many of the French officers had followed Joseph's example as far as their means had permitted; and thus the finest wines and the richest viands were picked up in profusion. "The wives and mistresses of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe,

and from whence they were sent in their own carriages with a flag of truce to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented; broken-down waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind, barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses, and mules, abandoned in the flight! The baggage was presently rifled; and the followers of our camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress-coats of French general officers; and if they happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, they converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins, into scarfs and sashes for their musquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the army chest, and loaded themselves with money. . . . The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such plunder as had fallen to their share to any one who would purchase it."

"The soldiers of the army," said Wellington, "have got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about 100,000 dollars which were got for the military chest."

Among the innumerable trophies of the field was the baton or marshal's staff of Jourdan. His lordship sent it to the Prince Regent, who gave him in return the baton of a field-marshal of Great Britain. Of arms and material of war, there were taken 151 pieces of brass ordnance, 415 caissons, more than 14,000 round of ammunition, nearly 2,000,000 of musket-ball cartridges, nearly 41,000 pounds of loose gunpowder, and an immense train of forage waggons, forge waggons, &c. &c.

The morrow of a victory, however great and glorious, is a day of sadness to all feeling hearts. The dead have to be buried; the wounded to be counted and moved; the knife of the surgeon is at work, and the hospitals ring with cries of anguish, or moans and groans; men look round for men who have fought at their sides in many battles, and shared with them the pleasures of the mess-table, and the frolics of the bivouac, and shudder to find so many places vacant, so many dear comrades gone for ever! Grieving for all, Lord Wellington appears to have grieved most for the gallant young Cadogan; and, as was his wont, he sat down and wrote condoling letters.

He said to his brother, Sir H. Wellesley:—"I am much concerned for the death of Cadogan. He had distinguished himself early in the action. . . . His private character and his worth as an individual were not greater than his merits as an officer, and I shall ever regret him. . . .

The concern which I feel upon his loss has diminished exceedingly the satisfaction I should derive from our success."

And again, writing to the same brother four days after the battle, he said: "I know how much you will feel for the loss of poor Cadogan, which has distressed me exceedingly. He was so anxious respecting what was going on, that, after he was wounded, he had himself carried to a place whence he could see all the operations! Pray let George and Louisa know of their misfortune." He could not away with this mournful subject; and the like intensity of feeling may be traced in his dispatches whenever he has met with a loss of the same nature, or when any brave and good man familiarly acquainted with him has perished. His feelings are always expressed in short but affecting sentences, denoting the most touching of all griefs, the grief of a firm, manly heart with all its feelings habitually under control. Let those who entertain the vulgar idea to which I have already alluded, turn over the Wellington Dispatches, and dismiss it for ever.

The victory at Salamanca had been attended by great events; but these were now surpassed.

The news of the decisive battle of Vittoria gave strength, spirit, and union to the Allied Armies acting against Buonaparte in Germany, dissipated the last misgivings and indecisions of Austria, broke up the congress assembled at Prague, in Bohemia, which before would have treated with the French, and have left them in possession of many of their conquests; and it gave to the voice of the British Government, and its envoys, a vast increase of consideration and influence. Without this battle of Vittoria and its glorious results in June, there would have been no battle of Leipzig in October.

When Napoleon, in his camp in Saxony, heard of the disaster of Vittoria, he sent Marshal Soult to the Army of Spain, with the rank of "Lieutenant of the Emperor." Soult arrived on the Spanish frontier on the 13th of July, and set about restoring order and confidence in his army, which consisted of nine divisions of infantry, nearly 80,000 men, and three divisions of cavalry. He told them, in a stirring proclamation, that the disasters of the preceding campaign were owing to the pusillanimous councils and unskilful dispositions of their late commanders. "Let us not, however," added he, "defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to him. The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive, and the valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy." He concluded by saying that his instructions from the Emperor were, "to drive the enemy from the lofty heights which enable him proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and drive him across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and your resources drawn. . . . Let the account of our success be dated from Vittoria, and the birth of his Imperial Majesty be celebrated in that city."



When that auspicious day, the 15th of August, arrived, Marshal Soult and his army, instead of being at Vittoria, were on the wrong side of the Pyrenees; and the Allied Army, instead of having been driven beyond the Ebro, was on the Bidassoa, with a firm footing in France.

"Soult's first object was to relieve Pamplona. With this view he collected the main body of his army at St. Jean Pied de Port, and on the 25th of July attacked, with between 30,000 and 40,000 men, the British right at Roncesvalles. General Cole moved to the support of that post, but the French having turned the British position, Cole considered it necessary to withdraw in the night, and march to Zubiri. In the meantime two French divisions attacked General Hill's position in the Puerto de Maya, at the head of the valley of Baztan. At first they gained ground, but were again driven back, when the retrograde movement of General Cole, on his right, induced General Hill to withdraw likewise to Iruirita. Lord Wellington, who had his head-quarters at Lesaca, on the left of the army, heard of these movements late in the night, and concentrated his army to the right. On the 27th the French made a partial attack on the 4th division, near Sorauren, but were repulsed. On the 28th Soult directed a grand attack, first on the left, by the valley of the Ianz, and then on the centre of the British position. The 4th division, General Cole's, sustained nearly the whole brunt of the attack, and repulsed the enemy with the bayonet. In one instance the French succeeded in overpowering a Portuguese battalion on the right of General Ross's brigade, at the chapel of Sorauren, which obliged General Ross to withdraw, and the enemy established himself for a moment on the line of the Allies, but Lord Wellington directed the 27th and 48th regiments to charge, and the French were driven down the hill with great loss. Soon after the fighting ceased: On the 29th both armies remained inactive. Soult changed his plan, and on the 30th endeavoured to turn the British left by an attack on General Hill. He collected a large body on his right for this purpose, and by manœuvring on the left flank of Hill's corps, obliged him to withdraw from the height which he occupied behind Lizasso to another range about a mile in the rear, where, however, General Hill maintained himself against every effort that was made to dislodge him. At the same time Lord Wellington attacked the French corps in his front, in a strong position, between the valley of the Ianz and that of Arga, and obliged them to retire. On the morning of the 31st the French were in full retreat into France, by the various passes of the Pyrenees, followed by the Allies, who took many prisoners and much baggage. These various combats are designated by the name of the 'Battles of the Pyrenees.' On the 1st of August Lord Wellington resumed possession of the passes in the mountains."

The admirable generalship displayed in this series of rapid manœuvres and successful combats, has been recognised by the most competent

military critics. It should appear that the government at home had fancied that Wellington might defend the Pyrenees as he had done the heights of Torres Vedras, without allowing the French to penetrate anywhere; but he had shown them beforehand that this was an impossibility. The mountain range to be guarded was not less than 60 English miles in length, the practicable passes were not two or three but eight, and there were other rough roads or paths across the Pyrenees, running between or turning the greater passes, which might be traversed by an enemy so light and nimble as the French. Lord Wellington estimated all the passes, good and bad, at not less than *seventy*.

The fighting had been tremendous. In the pass of Roncesvalles and the Maya pass, and on the heights above them, our people had contended against immense odds—they had fought on the mountain-tops, which could scarcely have witnessed any other combats than those of the Pyrenean eagles—they had fought among jagged rocks, and on the brink of profound abysses—they had fought amidst clouds and mists, for those mountain-tops were 5,000 feet above the level of the plains of France, and the rains, which for several days had been falling in torrents, were evaporating in the morning and noonday sun. When those passes were forced by Soult, Lord Wellington was at a considerable distance. Sir George Murray, his excellent quartermaster-general, at the critical moment, had taken upon himself some heavy responsibility, and his movements and arrangements were afterwards approved and applauded by his lordship; but brave General Picton—as was not unusual with him—had acted precipitately, and in contradiction to the spirit of his instructions, and this gave great uneasiness to the Commander-in-Chief. Galloping up at racing speed, almost alone, and at great hazard of being intercepted and made prisoner by the French, he entered the village of Sorauren, where he saw Clausel's divisions close at hand. On the parapet of the bridge of Sorauren he wrote some fresh instructions to Sir George Murray. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only staff-officer who had been sufficiently well mounted to keep up with Wellington's thorough-bred English chestnut, galloped with these orders out of Sorauren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed into the village by another, and the English general rode alone up the opposite mountain to reach his troops. "One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him and raised a cry of joy, and the shield camouge caught up by the next regiments swelled as it ran along the line, into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier went to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place; he desired that both armies should know he was there, and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features

could be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and, speaking as if to himself, said, 'Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him.' And certain it is that the French general made no serious attack that day."

In a private letter, written four days after the last of these "Battles of the Pyrenees," Wellington said: "I never saw such fighting as we have had here. It began on the 25th of July, and, excepting the 29th, when not a shot was fired, we had it every day till the 2nd of August. The battle of the 28th was fair *bludgeon work*." And writing to Sir Thomas Graham, about the same time, he said: "I hope that Soult will not feel any inclination to renew his expedition. The French army must have suffered greatly. Between the 25th of last month and 2nd of this, they were engaged seriously not less than ten times; on many occasions in attacking very strong positions, in others beat from them or pursued. I understand that their officers say they have lost 15,000 men. I thought so; but as *they* say so, I now think *more*. It is strange enough that our diminution of strength to the 31st does not exceed 1,500 men, although, I believe, our casualties are 6,000."

Soult drew close to his reserves behind the Bidassoa, put some of his disorganized corps behind the line of his reserves, called loudly for reinforcements, and collected all the detachments and National Guards he could. It had previously been proved that in a *rase campagne*, or in any situation approaching to an open country, the veterans of France were not a match for the British infantry, and now they had the additional proof that they were not our match in mountain warfare—a warfare in which the French had hitherto been considered unrivalled.

During the month of August, General Graham was pressing the siege of St. Sebastian. On the 31st, the assault was made and the town was carried, but with great loss. The French garrison retired to the castle. Many excesses were committed by the British and Portuguese soldiers after they had entered the town: most of the houses were plundered, and it was not until the 2nd of September that order was restored by severe measures.

The castle of St. Sebastian capitulated after a few days. The siege and capture of the place cost the Allies nearly 4,000 men, killed and wounded. Three British general officers were wounded, and Sir Richard Fletcher, the commanding officer of engineers, was killed.

It is but too easy to account for our great loss before this place. It was not until the 19th of August that transports arrived from England with a good supply of heavy guns and mortars; and then the besiegers were left with only one company of royal sappers and miners—a species of force whose formation had been so long and so absurdly neglected

by our government. On the 11th of February 1812, Wellington had written to the Earl of Liverpool: "It is inconceivable with what disadvantages we undertake anything like a siege for want of assistance of this description. There is no French corps d'armée which has not a *battalion* of sappers and a *company* of miners. But we are obliged to depend for assistance of this description upon the regiments of the line; and, although the men are brave and willing, they want the knowledge and training which are necessary. Many casualties among them consequently occur, and much valuable time is lost at the most critical period of the siege." Yet, more than eighteen months after this earnest representation, only one company of sappers and miners could be sent out for an important siege!

On the 31st of August, the day of the storm, Soult made an effort to relieve the place. Three divisions of Spaniards, under General Freyre, occupied the left bank of the Bidassoa, supported on the right and left by English and Portuguese brigades. A strong French force forded the Bidassoa, and made a desperate attack on the Spaniards posted on the heights of St. Marcial. The Spaniards bravely stood the attack, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and drove them down the height into the river. A second attack was made and repelled in the same manner. Lord Wellington, who happened to be present, was highly pleased, and said in his dispatches that "the conduct of the Spanish troops was equal to that of any troops he had ever seen engaged."

On the 31st of October, the 4,000 French in Pamplona, having lost all hope of relief, surrendered prisoners of war. There was nothing now in the rear of the Allies to cause them any apprehension or to intercept their communications with the interior of Spain. But before the reduction of Pamplona—though not before that event had been rendered inevitable—Wellington called down part of his troops from the bleak mountain-tops, and from the gloomy narrow passes, where, to their infinite discomfort, they had been encamped or huddled for more than two months. During that time, desertions had been rather frequent among them. Men not afraid of the French had run away from a dread of ghosts or dead bodies. One who was at the time an officer among them, says: "As this was an event which had but rarely occurred before, many opinions were hazarded as to its cause. For my part, I attributed it entirely to the operation of superstitious terror on the minds of the men, and for this reason. It is generally the custom, in planting sentinels in the immediate presence of an enemy, to station them in pairs, so that one may patrol as far as the next post, whilst the other remains steady on his ground. Perhaps, too, the wish of giving greater confidence to the men themselves may have some weight in dictating the measure; at all events, there can be no doubt that it produces that effect. Such, however, was the nature of the ground covered by

our pickets among the Pyrenees, that in many places there was hardly room for a couple of sentinels to occupy a single post, whilst it was only at the mouths of the various passes that two were more desirable than one for securing the safety of the army. Rugged as the country was, however, almost every foot of it had been the scene of action, whilst the dead, falling among rocks and cliffs, were left in various instances, from necessity, unburied; and exactly in those parts where the dead lay buried, single sentinels were planted. That both soldiers and sailors are frequently superstitious, every person knows; nor can it be pleasant for the strongest-minded among them to spend two or three hours of a stormy night beside a mangled and half-devoured carcass; indeed, I have been myself, more than once, remonstrated with for desiring as brave a fellow as any in the corps to keep guard near one of his fallen comrades. 'I don't care for living men,' said the soldier; 'but for God's sake, sir, don't put me beside *him*,' and wherever I could yield to the remonstrance, I invariably did so. My own opinion, therefore, was, that many of our sentries became so overpowered by superstition that they could not keep their ground. They knew, however, that if they returned to the picket, a severe punishment awaited them; and hence they went over to the enemy, rather than endure the misery of a diseased imagination.

"As a proof that my notions were correct, it was remarked, that the army had no sooner descended from the mountains, and taken up a position which required a chain of double sentinels to be renewed, than desertion in a very great degree ceased. A few instances, indeed, still occurred, as will always be the case where men of all tempers are brought together, as in an army; but they bore not the proportion of one to twenty towards those which took place among the Pyrenees."

As soon as they were told that they were to be led a march or two upon French ground, the men, recently so gloomy, looked as if they were going to a fair or a feast. The English flag waved triumphantly in the pass of Roncesvalles, where it had been displayed centuries before by Edward the Black Prince, the terror of France, and our bands played the merry march of the "British Grenadiers," and our troops defied through the other passes which their valour had won. On the 10th of November, the rest of the Allied Army were called down from their cold and cheerless positions, and marched into France. Before taking this decisive step, Wellington issued an order of the day to all the troops of the various nations that followed his victorious standard. He told "the officers and soldiers to remember that their nations were at war with France, solely because the ruler of the French would not allow them to be at peace, and wanted to force them to submit to his yoke." He told them "not to forget that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal had been

occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and their cruelties towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country ; " and that " to avenge this conduct on the peaceful inhabitants of France would be unmanly and unworthy of the Allied nations." This proclamation was read over and over again in English, in Portuguese, and in Spanish ; and his lordship made it the special duty of all officers to enforce these salutary orders. Nor was it ever left to remain as a piece of merely rhetorical humanity ; Wellington took incessant care to carry it into operation ; and whenever he found any part of his troops attempting to plunder the peasantry, he not only punished by military law those who were caught in the fact, but he placed the whole regiment or brigade to which they belonged under arms, to prevent further offence. It was difficult to convince the Spaniards and Portuguese, who had so long seen their own country plundered and ransacked and wasted by fire and sword, that they ought not to retaliate upon the French, who had attacked them without the shadow of a provocation. Discipline, however, works miracles ; and the Portuguese troops, on the whole, behaved well. But the undisciplined part of the Spaniards, who had been a thorn in his lordship's side ever since he set his foot on the soil of the Peninsula, could not be restrained in their revengeful and marauding propensities. Some excuse for them was, that their government had provided them neither with pay nor provision, neither with clothes nor shoes.

Lord Wellington's letters to the Spanish generals, Morillo, Wimpffen, and Freyre, are evidence of his earnestness and determination not to allow any irregularity of the sort. " Where I command," says he to Freyre, " I declare that no one shall be allowed to plunder. If plunder must be had, then another must have the command. You have large armies in Spain, and if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry you may enter France, but then the Spanish Government must remove me from the command of their armies. . . . It is a matter of indifference to me whether I command a large army or a small army, but whether large or small, the army must obey me, and above all, *must not plunder.*"

General Sir Thomas Picton, a Welshman more peppery than Fluellin, appears always to have been in a passion at somebody or something ; but much cooler officers re-echoed the sentiments he expressed as to the value of Spanish troops as co-belligerents in France. In writing to a friend, Picton says : " The Spaniards, instead of being of any service to us in our operations, are a perfect dead weight, and do nothing but run away and plunder. We should do much better without these vapouring poltroon rascals, whose irregular conduct will indispose every one towards us." In no very long time, Wellington took the decisive measure of sending back most of these Spanish troops into their own country.

Soult now held a strong position on the Nivelle from St. Jean de Luz to Ainhoe, about twelve miles in length. General Hill, with the British right, advanced from the valley of Baztan, and, attacking the French on the heights of Ainhoe, drove them towards Cambo on the Nive, while the centre of the Allies, consisting of English and Spanish troops under Marshal Beresford and General Alten, carried the works behind Sarre, and drove the French beyond the Nivelle, which the Allies crossed at St. Pr  , in the rear of the enemy. Upon this the French hastily abandoned their ground and works on the left of the Nivelle, and in the night withdrew to their entrenched camp in front of Bayonne. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were established at St. Jean de Luz, on the right bank of the Nivelle. The Allies went into cantonments between the sea and the river Nive, where their extreme right rested on Cambo. The enemy guarded the right bank of the Nive from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port. Lord Wellington, being straitened for room and supplies for his large army, determined to cross the Nive and occupy the country between that and the Adour. On the 9th of December, General Hill forded the Nive above Cambo, while the sixth division crossed at Ustaritz, and the French were dislodged from their position at Ville Franque. In the night all their posts were withdrawn to Bayonne, and on the 10th the British right rested on the Adour. On that day Soult, resuming the offensive, issued out of Bayonne, and attacked the British left under Sir John Hope, which covered St. Jean de Luz, where the Allies had considerable dep  ts of stores.

The French came on with great spirit, and twice succeeded in driving in the fifth division of the Allies, and twice were repulsed again, the first time by the 9th British and a Portuguese battalion, and the second time by the brigade of Guards; at last, night put an end to the fight. Next morning, 11th December, Soult, having withdrawn in the night most of his force from the position in front of the British left, prepared to attack the light division with overwhelming numbers. General Hope, suspecting this, had moved part of his troops to their right to support the light division. This occasioned another change in Soult's movements, who again directed several columns against the left at Barouilles. The troops were occupied in receiving their rations, and their fatigue parties were engaged in cutting wood, when shouts were heard from the front of "En avant," answered by a corresponding cry of "To arms" among the British. The French columns were close at hand, and the Allies had barely time to run to their arms, when they withstood the attack, and at the close of the day both armies remained in their respective positions.

Marshal Soult now giving up any further attempt on the left of the Allies, and imagining that his repeated attacks on that side must have induced Lord Wellington to weaken his right, changed his plan, and during the night of the 12th moved with his main force to his left to

attack the British right. Lord Wellington, however, had foreseen this, and had given orders to the fourth and sixth divisions to support the right, and the third division was held in readiness for the same object. General Hill had under his immediate command above 13,000 men, and his position extended across from the Adour beyond Vieux Monguette to Ville Franque and the Nive. Soult directed from Bayonne on the 13th a force of 30,000 men against his position. His columns of the centre gained some ground, but were fiercely repulsed. An attack on Hill's right was likewise successful at first, but was ultimately defeated. Soult at last drew back his troops towards his entrenched camp near Bayonne. General Hill had withstood all the efforts of the enemy without any occasion for the assistance of the divisions which Lord Wellington had moved towards him. Lord Wellington, well pleased at this, told him—"Hill, the day is all your own."

In these several affairs the romantic bravery of Sir John Hope excited the admiration of the whole army. In the Commander-in-Chief this warm admiration was mingled with friendly apprehensions. When these combats were over, he said—"I have long entertained the highest opinion of Sir John Hope, in common, I believe, with the whole world, but every day's experience convinces me more of his worth. We shall lose him, however, if he continues to expose himself in fire as he did in the last three days; indeed, his escape then was wonderful. His hat and coat were shot through in many places, besides the wound in his leg. He places himself among the sharpshooters, without, as they do, sheltering himself from the enemy's fire. This will not answer; and I hope that his friends will give him a hint on the subject."

Nothing of importance occurred during the few remaining days of the year 1813. Both armies remained in winter-quarters—if so comfortable a name can be given to the positions and lodgings occupied by our troops. Amusements, however, were not quite wanting, although, it appears, that Soult was too near to allow of the pleasures of the chase, in which our officers had indulged a short time previously.

"Lord Wellington's fox-hounds were unkenelled, and he himself took the field regularly twice a week, as if he had been a denizen of Leicestershire, or any other sporting county in England. I need not add that few packs in any county could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were of the best breed, or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the commander of the forces, the General-in-Chief of three nations, and the representative of three sovereigns; but the gay, merry, country gentleman, who rode at everything, and laughed as



loud when he fell himself as when he witnessed the fall of a brother sportsman."

The peasantry dwelling near that frontier of France were devout Papists and Bourbonists at heart. As Soult had retired, they had begun to give sundry signs of good feeling towards Lord Wellington and his army. Worn out by the military conscription, and the monstrous excess to which it had been carried during the last three years, they saw no end to their evils except in peace, which was to be obtained only by the overthrow of Buonaparte. They could no longer bear to see their sons torn from them, to be made food for cannon—*chair d canon*. Flesh or meat for cannon was the epithet commonly applied to young conscripts towards the end of this war! Seeing that the English did not plunder, and that excellent discipline was maintained, those peasants and little farmers of the south of France came flocking to our camp, with their poultry and vegetables, and oil and wine; and there they were fairly paid for whatever they provided.

*Campaign of 1814.*—In an early stage of the Peninsular war, the Earl of Liverpool and Viscount Castlereagh had ventured to predict that the day might not be very far distant when an English army would traverse France as conquerors, and a British general march into Paris as our Edwards and Henrys had done. For this their lordships had been exposed to much ridicule; but that period seemed now fast approaching, and it was for some time doubtful whether that which really occurred in 1815 might not happen in the present year, 1814. In our Parliament, even that loud-tongued oppositionist, Mr. Whitbread, joined his voice in applause and thanksgiving, and declared that never did a more favourable opportunity present itself for us to exert our strength. But the most eloquent speech in the Commons was delivered by Mr. Charles Grant, jun. (now Lord Glenelg), who praised Lord Wellington particularly for this—that, by an undaunted and intrepid spirit, the sure proof of a genius confident of its resources, he had been enabled to defy the public opinion as to the invincibility of the French. Wellington had never sunk under the weight of the enormous fame which had been made to surround Massena, Marmont, Jourdan, Soult, and the other French marshals and generals; and he had, turn and turn about, foiled or beaten them all! Lord Castlereagh, with a not-unbecoming national pride, detailed some of the exertions which England had made in 1813—a year in which she had most importantly aided in arms, ammunition, provisions, money, and otherwise, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria—every country which had entered the lists against Buonaparte, and nearly every district in Europe which had shown a disposition to cast off his yoke. It was resolved (partly in consequence of the war with the United States of America) to raise our naval forces to 140,000 sailors and 31,000 marines, and to strengthen our land-forces on the Continent.

The opposition party raised some murmurs about expense, but they found no echo in the country, which was excited by victory, and comforted by the conviction that the fall of the bitterest enemy we had ever known was now close at hand.

The last act of the drama was played off rapidly—the mighty conflict which had been carried on between France and the rest of Europe was almost at its close. The battle of Leipzig, fought in October 1813, had hurried on the inevitable catastrophe. There Buonaparte had lost another army which he had got together, with great pains, after the disasters of the Russian campaign. The remnant of that army had been driven out of Germany and across the Rhine, the Allies practically refuting Napoleon's argument that the Rhine was the neutral and must remain the inviolable frontier of France—a frontier within which his over-vaulting ambition had not allowed him to contain himself. He was now left no other resources than those he could draw from France herself. Lord Wellington had long foretold that, when that should come to be the case, the feelings of the French population would turn against him. Napoleon had hitherto supported his enormous armies chiefly at the expense of foreign states. "War must be with him a financial resource," thus wrote Lord Wellington in January 1812, to Baron Constant, an officer of distinction attached to the Prince of Orange; "and this appears to me the greatest misfortune which the French Revolution has entailed upon the present generation. I have great hopes, however, that this resource is beginning to fail; and I think there are symptoms of a sense in France either that war is not so productive as it was, or that nations who have still something to lose may resist, as those of the Peninsula have, in which case the expense of collecting this resource becomes larger than its produce."

Such was the prescience of our illustrious soldier two years before the period at which we are now arrived, and when four-fifths of the statesmen of Europe seemed to believe that the Corsican had a talisman which would enable him to carry on war for ever, irrespectively of any considerations of finance, supplies of provisions, foreign conscripts, and foreign contingents.

On his return to Paris in November 1813, Napoleon decreed, by a *senatus consultum*, a new levy of 300,000 conscripts. This was not a pacific prelude. In December, he ordered the assembling of 180,000 National Guards to garrison the towns and fortresses. He talked, however, of peace, but he wanted Antwerp, Ostend, Belgium, Savoy, &c.; he hesitated, he lost time in agreeing to the preliminary basis of a treaty such as was offered to him by the Allied Powers at Chatillon; he left his own envoy there without instructions or powers; he wished, in short, to try once more the chances of war. On the 25th of January 1814, he left Paris for Châlons to attack the Prussians and Russians.

Lord Wellington now made his preparations to drive the army of Soult from all the country on the left of the Adour. About the middle of February, by a succession of movements and partial engagements, he drove the French first from the Bidassoa, and afterwards across the Gave d'Oléron, an affluent of the Adour. On the 27th of February, he met Soult's army concentrated at Orthez on the Gave de Pau, attacked and beat it and pursued it to the Adour, the French retiring to the eastward towards Auch. On the 1st of March Lord Wellington's headquarters were at St. Sever, north of the Adour. The loss of the Allies at the battle of Orthez was 277 killed, and about 2,000 wounded or missing. The loss of the French army was considerable during the battle, and still more during the retreat, owing to desertion having spread to a great extent, especially among the conscripts, who threw away their arms in vast numbers. The battle of Orthez had important results. The garrison of Bayonne was now left to its fate, and the road to Bordeaux laid open to the Allies. Lord Wellington gave orders to General Hope for the siege of Bayonne, and detached Marshal Beresford with two divisions to occupy the fair and mercantile city of Bordeaux. Beresford and his force were received as friends and allies, the mayor and most of the inhabitants of Bordeaux having of their own accord proclaimed Louis XVIII.

As the Allied Powers had not yet pledged themselves to support the Bourbon cause, or not to treat with Buonaparte as the ruler of France, Lord Wellington had most particularly and emphatically instructed Beresford not to originate nor encourage any rising of the Bourbon party; on no account to encourage hopes which might be disappointed, or to excite insurrectionary movements which might be put down and avenged with blood, if the Allied Sovereigns should eventually negotiate a peace with the present ruler, and leave Buonaparte on the throne of France. As yet, all the great powers of Europe acknowledged that man as emperor, a Congress of their Ministers was sitting at Châtillon-sur-Seine, in which Napoleon's envoys were admitted, notwithstanding the marchings of the Russians and Prussians in the provinces of France and the uninterrupted course of hostilities. His lordship had always been extremely cautious about interfering, without positive orders from his own Government, in the internal affairs or home politics of other countries, and his whole correspondence proves his caution and discretion with regard to Spain, and the various red-hot factions of liberals and absolutists which were already quarrelling there. He knew better than any man, that the irreconcilable pretensions of these two fierce factions must sooner or later plunge Spain into an anarchy; but he also knew that it was not by foreign arms that those Spanish quarrels were to be made up, and he hoped to have done with the war before this great storm could break out in his rear. His business was purely military;

in Spain it had been to drive the invader out of the country, and then leave the people to settle their own affairs. In France, upon the same principle, he was averse to giving any countenance to a royalist rising and a civil war. The Duke of Angoulême having landed in the south of France to excite a movement in favour of the Bourbons, Lord Wellington advised him politely to keep incognito, and to wait for some important demonstration in his favour. When Beresford marched upon Bordeaux, we have seen what were his orders. "If," said his lordship, "they should ask you for your consent to proclaim Louis XVIII., to hoist the white standard, &c., you will state that the British nation and their Allies wish well to Louis XVIII.; and as long as the public peace is preserved where our troops are stationed, we shall not interfere to prevent that party from doing what may be deemed most for its interest: nay, further, that I am prepared to assist any party that may show itself inclined to aid us in getting the better of Buonaparte. That the object of the Allies, however, in the war, and, above all, in entering France, is, as is stated in my proclamation—*peace*; and that it is well known the Allies are now engaged in negotiating a treaty of peace with Buonaparte. That, however I might be inclined to aid and support any set of people against Buonaparte while at war, I could give them no further aid when peace should be concluded; and I beg the inhabitants will weigh this matter well before they raise a standard against the government of Buonaparte and involve themselves in hostilities. If, however, notwithstanding this warning, the town should think proper to hoist the white standard, and should proclaim Louis XVIII., or adopt any other measure of that description, you will not oppose them; and you will arrange with the authorities the means of drawing, without loss of time, for all the arms, ammunition, &c., which are at Dax, which you will deliver to them. If the municipality should state that they will not proclaim Louis XVIII. without your orders, you will decline to give such orders, for the reasons above stated." And to the royalist mayor of St. Sever he wrote on the same subject:—"I have not interfered in any way with what has happened at Bordeaux, and if the department of the Landes, or any town of the department, chooses to acknowledge the house of Bourbon, I shall not oppose it; but I cannot enjoin to the individuals or the authorities of those districts which, by the operations of the war, have fallen under my order, to take a step which must commit them personally, because, if peace should be made, I must cease to give them that assistance which I could afford them under existing circumstances."

For the sake of humanity, for the sake of his own and his nation's honour, he was most anxious to avoid a foul disgrace which had several times been incurred in the progress of this long war—we had given premature encouragement to partisans, we had urged them to take the

field, we had put arms in their hands, and had then found ourselves under the necessity of abandoning them to the mercy of their powerful enemies. Thus no encouragement was given to the French royalists as an active counter-revolutionary party, until Buonaparte had abdicated the throne and taken his departure for the island of Elba. In the month of February or March, a general insurrection in the south of France would, no doubt, have facilitated the work in hand, and have given great satisfaction to the Bourbon princes and their agents, who constantly surrounded and importuned his lordship, and who not unfrequently complained that he was injuring their cause by throwing cold water upon the loyal enthusiasm of the French; but it suited not the political morality of Wellington to commit the lives and fortunes of these royalists before he knew that they would *not* be abandoned, before he knew, for a certainty, that the Allies would not make a peace which should leave Buonaparte on the throne. And yet, while he was pursuing this line of conduct, Marshal Soult and General Gazan issued a turgid and insulting proclamation, accusing him of fomenting revolt and civil war in France; and of seeking to obtain, by means of intestine faction, those advantages which he could not gain by the sword. And this, too, was said when the sword of Wellington had lowered the horn of every marshal and general that had been opposed to him, and had cut his way from the banks of the Tagus far into the interior of France, badly aided, often unsupported, and still oftener thwarted or impeded by an infinitude of causes and vexatious circumstances, which would have broken the heart or have turned the brain of almost any other commander. This disgraceful proclamation, which could still deceive Frenchmen remote from the scene of action, did, indeed, go to prove the justness of a remark which his lordship had made long ago, when the system was in its perfection, that it was impossible for the people of France to know the truth, the whole system of Buonaparte's government being based on trickery and deception.

With regard to those, and they were but few, who manifested a wish to carry on a partisan warfare in the interest of Napoleon, and against the Allies, Lord Wellington wrote to the mayors and other authorities, that the inhabitants could not be allowed to remain in their villages and act as soldiers at the same time. "Those who wish to be soldiers, must go and serve in the enemy's lines, and those who wish to live quietly at home, under the protection of the Allied troops, must not bear arms. The Commander-in-Chief will not allow anyone to follow both courses; and any person found in arms in the rear of the army shall be judged according to military laws, and treated in the same manner as the enemy's generals have treated the Spaniards and Portuguese."

On the 18th of March, Lord Wellington advanced his victorious columns to Vic Bigorre, and Soult retreated to some good positions at

Tarbes. It was thought that the French marshal would risk a general battle here, but he did not, continuing on the 20th his retreat towards Toulouse, where he arrived on the 24th. The main object of Soult's movements was to facilitate a junction with Marshal Suchet, who at last was evacuating Catalonia and all the eastern coast of Spain.

Before the close of the preceding year, Napoleon had given up his last faint hope of conquest; but he yet hoped to make Spain, and his prisoner the weak King of Spain, the means of weakening England; and creating jealousy and discord among the members of the Grand Alliance.

Soult, as we have seen, arrived at Toulouse on the 24th of March. On the 27th Lord Wellington was close to him, in front of Toulouse; but the broad, deep, and rapid river Garonne flowed between them, the best passages were defended by French artillery, and the English pontoons and other means of carrying over troops, cannon, and stores, were as yet very defective. It had rained pitilessly for many days, and the rain, besides making the bad roads worse, swelled the river Garonne, and rendered the passage of the Allies more difficult. It was, therefore, the 9th of April before Wellington got his army across to the right bank of the river. On the 10th was fought the bloody battle of Toulouse. This has been held by many to have been a useless display of heroism, and an unnecessary waste of human life; but the British general was totally ignorant of the events which had really rendered the combat unnecessary; and he had one great motive and incentive to fight the battle. This was to beat and scatter the army of Soult before it could be joined by Suchet, and to prevent that co-operation of the two marshals which might have revived the hopes of the beaten Napoleon, and have brought him down to the south to try another throw of the dice. If this had happened, and if the Austrians had failed in moving rapidly forward from Lyons, the weakened army of his lordship would have been exposed to the chances of a reverse, and of a long and disastrous retreat. Under all the circumstances, every wise general would have given battle at Toulouse, as Lord Wellington did.

A day dawned on the morning of the 10th of April—it was Easter Sunday, the holiest of all Sabbaths, a day of peace and reconciliation, and the church bells of the distant villages were calling the devout peasantry to matins and early mass—the columns of the Allies began to move to their various points of attack, and to one of the fiercest and deadliest scenes that war can present. Marshal Beresford moved first with the 4th and 6th divisions, which crossed the Eers by the bridge of Croix d'Orade. After some hard fighting, Beresford gained possession of the village of Montblanc, and then attacked and carried some heights on Soult's right, together with a redoubt which had been intended to cover and protect that flank; but the French were still in possession

of four other redoubts, and of the entrenchments and fortified houses, from which they could not be dislodged without artillery; and to drag heavy guns up those steepes and over those bad roads was work that required time, and the exertions of men as well as horses.

Nearly at the same moment that Beresford fell upon Soult's right, Wellington threw forward the Spanish division of General Freyre to fall upon Soult's left. At first these Spaniards were repulsed, and being panic-stricken by the fire of the redoubts, and then being charged by French bayonets, the mass of them began a flight down the hills, which might have been attended with disastrous consequences; but one Spanish light regiment, the Tiradores de Cantabria, got well under the French entrenchments, standing firmly, and then the British light division, coming up at the charging pace, rallied the Spaniards who had given ground, and advanced with them to the attack with an irresistible fury, and a firmness proof to wounds and death. Many officers, as well Spanish as English, were wounded, and the men were mowed down by whole ranks at a time; but there they stood on the brow of that hill until Wellington was enabled to reinforce them, and until Beresford had made sure of the victory by breaking and turning the French right.

Marshal Beresford had left his artillery in the village of Montblanc, and, notwithstanding all the exertions that were made, some considerable time elapsed before the guns could be brought up. During this trying interval Beresford's two divisions were exposed to the hot cannonade of Soult's batteries; but the men sheltered themselves as best they could behind the redoubt they had captured. As soon as his artillery was up (it was about the hour of noon), Beresford continued his movement along the ridge, and carried, with the single brigade of General Pack, the two principal redoubts, and all the fortified houses in the enemy's centre. The French made a desperate effort to regain those redoubts, but they were repulsed by the British bayonets. General Taupin, who had led them on, was slain; and Beresford's 6th division moving farther along the ridge of the heights, and the Spanish troops making a corresponding movement upon the front, the French were soon driven from the two redoubts, and the entrenchments they had on their left; and the whole range of heights, which had been fortified with such pains, remained in the undisturbed possession of Beresford and the Allies. The French withdrew with some confusion across the canal of Languedoc into the town of Toulouse, which Soult at one time thought of defending.

The 11th of March was spent by the Allies in bringing up ammunition and stores, and getting the artillery in positions, an attack being fixed by Wellington for daylight on the 12th; but during the night of the 11th, Marshal Soult evacuated Toulouse by the only road which was still open to him, and retired by Castelnaudry to Carcassonne. On the 12th Lord Wellington entered Toulouse, to the great joy of the inhabi-

tants, who were relieved from the fearful apprehensions of a siege. The white flag was flying, everybody had put on white cockades, and the people had pulled down Napoleon's statue, and the eagles and other emblems of the imperial government. The municipality of Toulouse presented an address to Lord Wellington, requesting him to receive the keys of their city in the name of Louis XVIII. Lord Wellington told them what he had told the people of Bordeaux, that he believed the negotiations for peace were still being carried on with the existing government of France, and that they must judge for themselves whether they meant to declare in favour of the Bourbons, in which case it would be his duty to treat them as allies as long as the war lasted; but if peace should be made with Napoleon, he could not give them any more assistance or protection afterwards.

In the afternoon, however, of the same day the English Colonel Cooke, and the French Colonel St. Simon, arrived from Paris, with the news of Napoleon's first abdication, and of the establishment of a provisional government, in the name of Louis XVIII. From Lord Wellington's head-quarters the two officers proceeded to those of Marshal Soult, who did not think himself justified in submitting to the provisional government, having received no information from Napoleon concerning what had happened; but he proposed an armistice to Lord Wellington. The British commander wrote to him a very polite letter, excusing himself from accepting the armistice, unless the marshal acknowledged the provisional government of France. At the same time he made preparations to pursue Soult, if required. The object of Lord Wellington was to prevent Marshals Soult and Suchet's armies becoming the *noyau* of a civil war in France in favour of Napoleon's pretensions for his son, or in favour of Napoleon himself. That daring man had not yet quitted France; his act of abdication might not be very binding upon one who had never been bound by any act, agreement, or treaty; he was not a prisoner, but still surrounded by many of his devoted guards; by the route traced out for him from Fontainebleau to the island of Elba, he must traverse the southern provinces and approach Suchet's army—and might he not join that army and endeavour to effect a junction with Soult? Thus the same reasons which induced Wellington to give battle at Toulouse still existed. At last, on the 18th of April, Soult, having received from Berthier an order to stop all hostilities, concluded a convention with Lord Wellington for the purpose. A line of demarcation was drawn between the two armies. The head-quarters of Lord Wellington remained at Toulouse. Marshal Suchet concluded a like convention with Lord Wellington on the 19th, by which the final evacuation of Catalonia by the French garrisons was provided for.

On the 21st April, Lord Wellington, by general order, to his gallant



army, congratulated them on the prospect of a speedy termination of their labours, and at the same time "thanked them for their uniform discipline and gallantry in the field, and for their conciliating conduct towards the inhabitants of the country."

The behaviour of our troops at Toulouse, Bordeaux, and the other towns and numerous villages they occupied, appears to have been in all respects excellent, and marked with more kindness towards the inhabitants than those people had been accustomed to receive from the later armies of the now fallen emperor.

On the 14th of April, four days after Soult's defeat at Toulouse, when the Allies were in full possession of that city, and Soult was flying rather than retreating from it, General Thouvenot, who commanded in Bayonne, chose to make a desperate sortie upon the unprepared Allies, who had received from Toulouse the Paris intelligence, and who all had reason to believe that Thouvenot had received it also through a French channel. The real state of affairs at Paris had been communicated to Thouvenot by General Sir John Hope the day before, and although that officer affected to doubt the authenticity, Hope, judging of other men by his own generous nature, evidently could not conceive that he would be capable of what must now be considered a base surprise, a savage spite, and a wilful shedding of blood. For some time Thouvenot and his garrison had been very inactive. As the works of the siege had not commenced, there were neither guns nor stores upon the ground to tempt a sortie. The investing forces were quiet in their positions and cantonments, and many of them were buried in sleep, and dreaming of an end to war's alarms, and of a speedy return to their own countries, when the French, long before it was daylight, sallied forth from the citadel in great strength, and fell furiously upon our sleeping people and weak pickets. A considerable slaughter was committed before the Allied troops could be got under arms and into formation. Major-General Hay was killed, and Major-General Stopford wounded. Sir John Hope, ever foremost when there was danger, mounted his horse, and galloped up in the dark to direct the advance of troops to the support of the pickets. He was presently surrounded; his horse was shot under him and fell, he received two severe wounds and was made prisoner. So dark was it, that for some time the French and English could distinguish each other's ranks only by the flashing of the muskets. The guns of the citadel, vaguely guided by the flashes of the musketry, sent their shot and shell at random through the lines of fight, smashing quite as many of their own people as they struck of the Allies; and the gun-boats, dropping down the river, opened their fire upon the flank of the supporting columns which Sir John Hope had put in motion. Thus, nearly 100 pieces of artillery were in full play at once; and the shells having set fire to the fascine depôts and to several houses, the flames cast a

horrid glare over the scene of the confused conflict. The fighting was very severe ; but it was terminated by British bayonet charges ; the French were driven back ; the little ground which had been lost was all recovered, and by seven o'clock in the morning our pickets were reposted on their original grounds. But between killed and wounded and taken, the Allies had lost 800 men. It was, under the circumstances, scarcely a consolation to know that the French had suffered still more severely, and that many of their casualties were caused by the indiscriminating fire of their own guns. General Thouvenot's conduct was throughout that of a savage. The capture of Sir John Hope, and the knowledge that he was very severely, if not mortally wounded, carried affliction to the bosom of every man who had been serving under him. Major-General C. Colville, who succeeded to the command, sent a flag of truce to request that Hope's friend, Colonel Macdonald, might be admitted into the fortress to see him and carry him assistance. Thouvenot had the brutality to refuse this request, and another which was made after it. It was the embarrassing destiny of Louis XVIII. to be compelled to honour and reward some of the greatest scoundrels that had sprung from the filth of the revolution, and who had struggled most desperately and remorselessly to keep Buonaparte upon the throne.

The sortie of Bayonne was the last affair of the war in 1814 ; but the battle of Toulouse was the last real battle, and the glorious winding up of Lord Wellington's long contests with Soult. It was a remarkable combat ; but the most remarkable part of the story yet remains to be told—the French claimed, and to this day most pertinaciously and loudly claim, the victory !

When Soult proffered his allegiance to Louis XVIII., a line of demarcation was drawn between the two armies in the south of France : the head-quarters of Lord Wellington continuing to be at Toulouse.

On the 30th of April, at night, his lordship left Toulouse, for Paris, whither he had been summoned by Lord Castlereagh, who appreciated his political as well as his military genius, and who, more than any other Minister of the Crown, had supported and strengthened him in the arduous struggle in which he had been so long engaged, constantly predicting his final success. He reached the French capital on the 4th of May, and was received by Louis XVIII., and by the sovereign princes, statesmen, and generals who then crowded the French Court, with every mark of deference, consideration, respect, and honour. It was an assemblage of experience, wisdom, and valour, collected from every country in Europe, such as the world has not often witnessed at one time and place ; but it may be said, without partiality, that the greatest man of them all was Wellington. Lord Castlereagh had recommended to the Prince Regent that the important office of ambassador to the Court of France should be given to our great soldier. For

good, straightforward, decided, honest diplomacy (the only diplomacy worth anything in the end), he was eminently qualified by nature, by mature reflection, and by experience both in Asia and in Europe; but he modestly told Viscount Castlereagh, that, though obliged and flattered by the new situation given to him, he doubted his own qualifications. "I hope, however," said he, "that the Prince Regent, his government, and your lordship, are convinced that I am ready to serve in any situation in which it may be thought that I can be of any service. Although I have been so long absent from England, I should have remained as much longer if it had been necessary; and I feel no objection to another absence in the public service, if it be necessary or desirable."

Whilst staying at Paris, he received from the Prime Minister of England intimation that he had been advanced to an English dukedom, and that peerages had been conferred on his brave companions, Sir John Hope, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. C. Beresford. In a letter dated Paris, 9th of May, he returned his thanks to the Earl of Liverpool, in his usual quiet, brief way, showing that he felt more pleasure at the honours conferred on his "galiant coadjutors," than at his own elevation. In the same letter he intimated that he intended to make a journey into Spain. "I purpose," said he, "to go to Madrid in order to try whether I cannot prevail upon all parties to be more moderate, and to adopt a constitution more likely to be practicable and to contribute to the peace and happiness of the nation. I am afraid that I shall not be in England till the end of June; but I hope I shall be able to do much good by this journey. A very short time in England will enable me to settle all that I have to do there."

THE DUKE!—he had been for some time a Spanish duke and a Portuguese duke, and had received the insignia of every distinguished Order in Europe—quitted Paris on the 10th of May, and, passing four days with his army at Toulouse, he repaired to Madrid, where he arrived on the 24th, to receive fresh honours which he cared not for, and to give an infinitude of excellent advice, which the Spaniards were not wise and cool enough to follow. The factions were infuriated against each other. The liberals wanted to maintain the impracticable ultra-democratic constitution which they had manufactured at Cadiz; the royalists would have no constitution at all, but only a reprobation of the old absolute monarchy. Neither would yield an inch or enter into any compromise; and the *liberales*, being the weaker, were crushed. The peasantry and the mass of the people, whether in towns or in the country, were devotedly attached to the restored Ferdinand, and abhorred the name of the Cortes. The Duke found that nothing could be more popular than the king and his measures, as far as they

had gone, to the overthrow of the Cadiz constitution; and that, though some thought it an unnecessary and impolitic measure, the arrest of the Liberals was liked by the people at large. Seventy members of the Cortes seceded at once, and presented a memorial to Ferdinand, in which they solemnly protested against sundry harsh measures of that house, directed against the sovereign, as having been carried by force and intimidation. To the Duke of San Carlos, and others, Wellington urged the necessity of governing upon moderate and more liberal principles. But of moderation the Spaniards knew nothing, and the formation of any rational constitution was, for the time, a sheer impracticability. Men there were, about the Court of Madrid, who entertained the most extravagant expectations, and the idea that they could all be realized, and that Spain might resume the foremost position she had held among nations at the time of the Emperor Charles V., by throwing herself into the arms of France, and by making an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the restored Bourbon dynasty of that country. They even talked of a war with England as a possible contingency. They were to recover all their revolted colonies in South America, and to shut all their ports against British trade. "It is quite obvious to me," said the Duke of Wellington, "that, unless we can turn them from their schemes, they will throw themselves into the arms of the French, *côte qui côte*; and I am anxious for the early settlement of all these points, because we have now the ball at our foot. . . . But the fact is, that there are no public men in this country who are acquainted either with the interests or the wishes of the country; and they are so slow in their motions that it is impossible to do anything with them."

Before quitting the Spanish capital (1814), the Duke drew up a remarkable diplomatic paper, in which he sketched the reorganization of the King's Government.

He also urged upon the Spanish Government the propriety of rewarding such of the Spanish officers as had behaved meritoriously during the war; he generously and ardently supported the claims of various ecclesiastics and civilians who had rendered important services, and made great sacrifices for their country; and, as a last bequest, he drew up and gave to the Minister at War an admirable paper on the organization of the Spanish troops.

The Duke left Madrid on the 5th of June. On the 10th of that month he was again with his army, which, with the exception of some divisions previously embarked for the purpose of carrying war into the interior of the United States of America, was collected at Bordeaux, in order to evacuate France, according to the treaty of Paris. For the last time he passed those gallant bands in review. He then drew up admirable arrangements for the orderly embarkation of the troops. On

the 14th of June he finally took leave of the army, leaving General the Earl of Dalhousie to superintend the embarkation of the infantry; the cavalry marching through the heart of France to embark at ports on the British Channel.

His order of thanks is very remarkable, "for the contrast which it presents to those inflated addresses by which the vanity and the passions of Buonaparte's soldiers were flattered and nourished."

"Adjutant-General's Office,  
Bordeaux, 14th of June, 1814.

"G.O.

"The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, take this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share which the British army has had in producing those events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.

(Signed)

"E. M. Pakenham, A.G."

The duke landed at Dover on the 23rd of June, under a salute from the batteries. Although it was at a very early hour in the morning, a great concourse of mariners and other people assembled on the beach, and the instant his lordship set his foot on shore they resolved to carry him in triumph to the Ship Hotel; and, as there was no escaping this not very convenient honour, he was borne from the beach to the house on the shoulders of some of the Dover men, all the rest following with shouts and cheers which made the walls of the ancient castle and Shakespeare's cliff ring and re-echo. He proceeded instantly to London. In crossing Westminster Bridge, and driving up Parliament Street, he was recognised and welcomed by the heartiest shouts that ever proceeded from an English populace. After a short interview with his family, he hastened to Portsmouth. Here the Prince Regent received him with every possible demonstration of respect and cordial affection. These distinctions gave him honour, not only before England, but in the face of Europe; for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were at

that period the guests of the Regent, and the Court was crowded with illustrious warriors and statesmen from all parts of the Continent.

Upon the 28th of June, the Duke of Wellington, for the first time, took his seat in the House of Lords. The peers assembled in great numbers to do honour to his introduction. He appeared in a field-marshal's uniform, with the insignia of the Garter, and was introduced to the House by the Dukes of Beaufort and Richmond. He had left his native country, five years before, a commoner; those years he had passed entirely in foreign countries, and mostly in camps; and now, at his first appearance in the Upper House, his various patents of baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke, were read upon the same day. The Lady Mornington, the aged mother of the hero, lived to see her son obtain the highest honours that can be conferred upon a subject, and had the happiness of being present in the House of Lords on this day. For the son there could be no higher glory upon earth; but the pleasure, the joy, the rapture, must have been greatest for the venerable and loving mother, who had so carefully watched the infancy, boyhood, and youth of the hero, and whose first lessons, the most precious and enduring of all, had contributed to form young Arthur Wellesley for greatness.

Having taken the oaths and signed the test roll, Wellington, accompanied by his two noble supporters, took his seat on the dukes' bench. Lord Chancellor Eldon then rose, and, pursuant to their lordships' vote, pronounced the thanks and congratulations of the House. Among other things the Chancellor said: "I cannot forbear to call the especial attention of all who hear me to a fact in your grace's life, singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to your grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this House, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm which the Crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services, occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the Crown, influenced by its sense of justice to your grace and the country; and on no one occasion in which the Crown has thus rewarded your merits, have the Houses of Parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country. Upon all such occasions they have offered to your grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours they could bestow.

"I decline all attempts to state your grace's eminent merits in your military character—to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements, which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince your grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man. . . . I tender your grace, now

taking your seat in this House, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the House in the words of its resolution :—“That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to his Majesty and to the public.”

The duke's reply was short, modest, and dignified ; but he did not fail to call attention to the valour and exertions of the army he had commanded.

The House of Commons, who had voted 500,000*l.* for the support of his dignity, also passed a vote of thanks, and appointed a deputation to wait upon his grace with it. On the 1st of July, the duke went to the Lower House to deliver his reply : when, in the usual manner and etiquette, it was announced that the Duke of Wellington was in attendance, and when the Speaker put the question, “Is it the pleasure of the House that his grace be called in ?” a loud and universal “Aye !” rang through the hall. On his entrance, all the members uncovered, rose, and enthusiastically cheered him.

The duke spoke to the following effect : “Mr. Speaker, I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me, in deputing a committee of their members to congratulate me on my return to this country ; and this, after the House had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filled up the measure of their favour by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject had been known to have received. I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this House and the country at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the contest was brought to so favourable a termination. By the wise policy of Parliament, the Government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction ; and I was encouraged, by the confidence reposed in me by his Majesty's ministers, and by the Commander-in-Chief, by the gracious favour of his royal highness the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry on the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House for which I have now the honour to make my humble acknowledgments. Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel ; I can only assure the House, that I shall always be ready to serve his Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House.”

This speech was received with loud cheers, at the end of which the Speaker, who had sat covered during its delivery, rose, and thus addressed his grace:—

“My Lord,—Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory.

“The military triumphs which your valour has achieved, upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. These triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultations to our children’s children.

“It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood, nevertheless, unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

“It now remains only, that we congratulate your grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents so conspicuous in war will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace.”

His grace then withdrew; and all the members rising again, he was reconducted by the serjeant-at-arms to the door of the House. After he was gone, his warm friend Lord Castlereagh moved, that what the duke had said on returning thanks, together with the Speaker’s answer, should be printed in the votes, which was agreed to *unanim.*

On the 7th July a national thanksgiving was held at St. Paul’s Cathedral for the restoration of the blessings of peace. It was observed with all the state and solemnity then usual on such occasions. In the procession from Carlton House to the church, the duke rode in the same carriage with the Regent, sitting on his right hand.





## CHAPTER IV.

Embassy to Paris—The Duke at the Congress of Vienna—Escape of Buonaparte from Elba—Immense warlike preparations—Battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo—Capitulation of Paris—The English Army in the French Capital—Marshal Blücher—Bridge of Jena—Character and Eulogium.

UPON the 8th of August the Duke of Wellington left town for the Continent, as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Court of France. In his way to Paris, he visited the Netherlands, and, in company with the brave Prince of Orange, he carefully examined the frontier fortresses upon that line—a barrier against the French erected by our great William III., improved at an enormous cost after the duke's visit in 1814, and swept away by the political arrangements which followed the French revolution of July 1830. For a long space of time his grace paid an annual visit to those fortresses.

On the 24th of August the duke was presented to Louis XVIII., delivered his credentials, and took up his residence in Paris.

Under a deceptive appearance of quiet and contentment, an immense conspiracy was at work for the restoration of Buonaparte, who had cost France such torrents of blood and, in the end, so much disgrace, for the flood of invasion had returned upon her, and English, Austrians, Russians, and Prussians had, among them, held possession of her fairest cities, and of the capital itself.

"The principles and feelings of revolutionized France were of twenty years' growth. The youth of France, it is true, knew little of the revolution or of the republic, but of the Bourbons they knew nothing. They had been for the most part educated in military schools; had lived under a martial autocracy, and had imbibed a military spirit.

"There were now scattered over the country numbers of disbanded and retired officers and soldiers, who had marched and fought under the imperial eagles. These men, who had been for the most part engaged in wars of aggression, amid changes of scene and chances of plunder, were miserable under their new and narrow circumstances. Their habits were roving and reckless, and they could not endure a stationary dwell-

ing and peaceful occupations. With all such of the old army as had been retained under the new government, it was as bad or worse. They looked back upon their stern and warlike emperor as the soldier's friend, and they despised the unambitious and peaceful Louis. They hated the inactivity and the discipline of garrisons and barracks, and they panted for the field and the bivouac. They thought only of the excitement and the rewards of warfare, not upon its sufferings or its horrors—of victory, not of defeat—of glory, not of the grave."

But so secretly were the machinations carried on, that the Duke of Wellington, in common with all the corps diplomatique, was led to believe that the government of Louis XVIII. was daily becoming more popular. He saw his Majesty received with acclamations and enthusiastic applause, as well by the troops as by the people. He knew the amiable disposition, the enlightenment, and the pure intentions of that prince; and he hoped that his subjects would not soon forget the lessons which adversity had taught them. With good advice the duke was ever ready to supply his Majesty and his ministers, some of whom were but imperfectly acquainted with the methods of carrying on a government upon constitutional principles; and, instead of the absolute tyranny of the soldier of fortune, France had now a free and a good constitution under the Bourbon prince.

That the duke was admirably qualified for diplomacy was acknowledged by all who had business with him at Paris, and may be sufficiently proved by referring to such of his dispatches of this period as have been published. He was accessible at all hours, and always patient, courteous, frank, and plain-spoken. It was a veteran in diplomacy, a long-practised member of the Russian legations, the Prince Rasomowsky, who told me, many years after this time, that there was never any manœuvring or mystery about the duke; that in every conference he spoke as plainly and as simply as if he were speaking to his officers at a mess-table; that there was no possibility of misunderstanding him; that he put more meaning into a dozen words than most trained diplomatists could put in three score; and that whether the conference ended agreeably to the wishes of those who had sought it, or called it, or far otherwise, there was no leaving the duke without an increase of personal good-will and esteem.

"The sure way to make a foolish ambassador," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want, but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the Ten Commandments? Your *art* diplomatic is stuff!"

On the 23rd of January 1815, the duke took leave of Louis XVIII., and on the following day he set out for Vienna to attend the general congress of the European Powers, assembling in that capital. Here he was brought in contact with the most experienced diplomatists and

statesmen of Europe. Austria was represented by Prince Metternich and the Baron de Wessenberg; France, by Prince Talleyrand, the Duke de Dalberg, Latour du Pin, and the Count Alexis de Noailles; Great Britain, by Wellington, Lord Cathcart, Clancarty, and Sir Charles Stuart; Portugal, by the accomplished Count de Palmella; Prussia, by Prince Hardenberg and Baron Humboldt; Russia, by the Counts Rasomowsky, Stackelberg, and Nesselrode; Sweden, by Lowenhjelm; and Spain, by Labrador; and again our great Captain was recognised as the clearest of heads and the best of diplomatists.

While thus engaged at Vienna, the duke, on the 7th of March, received from Lord Broughsh the first intelligence that Buonaparte had quitted the island of Elba, with all his civil and military officers, and about 1,200 troops, on the 26th of February. He immediately communicated this account to the Emperors of Austria and Prussia, and to the Ministers of the different Powers, and he found among all one prevailing sentiment—a determination to unite their efforts to support the system established by the peace of Paris in 1814. On the 13th of March, the very moment it was known that Buonaparte had landed in France, the Ministers of the eight Allied Powers, including the Ministers of the King of France, signed the solemn declaration of their sentiments and intentions.

In this document they set forth that Buonaparte had manifested to the universe that there could be neither peace nor truce with him; that he had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world; and that he was delivered over to public vengeance—*vindictæ publicæ*. They declared, therefore, that they were firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814, and that they would employ all their means, and unite all their efforts, in order that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, might not again be troubled.

The Allies soon supported this declaration by a million of men in arms.

But for some time it could not be credited that the disaffection to the government of Louis XVIII. was so general, or that Ney, Soult, and so many marshals and generals who had been employed and honoured by the Bourbon prince, would break their oaths and join Buonaparte. On the 14th of March, the duke forwarded a French passport, signed by Prince Talleyrand, to Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge (now Lord Hardinge), and instructed that alert officer to get as near as he could to Napoleon, to watch his progress; and, if possible, to put himself in communication with the officers commanding any bodies of troops employed against that person by the King of France. Before Hardinge could act on these instructions sent to him from Vienna, Buonaparte,

joined by all the French troops that were on his road, had descended the mountains of Dauphiny, had traversed Lyons and numerous other cities, had been joined by Marshal Ney with the whole army which had been sent to intercept him, had slept in the o'd palace at Fontainebleau, where he had signed his act of abdication in the preceding month of April, and had taken undisturbed repossession of the Tuileries, and of all Paris, from which Louis XVIII. had fled at midnight for Ghent.

At the first blush of the affair, the duke had said that it would be a serious one, and that a great and immediate effort must be made, which would "*doubtless be successful.*" With his usual alacrity, he had added—"I will go and join the army if you like, or do anything else that government choose. I think that we shall have settled our concerns here, and signed the treaty by the end of the month. *If the Spaniard does not impede us,* we shall have finished everything that is important much sooner; so that I shall be ready whenever you please to call me."

This call he soon received. He was at Vienna on the 28th of March, but on the night between the 4th and 5th of April he was at Brussels to examine the military state of affairs on that frontier. On the 5th he announced to one of the generals of the Allied Army that Brussels must be held, and the whole of Belgium secured against Buonaparte. He said to this correspondent—"My opinion is that measures ought to be taken to assemble all the Prussian army with the allied Anglo-Holland army in advance of Brussels, and that troops ought to be cantoned between Charleroi, Namur, and Huy. By this disposition we shall be sure to save this country, so interesting to the Allied Powers; we shall cover the gathering of the Allied troops on the Rhine; and we shall avoid the evils which would be the inevitable consequences of our momentary retreat under existing circumstances."

After some vexatious delays, an English army was assembled in Flanders, and was joined by the troops of the King of the Netherlands, of the Duke of Brunswick, and of the Prince of Nassau; and the chief command of the whole was given to the Duke of Wellington. In all, he had about 76,000 men under him, of whom 43,000 were British, or Hanoverians in British pay. Of these, deducting sick, detached, &c., there remained present in the field about 37,000 British and Hanoverians. The head-quarters were fixed at Brussels. Marshal Blücher, with the Prussian army, estimated at about 80,000 men, was on the left of the British; his head-quarters were at Namur.

The duke had wished for 40,000 good British infantry, for more cavalry, 150 pieces of British field artillery fully horsed, and for various equipments which he never got. As early as the 6th of April, he had written to Earl Bathurst—"With this I should be satisfied, and take

my chance for the rest, and engage that we would play our part in the game. But as it is, we are in a bad way."

And in various respects the bad way he was in at the beginning of April was not made much better by the middle of June and the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Some of the troops collected in Belgium by the King of the Netherlands were not to be trusted either for valour and discipline or for fidelity; many of our British troops were young and had never been under fire; many of the Peninsular veterans were away in America; and, instead of 150 British guns, the duke could never muster more than eighty-four, including Dutch and German pieces. While Buonaparte's people were all of one nation, and speaking one tongue, the duke's people were drawn from six or seven different nations, and his camp was a Babel of languages and dialects. Some of the Prussians, as well as the Belgians, were not very amenable to orders; and Wellington told Prince Hardenberg, as he had previously told the Spanish Government, that he was entirely indifferent whether he had many or few foreign troops under his orders, but that those who were under his command must obey him.

During the months of April and May, Buonaparte, by great exertions, collected near the frontier of Flanders an army of about 125,000 men, chiefly veteran troops, of whom 25,000 were cavalry, and 350 pieces of artillery. On the night of the 11th of June, he quitted Paris to open the campaign. His countenance, which had long been clouded, brightened up as he sprang into his carriage, and as he said, or as he is reported to have said, "*Je vais me mesurer avec ce Villain.*" (I am going to measure myself with this Wellington.) On the 14th of June he and his army pressed on the Belgian frontier, and on the very next day the long stern conflict began.

The duke's head-quarters were at Brussels, which it was Buonaparte's first great object to gain, and the possession of which would have given him immense advantages, moral and political, as well as military. On the duke's left lay Marshal Blücher with the Prussian army, estimated (after the junction of Bülow's corps) at about 80,000 men. The brave old marshal was well supplied with artillery, he having 200 cannon; but, unluckily, his artillerymen were not very good, and he had to complain of the manner in which his guns were served when the French fell upon him.

Blücher's head-quarters continued to be at Namur. The two armies were, of necessity, spread over a wide extent of country. The Duke of Wellington's had to preserve its communications with England, Holland, and Germany, to be near enough to connect readily with the Prussian army, and to protect Brussels. Blücher's army had to preserve its communications with the country in its rear and on its left, through which the reinforcements of the Grand Allied Armies were to advance

it had to give the hand to Wellington, and at the same time it had to watch a long extent of frontier; and on that north-east frontier of France there were many strong fortresses, which enabled Buonaparte to mask his movements, and to attack wherever he chose, without letting his attack be foreseen by his enemy. In front of the extended lines of the British, and their immediate coadjutors, the Hanoverians, Brunswickers, &c., there were, besides country by-roads, no fewer than four great roads (paved roads, proper for the passage of artillery, and for all military purposes); and it was *because* there were all these roads leading from the French frontier and the French fortresses, and *because* the Duke of Wellington could not possibly foresee by which of these roads the French might choose to advance, that part of his forces were widely spread in order to watch them all, while the remainder of his army was kept in hand in order to be thrown upon whatsoever point the attack should be made at. These men were every way better in and round Brussels than they would have been if cantoned or bivouacked on the high roads; and the artillery was also better there, for of this arm the duke had not to spare; it was indispensable that he should have it all on the field of battle, and embracing all the possible lines by which the French might attack, he had, where it stood, the best means of moving it rapidly to any one of these lines. Had the guns been all collected at one point in advance of Brussels, and had the enemy attacked at another point, the guns could not have been so easily moved. If, as some commanders might have done, the duke had kept his troops marching and counter-marching from road to road, from point to point, he would very uselessly have wasted the strength and spirits of his men before the battle arrived. But this is just one of the things which Wellington never did: and hence his men had always been up to their work when the work was to be done. Concentration of force is the finest of all things in war, in its proper place; but there are cases in which the idea of concentration is an absurdity. If, as he had once hoped, the Duke of Wellington had been enabled to commence operations by acting on the offensive, then he would have attacked Buonaparte on the French frontier in one or two condensed masses; and then Buonaparte, not knowing where the attack would be made, must have had his army stretched out in lines along that frontier, having merely reserved to himself (as Wellington did) the best plan and the best means of concentration to be effected when and where the attack should be made. But the duke had not received the accession of strength which might have been given to him; the grand army of Prince Schwartzberg had not yet crossed the Rhine; and with none but Blücher to co-operate with him, it would indeed have been rash to attack a frontier covered with numerous and well-garrisoned fortresses, or to invade France, where an army of reserve was collecting to support Buonaparte. I trust that these

few words will enable the reader to understand the absurd charge that the duke was not only out-maneuvred and out-generaled, but actually taken by surprise.

It was on the 15th of June that Buonaparte crossed the Sambre, and advanced upon Charleroi. At sunset on the preceding evening, all had been quiet upon the frontier, and nothing had been observed by the Prussian outposts. Being attacked just as day was dawning, those outposts fell back, and then a report was sent to the duke, who issued his orders for holding his troops in readiness to march. But it was not as yet sufficiently clear that Buonaparte intended the attack upon Charleroi to be a serious one, and that he really intended to open his road to Brussels by the valley of the Sambre. The duke, therefore, tranquilly waited until intelligence from various quarters proved, beyond the reach of a doubt, that the advance upon Charleroi was a real move and no feint. It was useless to move, and the duke had determined all along not to move, until he got this certain and full assurance; and the information could not be obtained before the event happened, that is, before the French columns, advancing by the valley of the Sambre, were swelled to a great army—an operation which requires rather more time than is taken in the writing of a critical or rhapsodical sentence in a book. The certain and deciding information was brought to Brussels by the Prince of Orange, who had acted as aide-de-camp, and had very often “gone the pace” for our great Captain in the Peninsula. It was about three o’clock in the afternoon of the 15th, and the prince found the duke at dinner at his hotel, about a hundred yards from quarters, in the park at Brussels, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, or even during the preceding day. The Prince of Orange was soon followed by the Prussian general, Muffling, who brought accounts of the French onset.

Now that it was time to put his army in motion, Wellington put it in motion to his left. The orders for this ever-memorable march were not decided upon in a scene of merriment and festivity, and at midnight, but in the duke’s hotel, and by about five o’clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all by ten o’clock at night. It is quite true that the duke did go to a ball that evening, and that many of his officers went as well as he, because their business for the day was done. Instead of a proof of his being taken by surprise, the duke’s presence at the ball was a proof of his perfect self-possession and equanimity at the most critical moment of his whole life. The Duchess of Richmond’s ball was a gay one, and the duke and his officers were as cheerful as any part of that gay company. I know that many persons present at that ball believed that the marching orders were decided upon there; but the contrary has been proved by the writer of the memorandum which I have quoted.

About midnight, the general officers were quietly warned, and quietly disappeared from the ball-room. Shortly after the younger officers were summoned from the dance, but without any bustle.

By this time the troops at Brussels were mustering, and before the sun of the 16th of June arose, "all were marching to the field of honour, and many to an early grave."

Before these columns moved there had been some hard fighting in front. In the course of the 15th, Buonaparte had established his headquarters at Charleroi, and Blücher had concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref, occupying the villages of St. Amand and Ligny; and Marshal Ney, continuing his march along the road which leads from Charleroi to Brussels, had attacked (on the evening of the 15th), with his advanced guard, a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Weimar, and had forced it back to a farmhouse on the road, called Quatre Bras. But the Prince of Orange had promptly reinforced Weimar's brigade, and had kept the farmhouse as if it had been a fortress. The time which would allow Ney to bring up his main body, would also allow Wellington to bring up a sufficient force to checkmate the French marshal. But early on the morning of the 16th, while our troops were marching, the Prince of Orange pushed back Ney's advanced guard, and recovered some of the ground between Quatre Bras and Charleroi, which had been lost the preceding evening.

At about 2.30 P.M., Picton came up to Quatre Bras with the fifth division, and he was soon followed by the corps of the Duke of Brunswick and the troops of Nassau.

Some hours before this the Duke of Wellington had ridden across the country to confer with Marshal Blücher. At that time Ney was not in strength in front of Quatre Bras, nor was Buonaparte in strength in the immediate front of the Prussians at Ligny. But the French, having all the advantages which are inseparable from offensive movements, massed their columns of attack very quickly in Blücher's front; and, at the same time, Ney gathered his strength near Quatre Bras. The game to be played was now opened. Buonaparte was to crush the Prussian marshal, while Ney was driving in the English duke.

As the Prussian corps of General Bülow had not joined, Blücher was attacked by a force numerically superior to his own; and after making a most desperate resistance, particularly in the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, and after displaying the greatest personal bravery, old "Marshal Forwards" was obliged to go a little way back, and to quit his position at Sombref. His horse had been killed under him, French cuirassiers had galloped over him as he lay on the ground; and, stunned and sorely bruised, he must have been taken prisoner but for the devotion and presence of mind of Nostitz, his faithful aide-de-camp. Brave Colonel (now Viscount) Hardinge, who, for good and weighty reasons, was with



Blucher's army, had his left hand shattered, and was obliged, in the course of that dismal night, to undergo the amputation of his left arm. With a frightful loss, but still with perfect order, the Prussians retired in the course of the night upon Wavre. The French, who had suffered severely, did not pursue. But, in point of fact, there could be no pursuit, as the French did not know for some hours that there was any retreat: the Prussians not having ceased fighting until it was dark night. At daylight on the following morning (the 17th), it was seen that the Prussians were gone; but it was not until the hour of noon that Buonaparte ascertained what route Blucher had taken, and ordered General Grouchy to follow him with 32,000 men.

In the meanwhile, Ney had failed in his attacks upon Wellington at Quatre Bras. At a little after three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th, the French marshal, having concentrated nearly 40,000 men, commenced fighting with two heavy columns of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and a numerous and well-served artillery. At that moment there were not more than 19,000 of the Allies at Quatre Bras, and of these only 4,500 were British infantry. These last forces, and the Brunswickers, were, however, not to be broken by any charge, or by any mode of attack. Our 3rd division, under General Alten, now came up, and joined Picton's unflinching 5th. Ney made another grand attack upon the left, but he was again met by impenetrable, immovable squares of infantry, and was again repulsed. He then tried the right of the position of Quatre Bras, and advancing under cover of a little wood, and attacking in great force, he cowed some of the worst of Wellington's contingents that were posted on that right. But as these foreigners were giving way, General Cooke came up, and joined battle with part of the English Guards; and the French were once more repelled. They gathered thickly in the little wood near the farmhouse; but General Maitland's brigade soon cleared that wood: and then the French were seen retreating in great confusion. The conflict had been tremendous; but the duke had succeeded in his present great object, which was to prevent Ney getting between the Prussians and the British. The two great battles fought on this day were only preludes to the greater massacre at Waterloo; yet at Ligny, Blucher had lost, in killed and wounded, from 11,000 to 12,000 men, and Wellington had lost at Quatre Bras, in killed and wounded, nearly 5,000 men, besides about 200 in missing. Our loss was made up entirely of British and Brunswickers, or Hanoverians. The brave Duke of Brunswick fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops. During the greater part of the combat, we had little or no artillery wherewith to respond to the heavy fire of the French; and in no part of the day had we any cavalry, except some squadrons of the black hussars of Brunswick, to oppose to Ney's immense squadrons; for 2,000 Belgian horse could never be brought to face the enemy, and when, at an early period

of the action, an attempt was made to lead them to the charge, they wheeled round and fled with such precipitation, that they swept the Duke of Wellington and his staff with them through Quatre Bras. These cavaliers did not again appear in the field, finding a pleasanter occupation in scampering through the towns and villages, and reporting everywhere that the English were beaten, and the French in full march for Brussels. During the battle, Ney sent off a courier to Paris with a captured regimental flag, and with the confident assurance that victory would be his. Marshal Soult did still more than this at Ligny, for falsehoods of the first magnitude were deemed necessary to give courage to the French people, and to keep Buonaparte's cause up and alive in the capital. In a dispatch to Marshal Davoust, now War Minister, Soult did not scruple to announce that the Emperor had beaten both Wellington and Blücher, and had so completely separated their two armies that there was no chance of their ever uniting them again in his front. "Wellington and Blücher," wrote Soult, "saved themselves with difficulty; the effect was theatrical; in an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy was routed in all directions." It was announced that the Emperor would enter Brussels on the 17th! Another dispatch, published in the *Moniteur*, said, "The noble lord must have been confounded! Prisoners are taken by bands; they do not know what has become of their commanders; the rout is complete on this side; and we hope to hear no more of the Prussians for some time, even if they should ever be able to rally. As for the English, we shall see what will become of them! The Emperor is there!"

As at Ligny, the fighting at Quatre Bras did not cease until the setting-in of night. "They fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to our harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave Allies piled arms and stretched themselves on the battle-field." The failure of the French attacks on Quatre Bras, made by veteran troops in very superior numbers, seemed to most continental officers quite unaccountable; and Ney's apology, for what all must admit to have been a defeat, is not maintainable for a moment. Many of the Allies were raw soldiers, and being a good many miles in advance of their reserve, the supporting troops reached the ground late in the day. Ney, afterwards, excused himself at the expense of the military reputation of his master, blaming him as the cause that the 1st corps of the French army "was idly paraded between Ligny and Quatre Bras without firing a shot," while he (Ney) was contending with Wellington. The French troops had never fought with more fury or ferocity. Horse and foot, they had

fallen upon our unsupported infantry, screaming—"Down with the English! No quarter! No quarter!" The Brunswickers, with their skulls and cross-bones on their caps, in commemoration of the bloody death of their former duke in battle with the French, and with the present death of that duke's son and successor, little needed such incentives; but the British troops were exasperated by the cries of the French, and were driven into an equal fury by seeing that the enemy really acted according to their words. The almost total absence of prisoners, after the battle, in the French and English camps, too clearly proves that little quarter was given on either side.

On the following morning, the 17th of June, the Duke of Wellington made a retrograde movement upon Waterloo, corresponding indeed to the retreat-movement of Blucher upon Wavre, but in strict accordance with the plan and combinations which had been previously agreed upon by him and the Prussian marshal. He retired leisurely by Genappe to the excellent ground which he had chosen, and which, many days before, he had most attentively examined. Perhaps the field of Waterloo had an additional recommendation in the eyes of the Duke of Wellington, as it had once been selected by the great Duke of Marlborough as a battle-field, and as Marlborough had been prevented from gaining a great victory over the French, upon that ground, wholly by the stupid obstinacy of the Dutch field-commissioners, who had power to control his movements.

Although the retiring from Quatre Bras was made in the middle of the day, the French did not attempt to molest our march, except by following with a large body of cavalry, which was brought up from the right, or from the part of Napoleon's forces which had been engaged the day before against the Prussians at Ligny. A body of their lancers charged the English cavalry, and were charged in their turn gallantly, though ineffectually, by our 7th hussars, who could make no impression on the front of their column, in the defile of Genappe. But when these lancers, elated with success, debouched on a wider space, in front of Genappe, the Earl of Uxbridge (now Marquis of Anglesey) charged them with the first regiment of Life Guards, and fairly rode over them. There was no standing against that charge of our heavy household cavalry, on their large, powerful, and high-bred horses. In the enemy's ranks, horses and men went down, and were literally ridden over. There appears to have been no more fighting on the road.

Marshal Ney was waiting to be joined by all the forces of Napoleon which had fought Blucher at Ligny, except the 32,000 men under Grouchy, who had been ordered by the emperor to follow the Prussians, and, on no account, to quit their track. This junction took place in the course of the day and night of the 17th. That night, during which Wellington's men lay upon the wet earth, or among the dripping corn-

fields, was a dreary night, with heavy rain, thunder, lightning and violent gusts of wind. A more cheerless bivouac was never occupied by an army. The men longed for the morrow.

That morrow came at last ; but Sunday, the 18th of June, was but a dull day ; for, though the storm ceased, the sky was overcast with clouds, through which the sun rarely broke. The position which the duke had taken up was in front of the village of Waterloo, and crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles ; it had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke-Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet of Ter-la-Haye, which was likewise occupied ; and in front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, our troops held the house and gardens of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank ; and in front of the left centre they occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Blucher at Wavre, through Ohain, and the marshal had promised the duke that in case of his being attacked, he would support him with one or more corps, as might be necessary. In the rear of the British centre was the farm of Mont St. Jean, and a little further behind, the village of that name. The French often call the battle of Waterloo, "The massacre of Mont St. Jean."

The duke's force, united in the position above indicated, was 72,720 men. Of this number, including the King's German Legion, who merited to be classed with English troops, 36,273 were British, 7,447 were Hanoverians in British pay, and partly commanded by British officers, 8,000 were Brunswickers, and 21,000 were Belgian and Nassau troops, mostly of an inferior quality. There were good and brave men among the German troops that were classed under the name *Nassau* ; but it is believed that the duke would have given all the truly Belgian regiments for as many companies of the Portuguese, who had become under him nearly as good soldiers as our own. Let me repeat—and let it be borne in mind—that many of the troops, British as well as foreign, had never been under fire before this campaign ; while the enemy's troops were veterans almost to a man.

Buonaparte had collected his army on a range of heights in front of the British position, and not above a mile from it : his right was in advance of Planchenois, his line crossed the Charleroi road at the farm of La Belle Alliance ; his left rested on the Genappe road. Behind the French the ground rose considerably, and was skirted by thick woods ; in the rear of the British and their Allies, was the famed old forest of Soignies. Deducting Grouchy's 32,000 men (who were looking after Blucher), and about 13,000 for the French killed and wounded at St. Amand, Ligny, and Quatre Bras, and making a liberal allowance for stragglers, patrols, &c., the troops collected must have been at least 75,000 in number.

Early in the morning, when Buonaparte mounted his horse to survey Wellington's position, he could see but few troops. This induced him to fancy that the British general, with whom he had come to measure himself, had beaten a retreat, and had left only a rear-guard, which would presently follow him. General Foy, who had served a long time in Spain, is said to have replied, "Wellington never shows his troops; but if he is yonder, I must warn your Majesty that the English infantry in close combat is the very devil!" (*L'infanterie Anglaise en duel c'est le diable.*) Marshal Soult is said to have added his warning to that of Foy. But whatever were the opinions of the marshals and generals who had really measured themselves with our great Captain in the Peninsula, it seems quite certain that Buonaparte began the battle with a confident assurance of success, for he knew his own vast superiority in artillery, and he had run into the woful mistake that Marshal Blucher, dispirited by the loss he had sustained at Ligny, would continue his retreat in order to avoid Grouchy, and would not rally anywhere near enough to support Wellington.

Soon after ten o'clock on the Sabbath morn, a great stir was observed along the French lines; and presently a furious attack was made upon the post at Hougomont, on the right of Wellington's centre. Hougomont, with its farmhouse and garden, was occupied by a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, who maintained the post throughout the day, in the teeth of desperate and repeated attacks of large bodies of the enemy. This first attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line. This cannonade was kept up nearly throughout the day, being intended to support the frequent attacks of cavalry and infantry, now mixed and now separate, which were made along our line, from right to left, and from left to right. The duke had not half the number of guns which Buonaparte brought forward; but such guns as he had were served to perfection; and the advanced batteries of our centre, firing case-shot, committed a fearful havoc upon the French columns which successively attacked our post at Hougomont. The incessant roar of artillery on both sides, for so many hours, gave to the combat a peculiar and awful character. There was no manœuvring either on the part of Buonaparte, or on the part of Wellington; the object of the British general was to maintain his position till the arrival of some Prussian corps should enable him to quit it, and crush his foe; the object of that foe was to drive him from his position, and to crush him before Blucher should be able to send a single battalion to his support. And to this end Buonaparte kept repeating his attacks with heavy columns of infantry, and with a numerous and brilliant cavalry, hammering at us nearly all the time with his immense artillery. At one moment the left of our position was in some danger through the sudden retreat of a brigade of Belgians.

"From each attempt the French columns returned shattered and thinned; but fresh columns were formed and hurled against the same or some other part of Wellington's line. The repulses were numerous, the glimpses of success brief and few. In one of their attacks the French carried the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, as a detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion which occupied it had expended all their ammunition, and the enemy had cut off the only communication there was with them. But before they yielded that farmhouse, those brave Germans were, to a man, either killed or wounded; and, as the French gave them no quarter, they all died. Buonaparte then ordered his cavalry to charge the British infantry in squadrons and in masses; to charge home, to charge again and again; and to find out some way through those ringing muskets, and those hedges of glittering bayonets! But this was work beyond the power even of his steel-clad cuirassiers, or of his long-armed Polish lancers; our infantry formed in squares, and the best of those horsemen bit the dust. At times the French cavalry were seen walking their horses about our infrangible squares, as if they had been of the same army. Some of their regiments gave proof, not only of great bravery, but also of rare perseverance. All their efforts, however, were unavailing; and the dogged determination of Buonaparte in throwing them forward so repeatedly to do what they were clearly incapable of doing, ended in their almost total destruction. Their *coup-de-grace* was hastened by a magnificent charge of British cavalry." Although the Scots Greys—"those terrible Greys!"—had astonished the French, and drawn from Buonaparte an involuntary exclamation of astonishment and admiration, our cavalry had hitherto been very little more than a spectator of the fight; it had suffered somewhat from the incessant French cannonade, but all the horses that were not wounded were fresh and vigorous, and there were horses there of the true high English breed, and riders on them whom no continental cavalry could hope to stand against.

At the proper moment, the Duke of Wellington called up Lord E. Somerset's brigade of heavy cavalry, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the 1st Dragoon Guards, and directed them to charge the already crippled and disheartened cavalry of Buonaparte. These splendid regiments absolutely rode down and rode over their comparatively feeble opponents; horses and men fell at their shock; the cuirassiers, whose breast-plates had glittered in so many battles and victories, disappeared from the world as a corps, and became a thing that had been: they were completely cut up. After this almost total destruction of his cavalry, and after the frightful reduction of his columns of infantry, Buonaparte was, if not as good as beaten, at the least put into a condition from which the duke could have had nothing to apprehend, even though no Prussians had come up. Except the

Guards, every part of the French army had been engaged, repulsed, and frightfully thinned. Not a point of the British position had been carried. Not a single square had been broken; and, though our loss in killed and wounded had been great, some of the duke's troops had not yet been engaged at all, and all were full of heart and of confidence in their great leader.

Buonaparte had invited Ney to dine with him that evening at Brussels; and at six o'clock he is said to have remarked, that they would yet arrive there in good time. This is merely a *say*; at 6 P.M., and at no part of the day, did they see a chance of getting to Brussels.

General Clausewitz may be taken as a competent and as an unprejudiced authority as to the condition in which the two contending armies stood when the Prussians came up. Clausewitz was chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army. If he had prejudices, they were not likely to be in favour of Wellington and against Blücher. He knocks on the head the nonsense that has been circulated about the duke having exhausted his reserves in the action; and he enumerates the tenth British brigade, the whole division of Chassé, and the cavalry of Collaert, as having been little or not at all engaged; and to these he might have added two entire brigades of light cavalry. Moreover, General Clausewitz expresses a positive opinion, that, even had the whole of Grouchy's force come up at Waterloo (which it could not do, and which it was prevented from doing by Buonaparte's lamentable mistake about Blücher, and by the positive orders he had himself given to Grouchy), the Duke of Wellington could have had nothing to fear pending Blücher's march and arrival. Had "Marshal Forwards" not come up when he did, the duke would have kept his own; and the last charges of the French, if made at all, would have been repulsed, as all their preceding attacks had been. But had the French retreated, there could have been no pursuit; and if Blücher had not been at hand, there might have been a renewal of the combat on the morrow.

Lord E. Somerset's heavy brigade of cavalry had made its annihilating charge, there was a pause in the battle; and it was about seven o'clock in the evening when artillery was heard at a distance, and a staff officer reported to the duke that the head of a Prussian column was already coming in sight. Very shortly after, Bülow's corps, advancing upon La Belle Alliance, began to engage the French right. And now was the short agony for Buonaparte. He called forward his Guard, which he had kept in reserve for a last desperate effort. He led it forward, in person, to the foot of our position; but then he turned aside, and took shelter behind some swelling ground. The Guard moved onward, looking on Buonaparte as they passed him. "*Morituri te salutant!*" He ought to have gone on with it, and to have died with it; but he neither headed it nor followed it; nor did he, during any part of this

day, expose his person freely in the *mêlée* of battle, as he had done in the spring of 1814, in the battles of Craonne, Arcis-sur-Aube, and in other affairs on French ground. Ney went on with that great forlorn hope, and, unluckily for himself, was not killed. The Guard advanced in two massy columns, leaving only four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve, near to the sheltered spot where Buonaparte sat on his horse, fallow, rigid, and fixed, like a mummy. The Guards moved resolutely on, with supported arms, under a destructive fire from our position. They were met by General Maitland's brigade of English Guards, and General Adam's brigade, which were rapidly moved from the right by the Duke of Wellington in person, who formed them four deep, and flanked their line with artillery. That the duke, on first moving them from some cover under which they had been screened, shouted out, "Up! Guards, and at them!" is now recognised as a fable. His grace never did anything theatrically, and never used any such language to his troops. An aide-de-camp gave the order in the usual quiet manner; the officers in command of our Guards obeyed the order, under the eye of their great chief, and the duke advanced with the Guards over the brow of the low hill, and then stood to meet the last charge. When within fifty yards from the line of the English Guards, the French Guards attempted to deploy; but the close fire upon them was too terrible; their flanks were enveloped, they got mixed together in a confused mass, and in that condition they were slaughtered, broken, and driven down the slope of the hill. There was no more fighting; that Grand Army of Buonaparte—the last of all, and the most desperate of all—never again stood, nor attempted to rally: all the rest of the work was headlong, unresisted pursuit; slaughter of fugitives, who had entirely lost their military formations; and capture of prisoners, artillery, and spoils. The army was destroyed, as an army, before the pursuit began. If it had not been so, the Prussians could not possibly have found the pursuit such easy work. In flying, Buonaparte and his Guards left about 150 pieces of cannon in the hands of the English. Before that flight began, Blücher had been for a time hotly engaged at Planchenois. At a farmhouse, called "Maison Rouge," or "Maison du Roi," at a short distance behind Planchenois and the farm of La Belle Alliance, the duke and the marshal met, and Blücher, in the manner of the Continent, embraced and hugged his victorious partner. Here Wellington gave orders for the halt and bivouac of his own fatigued troops, and handed over the task of further pursuit to the Prussians. Blücher swore that he would follow up the French with his last horse and his last man. He started off immediately with two Prussian corps, who began the chase with the encouragement of three cheers from the English army.

"The Guard dies, but does not surrender!" This was a self-flattering



fiction which the French afterwards recorded in prose and rhyme, in paintings, engravings, and sculptures, and in all manner of ways. But these flying French Guards really surrendered in bands, and cried for quarter. Close to Genappe, Blücher captured sixty guns belonging to the said Imperial Guard, together with carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Buonaparte himself. The moon had now risen, and in broad moonlight the Prussians kept up the chase, the French abandoning all they had, and scarcely attempting to stop anywhere until they got within the lines of their own frontier fortresses, from which they had issued with so much pride and confidence only five days before. The high road, says General Gucisenau, resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck—it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every description.

In the meanwhile the British and their Allies, by the same broad moonlight, were counting their dead and picking up their wounded; or, rather, they were making a beginning, for those sad offices took up not only that night, but the whole of the following morning. The loss had been immense. The British and Hanoverians alone had 2,432 killed, and 9,528 wounded, in the battle of Waterloo. The loss of officers was quite proportionate to the loss of men, more than 600 having been killed or wounded in the British and Hanoverian corps alone. General Picton, who had been wounded at Quatre Bras, and who had concealed his hurt, was shot through the brain early in the battle, as he was leading his division to a bayonet charge. General Sir William Ponsonby, who was with the heavy cavalry, was killed by a Polish lancer; his relative, General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, was shot through the body by a Frenchman, was ridden over by the charging cavalry, and was speared, as he lay bleeding and helpless on the ground, by a savage Pole; but he miraculously recovered, and lived many years to charm all those who knew him, or who ever approached him. Colonel de Lancy, the excellent quartermaster-general, was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. The Earl of Uxbridge lost his leg. General Cooke, General Halkett, General Sir Edward Barnes, General Baron Alten, Lieut.-Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Honourable T. Howard, the Prince of Orange, were all among the wounded, and most of them were severely wounded. Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother to the present Earl of Aberdeen, died of his wounds soon after being removed from the field. The gallant Duke of Brunswick perished, as we have seen, on the 16th, at Quatre Bras; he fell at the head of his own black hussars. The officers of several foreign nations, who came to volunteer their services to the duke, did not escape unhurt; the Austrian General Vincent was wounded, and Count Pozzo de Borgo, who was then both a general and a diplo-

matist in the service of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, received a contusion. The Spanish General Alava had some hairbreadth escapes. The present Prince Castelcicala, now Neapolitan Minister at the Court of St. James's, but then a brave young officer in one of our cavalry regiments, ran equal risk. On the duke's staff there was hardly an officer that escaped wounds or death. At one moment he had no officer near him to carry an immediate order, except a young Piedmontese gentleman of the family of De Salis. "Were you ever in a battle before?" said the duke. "No, my lord," replied the young officer. "Then," said the duke, "you are a lucky man, for you will never see such another."

During the whole of the dreadful day the duke was calm and collected, his countenance was serene and even cheerful, except at times when his eye rested on the heaps of his killed and wounded. He stood for a long time near a remarkable tree with his spy-glass in his hand, and so near to some of the French posts that his features could be distinctly seen by the aid of a good glass. An Italian officer, who was with Buonaparte, told me, a few years after the battle, that the quietness of the duke's demeanour, and the tranquillity of his countenance, struck him with dismay, and made him believe that he must have some enormous force concealed on the reverse of his position, or that Blücher was coming up hours before he did. I can conceive that this equanimity and perfect self-possession afterwards gave way, for a time.

"On the night of the memorable battle," says a British officer, "the words and emotions of the conqueror will long be remembered by those who sat with him at supper, after the anxious and awful day had closed. The fountain of a great heart lies deep, and the self-government of a calm mind permits no tears. But this night, Wellington repeatedly leaned back upon his chair, and rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed aloud, 'Thank God, I have met him! Thank God, I have met him!' And, ever as he spake, the smile that lighted up his eye was immediately dimmed by those few and big tears that gush warm from a grateful heart."

The conduct and movements of General Grouchy, upon whom the French would have thrown the entire blame of losing the battle, has been grossly misrepresented and falsified. Grouchy, in tracking Blücher, could do little or nothing to injure him; and Grouchy was not up in time to take part in the battle with Wellington, simply because he could not get there in time, or, indeed, at all. The Prussian General Thielman, with 16,000 men, kept him and his 32,000 French fully employed on the river Dyle for several hours, during which Blücher threw himself between Grouchy and Buonaparte with his superior forces. When evening was setting in, when our cavalry was crushing the French, and when the

Prussian marshal was giving the hand to the duke, Grouchy was thirteen or fourteen good English miles off, with sorely fatigued troops. He was not at Waterloo, simply because he could not by any possibility be there. There was no treachery in the case: if Grouchy could even have done that which Buonaparte too confidently expected he would do, he would not have been at Waterloo; but, in that case, no more would Blücher. It was too much for the French to pretend they anticipated that Grouchy would prevent the junction of Blücher and Wellington, by driving the Prussians towards the Rhine, and be also on the field of Waterloo! The day after that battle he fell rapidly back upon the frontier of France, conducting his retreat in a manner which did honour to him as a general.

On the first day of his pursuit (the first after the battle), brave old Blücher wrote to his lady: "My dear wife, you well know what I promised you, and I have kept my word. Superiority of numbers forced me to give way on the 17th, but on the 18th, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end at once to Buonaparte's dancing!"

On the same day, the duke (among other letters of condolence and of business) wrote to the Earl of Aberdeen: "You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother. . . . He received the wound which occasioned his death while rallying one of the Brunswick battalions, which was shaking a little, and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance. I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is *then* that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen, will be some consolation for their loss."

Buonaparte himself was the first man that carried to Paris the news of his irretrievable disaster. He was soon followed by Marshal Ney, who was bursting with rage and desperation. Innumerable, and worthy of ignoble minds, were the criminations and recriminations. Ney accused Buonaparte, and Buonaparte, Ney. "Ney conducted himself like a madman; he caused my cavalry to be massacred!" Disgraceful scenes ensued. Ney interrupted Carnot, and gave the lie direct to him and to Davoust, who had been led by Buonaparte to declare that the Prussians were in retreat, and the English in no condition to advance. "That is false," cried Ney; "that is false! You are deceiving the

people ! Wellington is coming ! Blucher is not beaten : there is nothing left to us but the corps of Marshal Grouchy. In six or seven days the enemy will be here !"

A farcical attempt was made to induce a recognition of Buonaparte's son by Maria Louisa of Austria. Joseph and Lucien Buonaparte, Charles Labédoyère, Flahault, and others, entered the ephemeral house of peers which Buonaparte had made on his return from Elba ; they came to announce the *voluntary* abdication of Napoleon I., and to proclaim Napoleon II. ; and they shouted—"The Emperor is politically dead ! Long live Napoleon II. !" But these men could not find the elements of a party wild enough to support, or even to acknowledge, the claims of a child ; and it was clear that Buonaparte himself was deserted by the mass of the French people. There was a talk of his throwing himself, with the remnant of his Grand Army, into the country beyond the Loire, and there collecting more troops ; but he knew that the armies of all Europe were marching against him, that, while Wellington and Blucher were on the north-eastern frontier, the Austrian General Frimont was advancing through Switzerland and Savoy, to attack on that side ; that Prince Schwarzenberg was now ready to cross the Rhine with enormous forces ; and that the Emperor Alexander was not far off with 200,000 Russians. The Allies, indeed, could have put 800,000 men into France before the end of the month of July. On the 22nd of June, four days after his defeat at Waterloo, he retired to the pleasant summer palace of Malmaison, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and, after lingering there a few days, he repaired to the seaport of Rochefort, with the desperate hope of finding some means whereby to escape to the United States of America. Finding that there were no such means, that the population was declaring warmly for the Bourbons, and that if he remained any longer on shore he might be assassinated or made prisoner, he went on board our ship of the line, the *Bellerophon* ; Captain Maitland most distinctly telling him, "*that he was in total ignorance of the intention of the British Government as to his future disposal.*"

The Chambers of Paris set up a provisional government, consisting of Caulaincourt, Quinette, Grenier, Carnot, and Fouché, a most strange jumble of men and principles. The ex-Jacobin Fouché took the lead.

The British and Prussian armies met with hardly any opposition on the march to the French capital. On the 1st of July, Wellington took up a position a few short miles from Paris ; and on the 2nd, Blucher crossed the Seine at St. Germain, and posted the Prussians between Plessis-Piquet and St. Cloud, with their reserve at Versailles. Two days before this, while the Duke of Wellington was at Etrées, commissioners were sent to him by the provisional government to negotiate a suspension of hostilities. These commissioners began with asserting that Buonaparte's abdication had virtually put an end to the war.

The duke told them that he could not consider the abdication in any other light than as a trick ; and that he could not stop his operations. While the duke was talking, he received Louis XVIII.'s proclamation, dated Cambray, the 28th of June, and countersigned by Prince Talleyrand. He handed the paper immediately to the French commissioners. These persons took some objection to certain paragraphs in the proclamation, wherein the king announced his intention of punishing some of those concerned in the plot which had brought back Buonaparte from Elba. Although not named as yet, the commissioners, the provisional government, and all France must have understood that Marshal Ney, Charles Labédoyère, and Lavallette were included in this traitorous category ; and that the government of Louis XVIII. reserved to itself the right of bringing them to condign punishment. To the remarks of the commissioners on the avenging paragraphs, the duke had nothing to say ; and they themselves really appear to have said or thought very little about the matter. I call attention to the paragraphs only in order to prove that the commissioners, the provisional government, and Marshal Davoust, who now commanded in Paris, perfectly well knew the intention of Louis XVIII. with regard to Ney, Labédoyère and others, three or four days before they concluded the convention of Paris with Wellington and Blücher—a convention in which the case of those traitors was not provided for in any way.

The commissioners went back to Paris, and then returned to the English camp ; but still they attempted to make no provision for excepting Ney or Labédoyère, or any one from the avenging paragraph by virtue of the convention with Wellington and Blücher. What the commissioners came for was only to know whether the Allies would not agree to an armistice, and keep at some distance from Paris. The duke told them that he would not consent to suspend hostilities so long as a soldier of Buonaparte's army remained in Paris. This army, counting shattered and disorganized corps, fugitives from Waterloo, and all, was estimated by the provisional government at 40,000 men. It probably amounted to 30,000 ; and, under the influence of Labédoyère and other reckless officers, it had declared for Napoleon II. On the 1st of July, Davoust wrote to the British Commander-in-Chief on the subject of the armistice ; but the French marshal did not yet adopt the terms without which Wellington had resolved not to suspend his movements for a single hour. He and Blücher had, therefore, advanced, as we have seen, almost to the suburbs of the capital. In taking up his position on the left bank of the Seine, on the 2nd of July, the army of Napoleon II. offered some resistance to the Prussian marshal ; and there was even some hard fighting on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon, and in the village of Issy, which was renewed (at Issy) on the morning of the 3rd, to the loss and discomfiture of the French. No attempt was made to check the approaches or molest the

positions of the British. The provisional government and Davoust now yielded to necessity, and to the terms which the Duke of Wellington had proposed to their commissioners three days before, with this important addition, that the city of Paris, the heights of Montmartre, and all its other defences, were to be put quietly in possession of the British and Prussian armies. They sent out a flag of truce, desiring the firing might cease on both sides of the Seine, and that negotiations might be opened at the palace of St. Cloud, "for a *military* convention between the armies, *under which the French army should evacuate Paris.*"

Officers accordingly met on both sides at St. Cloud; and on that night, the *military* convention was concluded by three French officers, one English officer, and one Prussian officer; and on the following day the convention was approved by Wellington, Blücher and Davoust, and fully ratified. On the same day, and almost as soon as he had signed the deed, the duke wrote to his Government: "This convention decides all the military questions at this moment existing here, *and touches nothing political.*"

The French troops, as by this agreement bound, had all evacuated Paris by the 6th, and begun their march towards the Loire. Labédoyère is said to have gone with them, or to have followed them; but Marshal Ney fled from Paris in disguise on the 6th, with a pas-port, under a false name, given to him by Fouché. This was proof enough—this was his own confession by his own act and deed—that Ney did not consider himself included in the convention or capitulation. He knew that the provisional government, indifferent as to his fate, had introduced no article, clause, or paragraph, to shield him and others in his predicament. He knew that the Duke of Wellington would never interfere with the *political* or *judicial* action of the French government, and could never have agreed to negotiate upon such a subject; and therefore it was that Ney, alike conscious of his guilt and of his danger, fled in an ignominious manner from Paris the day before the Allied Armies took possession of that city. At the moment of his flight, Louis XVIII., whom he had betrayed with circumstances of the most exasperating kind, was at St. Denis, only eight miles from Paris. To punish or to protect Ney, was no affair of the duke's: had he wished it, there were good grounds for believing that the astucious Fouché would have seized the marshal, and sent him a prisoner into his own camp, or to the king at St. Denis.

On the 7th of July the British and Prussian armies took possession of the French capital, without any outward or visible sign of that *à l'usage des poignards*—that war to the knife—with which they had been so often menaced. The English established themselves in the Bois de Boulogne, where they found an encampment; the Prussians occupied some of the churches, and bivouacked at the heads of the streets, and along the quays

on the Seine. The first night passed off with perfect order and tranquillity; but at midnight, on the 8th, the duke was obliged to take up the pen in order to check the pace of "Marshal Forwards."

In the positions they occupied, the Prussians were brought into immediate contact with two objects, which roused their nationality and inflamed their ire. These obnoxious objects were Buonaparte's bronzed column of Victory in the Place Vendôme, which recorded the defeats of the Prussians, as well as of other nations; and the bridge of Jena, which had been named after the bloody battle whereby Napoleon had broken up the Prussian monarchy for a time, and had broken the heart of the fair Prussian queen for ever. No Prussian in the army felt these things more acutely than Blucher, whose body, too, had been scarred with wounds in the disastrous campaign of Jena. He, therefore, thought it no questionable act to blow this Paris bridge of Jena into the air, and to pull down the column of a man who, in Prussia, had destroyed the pillar which commemorated the great national victory of Kosbach, and had plundered the very tomb of Frederick the Great. The Prussians were actually at work upon the bridge with the insufferable name, when the duke intervened. The following letter is, in every way, curious and interesting; and it is corroborative of all that has been said of our great captain's moderation, gentleness, and friendliness:—

"TO MARSHAL PRINCE BLUCHER.

"Paris, 8th July, 1815, Midnight.

"MEIN LIEBER FÜRST,

"Several reports have been brought to me during the evening and night, and some from the government, in consequence of the work carrying on by your highness on one of the bridges over the Seine, which it is supposed to be your intention to destroy.

"As this measure will certainly create a good deal of disturbance in the town, and as the sovereigns, when they were here before, left all these bridges, &c., standing, I take the liberty of suggesting to you to delay the destruction of the bridge, at least till they shall arrive; or, at all events, till I can have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow morning. Believe me, &c.,

"WELLINGTON.

"Marshal Prince Blucher."

Blucher held his hand, and consented on the morrow that the bridge should be left standing, provided only the French government changed its odious name—which they did. "Marshal Forwards," moreover, could see no harm in levying a military contribution of 100,000,000 francs upon the city of Paris; for had not Buonaparte and the French done worse than this in Berlin? and how had the French recompensed the Allies for their forbearance and generosity last year when Paris was in their power, even as it now was? Upon this and other points also the Duke of Wellington interposed; and, after some grumbling, the rough old Prussian consented that no military contribution should be imposed;

that the column of Victory should not be destroyed, &c. And how did the Buonapartists repay this moderation and magnanimity? They set it all down to fear—to the dread the Allies entertained of their *beau désespoir*!

On the 8th of July, Louis XVIII. re-entered Paris, escorted by the National Guard of that city, and tranquilly resumed the government.

The French government was soon after entirely changed, and Talleyrand, with whom Wellington had at times conferred on internal French affairs, as being the only wise statesman in employment and the most moderate, was no longer in office, and was no longer consulted by the king. It was Talleyrand and the duke who had stopped many measures of severity which had been contemplated by the ultra-Bourbonists. That hot party was now in power, and could not forgive Ney. Others, not nearly so warm, thought it was time that a great example should be given. When the cabinet had decided on the execution, it would have been a breach of diplomatic *courvenance*, or a bad precedent in one who served a constitutional government, to make a breach between that cabinet and the sovereign; yet, like many others, I have been assured that the Duke of Wellington did attempt to make interest at court and elsewhere in favour of the condemned marshal. Such a line of conduct would have been in keeping with the nobleness and magnanimity of his nature; but Ney merited his fate, and Ney, to him, had never been a generous or courteous enemy, as Soult, Marmont, and a few—a very few—more of Buonaparte's generals had been during the contest in the Peninsula. Those who formed the exceptional cases were French *gentlemen*; and a *gentleman*—though a marshal, duke, prince, and peer—Ney never was, for he retained to the last the manners, habits, and language of a common dragoon, in which capacity he had commenced his career. He was shot at nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th of December, in broad daylight, in the public gardens of the Luxembourg, without the slightest commotion. The public fund, which had been fluctuating, rose as soon as it was known that he was dead.

By the madmen or the impostors of the Buonaparte faction, the duke was held up to execration and revenge as the real murderer of Ney. A subaltern officer, one Marie Andrie Cantillon, attempted the duke's life by firing a pistol at him; but the Russian's ball missed its aim. The assassin was acquitted by a Parisian jury, who must have been convinced of his guilt. Cantillon became very popular with the revolutionary party; and Buonaparte, only a few days before his own death, put a codicil to his will, bequeathing him 10,000 francs, and saying that Cantillon had as much right to assassinate the duke, as the duke had to send him to St. Helena (which the duke had not done). There were other plots to take off the duke, during his residence as ambassador at Paris, but he feared them not, and there was a blessed Providence to protect him from them all.



The duke's splendid military career may be said to have terminated with the entrance of the British and Prussian armies into Paris on the 7th of July 1815; and at the end of that same year we lose the guiding light of his own Dispatches, which contain so many other matters in addition to those of mere war and campaigning. The authentic materials for an account of his diplomacy at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, at the Congress of Verona, and elsewhere, are not yet accessible; nor is this the time to go even into a sketch of his home-political history, or of his conduct as Prime Minister of England, as a member of the Government, or as a member of the Conservative opposition. I renounce these subjects the more willingly, as it appears that justice is now rendered to the octogenarian, and that it is universally admitted, in every moment of crisis, that no political arrangement can be made without the advice of the Duke of Wellington.

The duke not only fought the battle of Waterloo in the manner we have seen, but by his influence in the Congress of Vienna he had materially contributed to set in motion those immense European armies which, in the course of a very few weeks, would have destroyed Buonaparte, even if Waterloo had been a defeat instead of a victory. He told the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, that the general strength of the allied nations must be put forth for the common cause; and he assisted in drawing up at Vienna, that wide, grand plan of military operations which was adopted. He told his own Government that nothing could be done with a small force; that with a small force the war would linger on at an enormous expense, and end to the disadvantage of the Allies; that motives of economy should induce the British Government to take ample measures to enable Austria, Prussia, Russia, and other states, to move their immense armies against France; and it was upon this wise calculation that Lord Liverpool's government made its prodigious effort, and that the budget of the year 1815 was raised to very nearly 90,000,000*l.*, and that all the continental powers who needed money obtained it. Scarcely an operation or a movement of those grand Allied Armies was undertaken without some previous consultation with the Duke of Wellington, whose military genius was acknowledged by all the foreign generals, and whose amiable, conciliating manners had endeared him to them *all*, whether emperors, kings, royal princes, high-born men, or soldiers who had risen from obscurity by their skill and valour.

The motto given to the heroic Nelson was not more appropriate than is the motto on the duke's escutcheon—"VIRTUTIS FORTUNA COMES"—Fortune is the companion of valour. In all the heady fights and terrible mêlées in which the duke was engaged, he was never seriously wounded, and only once hit by an enemy's ball. This was at the battle of Orthès, where he was struck by a spent musket-bullet in the thigh. He did not mention the hurt until the business of the day was over; but then

it was found necessary to assist him from his horse. It proved, however, to be but a contusion, and the pain and stiffness were over in a few days. Buonaparte was never hit but once, and that was by a spent musket-ball at Ratisbon. If none but wounds in front are to be esteemed honourable, neither Wellington nor Buonaparte could claim that honour, for they were both struck behind, Buonaparte having been hit on the heel. But, though pretty in a motto, the notion of wounds in front is ridiculous in fact, as, even in a victorious battle, both men and officers may have frequently to turn their backs to the enemy. Except in his early campaigns in Italy, and in the desperate campaign of 1814 in France, Buonaparte was very chary of his person; but Wellington frankly exposed his wherever occasion required it. Writing in 1815, just after the battle of Waterloo, the lamented Southey said: "This may not be an improper occasion to observe, that the *personal* behaviour of this great Captain has been, on all occasions, as perfect as his conduct as a general: to say that he is brave, is to give him a praise which he shares with all his army; but that for which, above all other officers, he is distinguished, is that wonderful union of the coolest patience with the hottest courage; that sense of duty which restrains him from an ostentatious exposure of a life, of the value of which he could not affect to be ignorant, and that brilliant gallantry which, on the proper occasions, flashes terror into the eyes of the enemy, and kindles in his own army an enthusiasm which nothing can withstand."

At one moment during the battle of Waterloo, when the duke was very much in advance, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much. The duke answered with his noble simplicity, "I know I am, but I must die or see what they are doing."

The Duke of Marlborough was never known to be in a bustle—a vulgar word, but very expressive of the condition of inferior minds when placed in situations wherein there is much to do. The Duke of Wellington, in the busiest periods of his life, was never seen to be in a hurry, and always appeared to have time to spare. By his thorough business-like and systematic arrangements, he had a time for everything, and everything found its proper time. Whether Commander-in-Chief of the army in the field, or Premier in the Cabinet, he never left a letter unanswered. Even while campaigning, the number of letters he wrote, on nearly all possible varieties of subjects, was astounding. Often, in one single day, when in presence of the enemy and in expectation of an immediate battle, he wrote a dozen long letters, which would have been considered as hard work by a futinary at home in the War or Foreign Office, who had nothing else to attend to.

A perfect economist in time, the space allotted for indulgence or repose

was very limited ; he slept little, his meals were simple and short, and hence, the greater portion of the four-and-twenty hours was passed at the writing desk or in the saddle. No hospital, no cantonment, however small, escaped his visits. He listened as attentively to the complaint of a common soldier as to the remonstrance of a general officer. If a favour were required, it was promptly granted or decisively refused ; with grace in the one case, and without harshness in the other. For a long time he was much more thoroughly beloved by the rank and file than by the officers ; and the reason of this will be easily understood by an attentive perusal of his dispatches, memoranda, and private letters.

Marlborough, simple and unpretending in his own person, took pride in the good equipment and neatness of his men, and in hearing the princes of Germany declare that his army looked like an army of gentlemen. The Duke of Wellington had the same taste and pleasure ; in personal simplicity his costume was in keeping with his character ; he despised everything like parade ; and, unless when their services were needed, he dispensed with the attendance of his staff. Nothing could be more striking than the plainness of his appearance in public, when contrasted with the general frippery, parade, and display of most of his French adversaries. His plain blue frock-coat, unadorned hat, and clean white cravat, were well known to every man in his army ; but strangers had often a difficulty in recognising in this quiet garb, and under his habitually cheerful countenance, the great statesman and soldier—the hero of so many brilliant victories. He was never elated by success, and still less was he ever depressed by failure. Under all circumstances, he was calm and self-possessed—his voice, his look, and manner, the same. I can almost forgive the eloquent historian of the Peninsular war his national derelictions, and his prostration before the image of Buonaparte, on account of the justice he occasionally deals out to our glorious British infantry, and which he *always* renders to the DUKE. “I saw him late in the evening of that great day (of Salamanca), when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed, in the darkness, how well the field was won. He was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful ; but his voice was calm and even gentle.”

The same calm voice was heard all through the terrible day of Waterloo ; and it was not until he had retired from the field that he gave way, for a moment, to the feelings which filled his heart.

I cannot better conclude the last chapter of this brief memoir—brief and imperfect, but written with a heart-warm admiration for the subject of it—than by giving an eloquent passage by the true English, noble prose writer, from whom I have often quoted :—

“In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington’s name was blessed by the people. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen

to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings ! the marshal's staff, the dukedom, the half million, the honours and rewards which his prince and his country have so munificently and properly bestowed, are neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There is something more precious than this, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he has secured by his military achievements : it is the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements have been directed ; that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations ; for the safety, honour, and welfare of his own country, and for the general interests of Europe, and of the civilized world. His campaigns have been sanctified by the cause ; they have been sullied by no cruelties, no crimes ; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses ; his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his deathbed he may remember his victories among his good works."

England was not unmindful of her hero. Honours, offices, and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape. In addition to former grants, the sum of 200,000*l.* was voted in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose, concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers for the domain of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, to be held in perpetuity by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting a tricolour flag to the British Sovereign on every 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the Armoury at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo.

The duke remained the ever-trusted adviser of the Crown, and in all Parliamentary crises, "Send for the Duke" became the common watchword. Of his opposition to Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform we have not space here to speak. Whatever were his political errors, they could only be but transient clouds upon his popularity, and certainly no blots on the scutcheon of his fame.

Now let us turn to the last scene of his "strange eventful history."

Preserving to the last those temperate habits and that bodily activity for which he was so remarkably distinguished, on Monday, the 13th of September, 1852, he took his customary walk in the grounds attached to the castle, inspected the stables, made many minute inquiries there, and gave directions with reference to a journey to Dover on the following day, where Lady Westmoreland was expected to arrive on a visit to Walmer. His appetite had been observed to be keener than usual, and some remarked that he looked pale while attending Divine service on

Sunday, but otherwise nothing had occurred to attract notice or to excite uneasiness, and after dining heartily on venison he retired to rest on Monday night, apparently quite well. Lord and Lady C. Wellesley were the only visitors at the castle.

Early on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Kendall, the valet, came to awake him, his Grace refused to get up, and desired that the "apothecary" should be sent for immediately. In obedience to his master's orders, Mr. Kendall despatched a note to Mr. W. Hulke, the eminent surgeon at Deal, who has been attached to the family for many years, and whom he desired to repair at once to the castle, and to make a secret of the summons. So great had for many years past been the public interest in the duke's health, that rumours and fears magnified his most trifling ailments, and the news of his desire for medical aid was consequently suppressed. Mr. Hulke hastened to the castle, where he arrived at about nine o'clock. He found the duke, to all appearance, suffering from indigestion, and complaining of pains in the chest and stomach. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and described his ailment very clearly. This his last conversation on earth related entirely to his state of health; and so slight and seemingly harmless were the symptoms that Mr. Hulke confined himself to prescribing some dry toast and tea. He then left, promising to call at about eleven o'clock, but at Lord Charles Wellesley's request he said he would come at ten.

Mr. Hulke, on leaving, called upon Dr. M'Arthur, and told him what he had done, which the latter approved of. Neither of the medical gentlemen appear to have been present when the fatal attack commenced—an attack to which the duke's constitution has for years been liable, and which, a year and a half ago, had been conquered by their successful treatment. His Grace, when seized, lost the power of speech and of consciousness. On the arrival of the medical attendants emetics were administered, which, however, produced no effect. Every effort was used to afford relief, but in vain. His Grace was removed from bed into an arm-chair, where it was thought he would be more at ease; and the attendants of his dying moments stood in a group around him, watching the last efforts of expiring nature. On one side were Lord Charles Wellesley and Dr. M'Arthur, on the other, Mr. Hulke and the valet. As the time passed on and no sign of relief was visible, telegraph messages were despatched, first for Dr. Hume and then for Dr. Ferguson, who, however, were unfortunately both out of town. Finally, Dr. Williams was sent for, but he did not arrive at the castle till eleven o'clock at night, when all earthly aid was useless. About noon, a fresh attack, shown in the exhausted state of the patient by shivering only, came on, and from that time hardly any sign of animation could be detected. Mr. Hulke could only ascertain by the continued action of

the pulse, the existence of life. He felt it from time to time till about a quarter-past three, when he found that it had ceased to beat, and declared that all was over. Dr. M'Arthur tried the other arm and confirmed the fact; but Lord Charles Wellesley expressed his belief that the duke still breathed, and a mirror was held to his mouth by the valet. The polished surface, however, remained undimmed, and the great commander departed without a struggle or even a sigh to mark the exact moment when the vital spark was extinguished.

In Deal and Walmer the event produced the impression which was to be expected, and which is felt in every part of the country. All the shops were closed, the streets were deserted, the flag at the fort was hoisted half-mast high, and an air of gloom prevailed, with which the state of the weather was in sorrowful keeping. An occurrence which in the nature of things was to have been looked for, and could not possibly long have been postponed, took every one by surprise at last; and though the Duke of Wellington quitted life full of years and full of honours, the suddenness of his removal fell upon the public mind, from the greatness of the man, with somewhat of the shock of a premature death.

He was buried with unequalled pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Nelson, Nov. 17, 1852.

